



The Sign

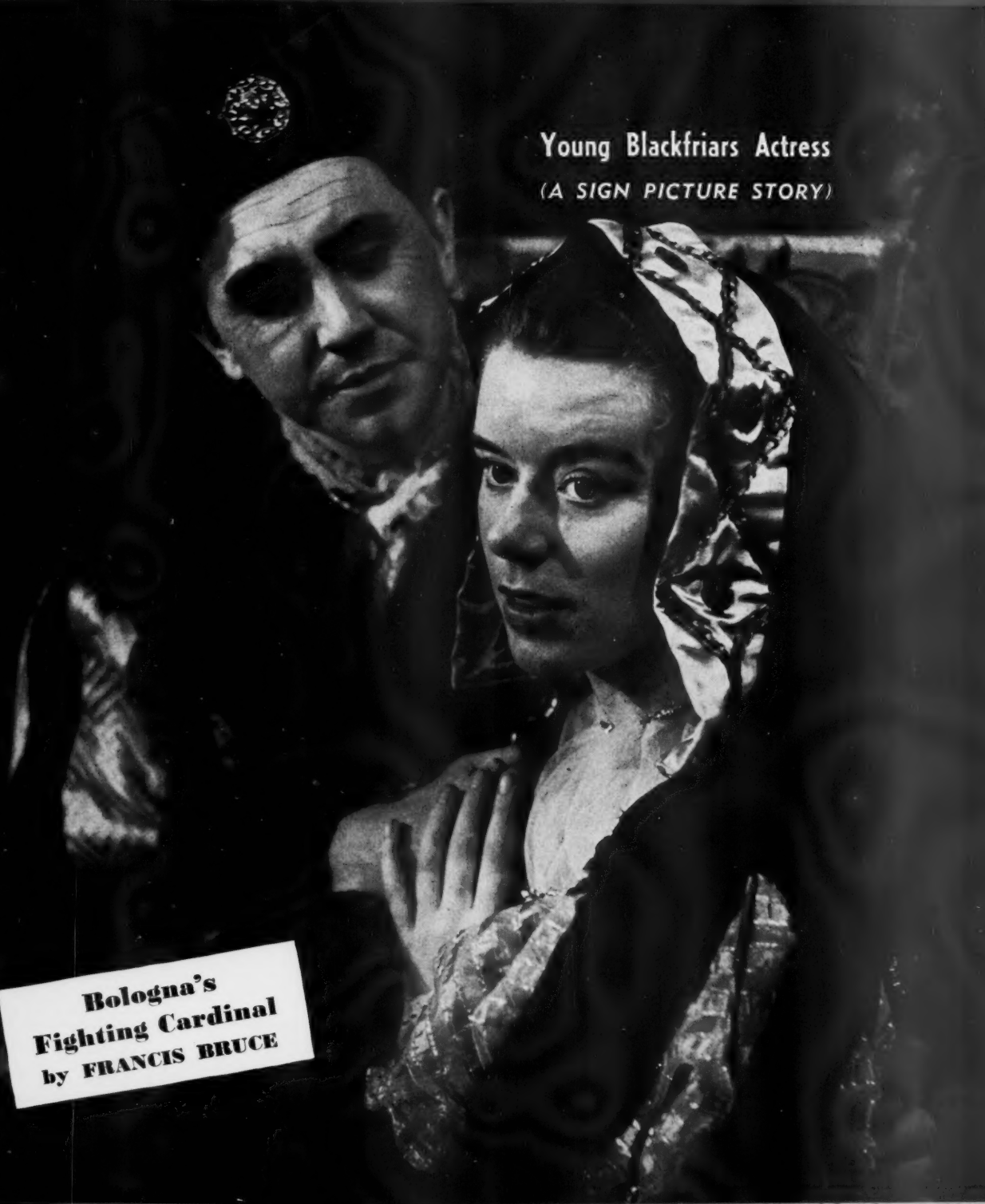
National Catholic Magazine

June 1954—25¢

Young Blackfriars Actress

(A SIGN PICTURE STORY)

**Bologna's
Fighting Cardinal**
by FRANCIS BRUCE



FOR THIS YEAR'S GRADUATES—



YOUR GIFT OF *The Sign*

**OFFERS "The Best Matter
In The Best Manner"**



Attractive Gift Card is Sent To
Announce Each Gift In Your Name

ENJOYMENT—You are giving hours of relaxing, refreshing reading every month. Articles, features and short stories that appeal to today's young man or woman—at home or away!

INFORMATION—Youth wants to be informed, and your gift of **THE SIGN** fills the need . . . Current Fact & Comment, Books, Sign Post, Stage & Screen, Radio & TV, Sports. . . .

INSPIRATION—The young man or woman receiving your gift of **THE SIGN** will have the benefit of the Catholic view, to guide and inspire action and thought for a lifetime.

ATTENTION: Principals and Teachers

For student prizes our **SIGN** Gift Service offers a specially-sent current copy for presentation, plus the Gift Card.

\$3.00 PER YEAR

GIFT SERVICE

2 YEARS \$5.00

THE SIGN

UNION CITY, N. J.

The Sign

NATIONAL CATHOLIC
MAGAZINE

Monastery Place, Union City, N. J.

JUNE

1954

Vol. 33



No. 11

ARTICLES

The American Scene

- Looking for a Relative?.....Joseph A. Ryan 11
The Battle for Congress.....John C. O'Brien 34
Blackfriars Actress (A Sign Picture Story)..... 37

The World Scene

- Fighting Cardinal.....Francis Bruce 7
France's Moroccan Muddle.....Stanley Karnow 16
Main Street, England.....Lady Elizabeth Pakenham 30
Moscow Lifts the Veil (A Sign Picture Story)..... 56

Various

- Shakespeare on 3-D Movies.....Doyle Hennessy 14
A Princess Marries (A Sign Picture Story)..... 25
The Only Realist.....Simon Wood, C.P. 28
If I Had It To Do Over Again.....Anonymous 44
Silhouette Art and Artist.....Norah Smaridge 55

SHORT STORIES

- Exile.....James A. Dunn 12
Voice of the Drums.....Hugh B. Cave 40
The Loving Cup.....Clare Nicholl 58

EDITORIALS

- Those H-Bomb Blues.....Ralph Gorman, C.P. 2
Current Fact and Comment..... 3

ENTERTAINMENT

- Stage and Screen.....Jerry Cotter 22
Radio and Television.....John Lester 48
Sports.....Red Smith 52

FEATURES

- The Door and the Key (Poem).....Sr. Mary of the Visitation 10
People..... 20
Hollywood Afire.....Anita Colby 47
Is Marriage Really Holy?.....Kilian McDonnell, O.S.B. 51
Woman to Woman.....Katherine Burton 54
Housewife's Welcome (Poem).....Florence Wedge 60
Sign Post.....Aloysius McDonough, C.P. 61
Books..... 64
Letters..... 75

EDITOR

REV. RALPH GORMAN, C.P.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

REV. DAMIAN REID, C.P.
REV. JEREMIAH KENNEDY, C.P.
DENNIS HOWARD

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JOHN C. O'BRIEN (Washington)
JERRY COTTER (Drama)
RED SMITH (Sports)
KATHERINE BURTON
(Women's Interests)
REV. ALOYSIUS McDONOUGH, C.P.,
(Sign Post)
JOHN LESTER (Radio and TV)
CLIFFORD LAUBE (Poetry)

ART DIRECTOR

FRANK ROSSI

BUSINESS—CIRCULATION

REV. DONALD NEALIS, C.P.,
Business Manager
WILLIAM C. REILLY,
Promotion Director
FRANK R. MAGNIN,
Advertising Manager

FIELD REPRESENTATIVES

REV. PIUS TREVOY, C.P., Director
REV. STEPHEN SWEENEY, C.P.
REV. HUGH CARROLL, C.P.
REV. BRIAN MAHEDY, C.P.

MISSION DEPARTMENT

REV. EMMANUEL TRAINOR, C.P.,
Procurator

THE SIGN, a monthly publication, is owned, edited, and published at UNION CITY, N. J., by the Passionist Fathers. (Legal Title—Passionist Missions, Inc.) Subscription price, \$3.00 per year, in advance; single copies, 25¢. Canada, \$3.00 a year; Foreign, \$3.50 per year.—All checks and money orders should be made payable to THE SIGN. All cash remittances should be registered. Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor. They should be typewritten, and accompanied by return postage. All accepted manuscripts are paid for on acceptance without reference to time of publication.—Subscriptions and Advertising inquiries should be addressed to the Business Manager. Advertising rates on application. Requests for Renewals, Discontinuance, Change of Address should be sent in at least four weeks before they are to go into effect. Both the OLD and the NEW address should always be given. Phone—Union 7-6400. —Entered as Second-Class matter, September 20, 1921, at the Post Office at Union City, N. J., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Accepted for mailing at special rates of postage provided for in Par. 4—Sec. 638, Act of May 26, 1925.—All the contents of THE SIGN are protected by copyright. The Editor's permission must be obtained for reprint of any contribution. THE SIGN is indexed in the Catholic Periodical Index. Copyright by THE PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC., 1954.



Editor's page

Those H-Bomb Blues

PEOPLE were in awe in 1945 when the first atomic bombs were exploded on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. There was a feeling that man had gone about as far as he could in destructive weapons. With the development of the hydrogen bomb that awe has turned to fear. The human race now seems bent on self-destruction.

There's good reason for fear. Just give a moment's thought to the destructive power of the H-bomb. A megaton is the explosive force of 1,000,000 tons of T.N.T. That's a lot of force. The H-bomb exploded on March 1 had the force of ten megatons or 10,000,000 tons of T.N.T. In comparison with this the A-bombs dropped on Japan were little more than firecrackers.

Talking of destructive force in such abstract terms is like talking of billions of dollars. The imagination ceases to function at a certain point. It is easier—and more frightening—to consider what a single H-bomb would do to a city.

An H-bomb would destroy any city on earth—cause total destruction by blast within a radius of four miles, cause severe damage within a radius of eight miles, cause moderate damage within a radius of fourteen miles, and destroy by fire within a radius of twenty-five miles or in other words over an area of 800 square miles.

And just to bring home what a threat this is, recall that military experts admit that at least 20 to 35 per cent of enemy piloted planes can get through the best air defenses.

What are we going to do about the H-bomb? Should we take apart those we had on hand, quit making them, and give up experimenting with them?

That is just what some would like us to do. The Reds naturally, but also others—the leftwing Laborites in England, the neutralists in France, and of course our old adviser, fence-sitter Nehru of India.

We have objections to accepting this advice—besides the fact that we didn't hear a sound from these bleating lambs when the Russians gave out that they had atomic and hydrogen weapons.

Nevertheless we appreciate the fears of our European friends. They are much nearer to enemy

air bases than we are and much more vulnerable to attack.

But we don't think the way to help them is to give up our H-bombs. In fact, we think they would all be under the heel of a Red dictator today had it not been for our arsenal of A-bombs. Before Nato, the Reds could have marched to the Channel ports and to the Mediterranean in a week or two. The only reason they didn't was the fact that they knew we had a stockpile of atom bombs we could drop on their cities. The H-bomb is a deterrent of exactly the same kind.

As Christians and as civilized men, we should nevertheless move heaven and earth to secure effective international agreements for the elimination of nuclear weapons. The hitch here is that this can't be a one-sided affair. For years we Americans have tried to provide a plan that would remove this threat to the world. The obstacle is Soviet Russia. The Reds reject effective international inspection and without it we have no reason to believe they wouldn't manufacture A-bombs and H-bombs in the remote recesses of Siberia. They have never given us any reason to trust them—quite the contrary. Why should we trust them now in a life-and-death matter of this kind?

SOME talk as if we had a moral obligation to destroy our H-bombs forthwith. That too we can't see. We consider the Holy Father the best authority on earth in matters of morals as well as of faith. He had something to say on the subject quite recently. In his Easter message this year he declared: "We will tirelessly endeavor to bring about, by means of international agreements—always in subordination to the principle of legitimate self-defense—the effective proscription and banishment of atomic, biological, and chemical warfare."

We Americans should co-operate with the Holy Father in his tireless efforts to eliminate nuclear weapons, but we should do it, as he says, "in subordination to the principle of legitimate self-defense."

Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.



EDITORIALS IN PICTURES AND IN PRINT



Pope Pius regained his health for Easter, squelched rumors he might retire to monastery, and urged outlawing of ABC warfare. Pope's vitality is a cause for wonder

United Press



Suspension of Dr. Oppenheimer underscores need for spiritual-minded scientists. He wanted to "make history," but was hurt by it; while Christians let it pass them by

Associated Press

THIS year it is expected that three major unions will press for a guaranteed annual wage: the C.I.O. Steelworkers, Electrical Workers, and Rubber Workers. Next year the contracts of the United Automobile Workers expire. President Reuther has served notice that he will bargain in dead earnest for this clause. There

is a strong moral case for the guaranteed annual wage. Workers must live in terms of their annual income, not an hourly or weekly wage.

Social and economic arguments for wage guarantees are also attractive. Walter Reuther noted the difference in worker spending habits as a result of the five-year contracts signed by his union. With a long period of industrial peace assured, workers did not hesitate to spend for good housing and similar permanent benefits. Before this, they hesitated to contract the heavy debt that home purchase involved.

Yet there is one economic argument against the guaranteed wage which is hard to by-pass. Stated simply, it is: industries that can give it do not need it. Industries that need it cannot afford to give it.

When an industry is subject to violent fluctuations in demand, it finds it difficult to schedule production evenly. Thus, the greatest demand for automobiles occurs during the spring and summer months. The industry produces frantically for this period and then slacks off. Its demands in turn affect such related fields as steel and tires.

IT does not seem practical to try to change the habits of consumers in regard to car buying. Mr. Reuther proposed price reductions for the off season. But such reductions exist in practice today, even though they are not officially announced. Most dealers will shade prices in one way or other through the slack season. Nor is

it too practical to produce for inventory in these industries. Storage charges would be very great, to say nothing of the dangers of overproducing items which become obsolete.

If production cannot be leveled out, would it be possible to set aside funds to pay idle workers? This is likely to be the crux of the problem for industries subject to uncertain production cycles. The first line of attack is likely to be pressure for higher unemployment benefits.

By asking employers to meet the difference between state unemployment benefits and the regular wage of an employee, unions will probably get employer support for higher state benefits. Employers then may counter by citing the Hornel plan, which permits a certain amount of overtime work without pay, to make up for idle time for which pay was received.

Other bargaining points will also be raised in the effort to soften the impact of this demand. Some firms may obtain a guarantee period which is less than fifty-two weeks. Undoubtedly there will be efforts to group employees according

A Guaranteed Annual Wage

A Question of "How?"

to seniority, with the strongest guarantees going to the workers employed longest.

There may be differences also in the timing and intensity of demands. Probably the Rubber Workers are ready to strike for this point. But the Steelworkers may well settle for improved pensions and other fringe benefits.

The worker wants security and status in society and will not rest content until he has achieved it.

MOST of us have the troublesome human failing of being able to see the justice of our own cause as big as an elephant and that of our opponent as the size of a midget virus. This unfortunate prejudice often leads to differences of opinion which range all the way from cold looks to the slaughter of one good man by another. But while regrettable, this holocaust needn't cause too much alarm. Such carnage is a normal by-product of human life. Humanity takes it in stride, sighs resignedly, hoses-off the battlefield, then carries on with business-as-usual, until the next fracas.

The Buzzard's-Eye View

But there are certain less wholesome accessories to these battles than the heroes on the field. They are the vultures that soar above. Carrion, not the cause, is what they are interested in. They yearn for ripe meat. They hover within range watching for it. They feed and fatten off it, when the breath stills and the bodies begin to bloat.

We apply this thought, as a parable, to any hearing on Congressional investigations. Such a hearing can involve good men on both sides. Politically, it can lead to a splitting of skulls and the spurning of much blood. But that is only a human accident, as normal to life as toothache or thinning hair. And, like toothache or thinning hair, it should evoke our sympathy.

But the vultures which drift around the scene should evoke no sympathy. And, above all, they should not be permitted to profit from honest conflicts between good men.

The vultures we refer to here are Communist subversives who darken the sky over every hearing, anticipating the death of investigations. For this reason, we suggest that the Committees be kept alive and very healthy, that they be fed thick steaks and that their house coat and slippers be brought for them, and that they bear down on the Communists as hard as ever.

Vultures are intrepid before dead lions, perching on their prostrate shoulders, and tearing at their jaws. But those same vultures fight shy of live rabbits.

A DOZEN wars are being fought these days, without even bows and arrows. One of the most comic is that between Indian Prime Minister Nehru and the United States of America. In the position of both combatants, there is something clownish and pathetic. Nehru fancies himself the spokesman for Asia, which is absurd.

Mr. Nehru's Private War

He is afraid for his life of Communist China and Soviet Russia. So afraid that he must even pretend that they are really lovely people. In which role he reminds us of a salesman backing out of the front gate and mumbling "nice doggie" to an obstreperous watchdog.

But the more Communism bedevils him, the more Nehru takes it out on the United States. Because, apparently, the more he is afraid to take it out on Communism.

In our turn, we have our own way of looking foolish. We possess immense industrial power and military potential. But everyone feels free to tell us off any time he pleases. Ours is the stooge's role. To be socked on the head, pushed around, and have our hat pulled down over our ears.



Sen. Eve Bowring (R. Neb.), right, is new woman senator. Here, Sen. Smith of Maine gives her a personal guided tour of capital



Korean 4-H clubber, Choi Kyo-suna, shows skill in sewing. New Korea is emerging from the devastation of war

Crucified Christ warns potential suicides on this bridge near Munich. Inscription reads: "I suffered for you—and you?"



Internal Revenue chief T. Coleman Andrews scores "bonanza" in tax concessions to builders under FHA. Milking public for private profit has tenants asking rent refunds



Spanish ministers confer with Defense Sec'y. Wilson. New aid to Spain is revitalizing the Spanish economy



Another age of Christian heroism is memorialized in this photo of the Catacombs of Domitilla, Italy. Today, such heroism is again needed all over world

It could have been so different, too. Without threats, or pleas, or tearful bawling. We need only have started favoring nations that were friendly and co-operative. Providing military equipment and funds for industrial development. Dubious allies who now charge such outlandish rates for the sketchiest kind of diplomatic flirtation would have come running and wagging their tails.

Our mistake has been colossal. The best exemplification of that mistake is the case of Mr. Nehru. Soviet Russia scares the skin off him. And, as a result, he patronizes and defends the Soviet. We open a bank account for him and approach him with our hat in our hand. And he yells at us and kicks us in the shins.

THE recent explosion of lithium-hydrogen bombs triggered more than a mushroom of steam, a flash that blacked out the sun, and radioactive ash-drift which agitated Geiger Counters in Boston. To us, its most notable effect was on the Ego of that part of the American public which is just old enough to consider this as

The Ready Irreverence of Junior & Co.

"our generation." There, its effect was a suppressed but cocky sense of ultimate achievement. A sense of boy-oh-boy-haven't-we-done-it?

Even the sobering hunch that the bomb might be used to turn Los Angeles and New York into burned-out craters, like those on the moon, took second place to a complacent glee that civilization had reached a climax in us. We were its ultimate fruit. Our children would burn incense to us as a generation of mental giants. The future would tattoo our memory on its heart.

But, alas, the lithium bomb has no such significance. This illusion about our posthumous fame overlooks a point

which a really smart generation would take into account in weighing the value of its stock of horrors.

Few people are disposed to look back reverently on the achievements of the past. They look back to snicker or to pity. It would be an impossibly brainless generation which did not somehow improve on the engineering of former ones, which did not discover some mechanical short-cut or tighten some screw. Such engineering development doesn't necessarily imply the activity of a better brain. But it makes the past look primitive and provokes to laughter such as that enkindled by the handlebar mustache or the striped bathing suit.

SO, brace yourself. As you spoon Junior's dinner into his little mouth or wipe his jam prints off the living-room wall, take warning. True, he will always love you. And when you're gone, his eye will grow misty and his throat will constrict at the remembrance of you. But he will not revere your generation, unless

The "Horse-and-Buggy" Bomb

he is more of a philosopher than you are entitled to expect.

This is something to chasten you, as you set your alarm-radio, adjust the automatic heat, look up at a jet screaming by faster than sound, or tinker contentedly with any of the modern gadgets which were unknown to the dark ages preceding you. To Junior, you will always be a darling. But, alas, a darling old fogey.

And this hydrogen bomb of ours? This wonder product of our age, which at the moment has us gaga, and which we are prepared to wear as the brand name of our generation? Junior, in his time, will refer to it, too. He will say "hydrogen bomb." But, his inflection in saying it will be the exact one that we lay on the phrase "horse-and-buggy."



These Ann Arbor choir boys will represent U. S. at international congress of 3,500 choir boys in Rome. Congress demonstrates revival of interest in liturgical singing



Brig. Gen. De Castries, hero of Dienbienphu, is shown plotting action before fortress fell. In Paris, Reds refused to doff hats, parading their arrogant disloyalty to France



CIO's Walter Reuther presents \$150,000 check to Providence hospital to construct Philip Murray Clinic. Gift was first from foundation in memory of late labor leader

Saints and Students. "We have traveled so far from the ideal of sainthood that when a professor ventures to suggest to a graduating class that it may be more important for them to be saints than to be doctors or lawyers or dentists, everybody has difficulty taking him seriously. Surely he's cracking a rather dreary joke." Wayne University's Dr. Ross was serious; he should have been. There's nothing funny about being a saint, though saints have an everlastingly good time at it. We begin our education learning that we're made to be saints. We play at being firemen and cowboys, but that's play. We choose our work or enter a profession, but even these come to an end. There's no end to being a saint.

The Present Climate. Liberals who characterize the popular climate as one of fear seem to be missing the target. There is a good deal of vague apprehension around today, apprehension about *The Bomb*, *The Kremlin*, *The Investigators*, and *The Spies*, but no emotion strong enough to be labeled fear. Perhaps this is more indicative of the plight of modern man, that he is no longer capable of positive emotion. There is cynicism, but little optimism or even strong pessimism. There is suspicion, but not much hatred or love. Everybody seems to be having a good time, but few seem to experience either great sorrow or great joy. Modern man is a passive man, for the good reason that he no longer is one with Christ, the only One who can fill the heart of man with love, sorrow, joy, righteous anger, hatred of sin, and the courage and wisdom man cannot live without.

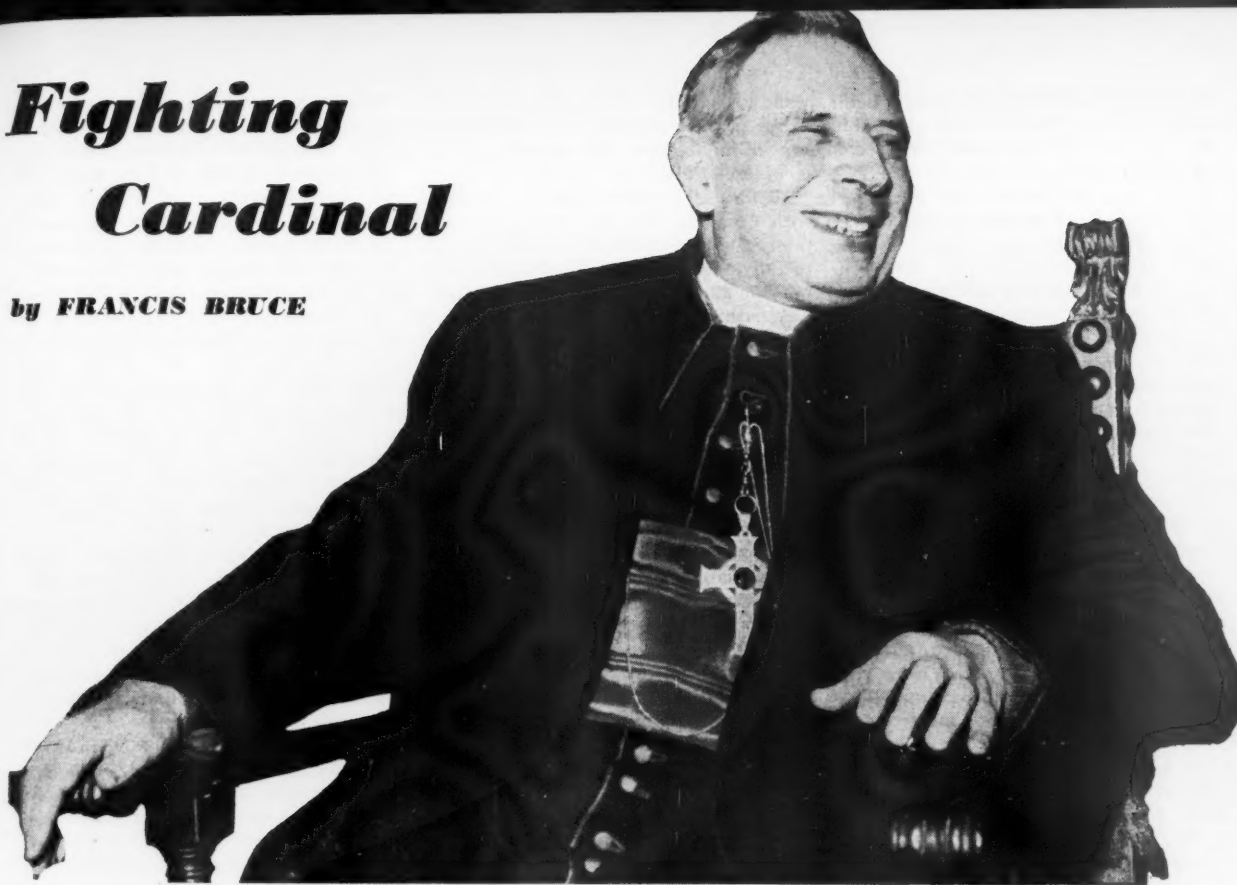
Those Poor Reds. The Russians need manufacturing and agricultural goods. They're giving up gold to get them. They're needling the West for trade. America is easing up. Stassen says peaceful tools will win them to peaceful works; he thinks they'd be unfriendly if we refused. This will give them more time and goods for war material. It will bring more ships to Western ports already worried by snooping Red freighters, fishing trawlers, and merchantmen.

Getting Soft? We're not supermen; we're not supposed to be brutes; but it would not be wise for us to be sissies. A recent survey shows our youth don't have the muscle they think they have and are not as strong as they should be. Over half of American children were under the minimum standard for health; only eight per cent of European children were. Over a million young men failed to meet the draft standards for the Korea war period. Our youth are losing their muscles and their stamina. Why? The survey says: not enough body-hardening games; too much luxury. There's the rub. Softness is not a good sign. Luxury, a bad way of life.

Operation Lollypop. Lillian Shapiro, a young Jewish businesswoman, is pushing a three-fold personal relief program on behalf of Korean orphans at the Maryknoll Sisters orphanage in Pusan. Called "Operation Lollypop," "Operation Vitamin," and "Operation Adoption," Miss Shapiro's one-woman campaign provides candy and vitamins for the orphans and arranges for the "adoption" of needy Koreans by Americans who can help. At fund-raising luncheons, she tells prospective donors: "Everybody has gripes. For every gripe you have to make, give a dollar to these needy people." Summing up her approach, Miss Shapiro says, "The Catholics give because it's a Catholic clinic, the Jews give because I am Jewish, and the Protestants just don't want to be left out." This is the kind of co-operation between different faiths that pays off—in good will, love of neighbor, and aid for needy orphans.

Fighting Cardinal

by FRANCIS BRUCE



Giacomo Cardinal Lercaro, Archbishop of Bologna, city with a Communist mayor

**Our correspondent interviews Giacomo Cardinal Lercaro. This great
"Cardinal of the Poor" fights Italian Reds and is beating them**

ON Bologna's broad, arcaded Via Dell'Indipendenza, one walks past a haughty, equine statue of Giuseppe Garibaldi, Italy's revolutionary hero, to reach the Cathedral of His Eminence, Giacomo Cardinal Lercaro. The sprawling archdiocesan offices behind the cathedral are a beehive of activity. Hundreds come, seeking aid and advice. Two alert secretaries shuttle in and out directing the human traffic—a word here, a nod there, a scribbled note.

"There are so many. He has so much to do. No, it is not possible to interview him." But another word, and quick consultation. "The only chance is tonight at the Rizzoli Institute. He is giving Easter preparation conferences to the nurses and doctors. Ask for him between conferences."

The Rizzoli Institute is one of the most famous orthopedic establishments of Europe and was endowed by a leading citizen of Bologna. From its hilltop site beside the church called St. Michael in the Woods, there is a magnificent view of Bologna.

"They work miracles here," said a middle-aged man, on his way to visit his

mother, who offered his services as guide. "And it does not matter whether you are rich or poor."

Cardinal Lercaro is a slightly built man with graying hair. His hands provide a fine Italian accompaniment of emphasis to his words. His manner is earnest but animated by a warm friendliness that frequently moves him to lean down toward his audience, giving the impression of a slight stoop to his shoulders. This fleeting impression recurs when one sees him bend to touch a child's cheek.

Speaking of Easter as a time for new resolutions toward fulfilling one's Christian obligations and recalling that he had been a teacher for twenty years, the Cardinal drew an analogy between a small boy with a poor report card and the adult Christian seeking to improve his habits of life. "Do not be discouraged," he cautioned, "though you have promised many times and failed. You

can do better, a little at a time. Do not promise to raise, immediately, all the failing marks to 98 and 100—but try for 75 and 80 to begin with, then for better and better marks."

At the end of the first session each kissed his ring and accepted an extended holy card. An assistant intervened and said, "This is the American journalist from *THE SIGN*." Cardinal Lercaro smiled. He led the way to a small, rather cluttered room and sat down, indicating the empty chair at his side.

The smile receded from his kindly face. His hazel eyes became intent. "Alas," he said, speaking in Italian, "there is no single formula that can guarantee victory over atheistic Communism. It is a vast battle. It has so many diverse aspects in its presentations, in its efforts to conquer people. At times it would even appear not to be against religion." He paused, then added with conviction, "But it is against religion, violently against religion."

Cardinal Lercaro sketched briefly, broadly, the background which makes the fight against Communism especially difficult in Emilia. "It is more fear than

FRANCIS BRUCE, foreign correspondent and magazine writer, was sent to Bologna by *THE SIGN*'s editors for a special interview with Cardinal Lercaro.

hope that gives Communism its grip here today," he said. "In the south, where the war was little felt and where there were no revenge slayings, there still is a mirage of hope in Communism. Here we have now seen Communism for years. There is no more hope. There still is fear."

He pointed out that while in Emilia the situation is now rather static, the biggest Communist gains are being made in southern Italy and in the islands of Sardinia and Sicily where the Reds are capitalizing on conditions of poverty. "But we have poverty here, too," he said. "Many peasants work only 80 days a year. They must eat 365 days."

The windows were growing dark. The Cardinal spoke more quickly, against time. "Communism," he said, "has exploited all the tendencies of deterioration that followed the war. It grasped the postwar spirit of need for reaction, a psychological need. It danced on the ruins of war while the dead were yet unburied. It exploited the people's depression. It took away the spiritual aspects of life."

And about youth? "Today," he replied, "the problem of youth is our gravest concern. The situation is most dangerous for the generations now coming up, materialistic and morally without confidence. Even those who are not Communists are materialistic, sensualistic, politically disoriented, easily seduced."

Of the seeming blindness of some Italian Catholics to the threat to their religion, so evident in Soviet satellites beyond the Iron Curtain, the Cardinal said:

"They are too close to it to see it. But there is also egoism. They do not want to see the danger, because they do not

want to fight it. To fight it would demand sacrifice, a sacrifice that many are not willing to make. The phenomenon is complex, but on this I stand:

"There is no possibility of alliance with Communism. We start from that point. Despite the extended hand, first to Italy and now to the world. It is not possible to accept this extended hand. The roads upon which we and they travel run in opposite directions. The goals are antithetical.

"But it is an easy temptation. Even the middle classes, to which appeal is now being made, are susceptible. These are a little tired of fighting. They would like to finish it all by saying of the Communists, 'See, they are not such beasts.'

"But this is not possible. There can be no collusion with Communism. We cannot march at Communism's side."

The sky outside the window was nearly dark now. The Cardinal continued:

"But there's another side. First of all, there can be no collusion. Secondly, we must enlarge their hearts. We must go toward them, despite the abyss that has been created. There is an iron curtain in every country, in every parish, everywhere.

"It is necessary that men work together. That is the reason for Fraternitas—that its priests may mingle with the people in the inns, in the public squares. We must go to them, for they no longer come to us."

From some far corridor a summoning bell rang. The Cardinal rose to his feet. "Are they ready for me?" he asked.

"Yes, but wait just a moment," replied a priest who approached with two small cups of strong, black Italian coffee. "Rest a moment and drink this. It will warm you."

Cardinal Lercaro accepted the coffee and drank it standing. Then he returned to the sacristy.

Throughout northern Italy Cardinal Lercaro is known as "the children's cardinal," or as "the cardinal of the poor."

But long before Pope Pius called him to the Sacred College in January, 1953, Giacomo Cardinal Lercaro, Archbishop of the ancient and lovely city of Bologna, was dedicated to children, to youth, and to the poor.

This dedication dates to his early days as a teacher in Genoa, to his pastorate in that port city's teeming parish of the Immacolata, whose people called him then and still call him "Don Giacomo." It continued during his days as a bishop, as an archbishop, and now as a cardinal.

His Eminence, a fighting archbishop who has challenged Communism's grip not only on Bologna but throughout the comparatively rich region of Emilia (known as Emilia the Red), also could be described as the Smiling Cardinal. Lines of kindly good humor twinkle constantly around his eyes and mouth.

Both his serene good humor and his dynamism serve him well. For Bologna, last major northern Italian city still administered by the Communists, today is the scene of a sharp fight between Catholicism and atheistic Communism, a conflict which, the Cardinal says, has erected in every parish an iron curtain.

Fear is a dominant factor in aligning the Bolognese under the Red banner, for many of Bologna's nearly 300,000 people still remember vividly the terrible events of the war's closing days in northern Italy. Bologna was a center of partisan resistance. It was a center, too, of the liquidations and vengeance slayings that followed the surrender of the German



The Cardinal at a fair he organized to draw children away from Communist influence. It is called "The Cardinal Fair"



Giuseppe Dozza, Red Mayor of Bologna since end of war, throws big parties for children

Delta photos

armies and the collapse of Mussolini's last-ditch fascist forces.

Giacomo Cardinal Lercaro was born at Quinto a Mare, near Genoa, on October 28, 1891, into a humble but pious family which encouraged his youthful inclinations toward the religious life.

He was ordained on July 25, 1914, and in the First World War served under the Italian colors as a sanitation officer both at Genoa and in operational zones. At war's end, he became prefect of discipline at Genoa's seminary, a position he held until 1923. He also taught religion in Genoa's schools.

While teaching in the port city, he formed an organization among his students called "The Hearthstone," to carry on a program of social betterment for seamen and for the poorest of the poor in Genoa's abandoned tenement outskirts.

The second World War found Lercaro pastor of Genoa's teeming parish of the Immacolata where he had already become noted for his efforts to increase devotion to the Mother of God. Lercaro stuck with his parish during the grim days of bombing, when the strategic port city was subjected to constant hammering by allied planes. He went from one air-raid shelter to another, encouraging and aiding his flock.

Soon he was engaged in even more hazardous work—that of giving asylum to political refugees, including Jews who were sought by German and Italian Fascists, and Italians who were opposed to Fascism. All were received, regardless of religion, and shared the scanty, hard-to-get fare of the pastor's table.

Authorities, however, soon learned of this good Samaritan activity and compelled Lercaro himself to go into hiding.

He took a false name and stayed in a nearby institute. When the crashing final days of the war came, he returned to his parish of the Immacolata and sheltered political refugees fleeing partisan vengeance.

In January, 1947, Lercaro was named archbishop of Ravenna and bishop of Cervia. He was consecrated on March 9 and entered his archdiocese on April 24 of that year.

At Ravenna, an area, like Bologna, historically anticlerical, he again plunged into social work and strove to increase devotion to the Virgin, making that the foundation of nearly all his activities. He organized public recitation of the Rosary in the principal centers of his archdiocese and instituted the first Marian pilgrimages ever held in Romagna.

When Giacomo Lercaro came to Bologna as its archbishop on June 22, 1952, he attacked with characteristic vigor the problems of his larger See. He began at once to marshal the Catholic forces of the archdiocese and on the very first day started his program of visiting each of its 432 scattered parishes. Some of these were disrupted by the war. Some had aged and ailing pastors. Some had none at all.

It was on one of these parish visits that the Cardinal encountered a husky young Franciscan priest who gave him the idea for "Fraternitas," better known by any of a dozen names that include "The Flying Friars," "The Cardinal's Shock Troops," "God's Commandos."

In a few months they have won the attention of many reluctant ears in this traditionally anticlerical region and the respect, if not the esteem, of their adversaries. They are, in effect, a spiri-

tual first-aid squad, rescue workers who hurry in one of their three tiny, Italian station wagons to celebrate Mass in some hinterland parish whose priest may be ill or which may have no regular pastor. They tangle verbally with Communists in public squares and country crossroads. They show educational films.

The immediate leader of these Flying Friars—aside from the Cardinal—is Tommaso Toschi, a dark-haired, brawny, flashing-eyed Franciscan, pastor of the little hamlet of Monte Carderaro. One day while he was haranguing the villagers in the public square, using the dialect of the region, getting his points across, the Cardinal came by. He halted his car and waited to listen to the entire proceedings. He then talked to Father Toschi. Their subsequent conferences led to the establishment of *Fraternitas*, called thus because it gathers together members of seven religious orders.

Officially created only last fall, it has 19 priests from the Franciscan Minors, Capuchins, Dominicans, Servants of Mary, Sacred Heart, and Lateran Canons. They are chosen by the heads of their orders and the Cardinal. All are well trained in theology and in social science. And it is no accident that nearly all come from the most humble of backgrounds, know the troubles of the people, and speak their language. Several were chaplains during the war.

"We want to make it clear," said one of them, "we are hunting not votes but strayed souls. We want to restore respect for religion. We are fighting for heaven not for parliament. We are not working for any political party, not even the Christian Democrat."

The stalwart Don Camillos average about thirty years of age. They could

Religious News Service



"The Flying Friars" drive through the country areas and into Red strongholds, winning back victims of Communist propaganda



Bologna's municipal building, in which Communist Mayor reigns over his Red domain

THE DOOR AND THE KEY

by SISTER MARY OF THE VISITATION

*What does it profit me—
The open door, if I have not the key?
What profits me my will
Had I not power to lock and bolt it still
Against these gross intruders, shutting out
Hate, and Despair, and Doubt?*

*You are the Door. Were You not key as well,
How can I even tell
What visitants I might have welcomed in,
And seated at my feasts, and bidden dwell
Within the spacious confines of this house
Where love alone has right of Lord and Spouse,—
Where You alone may enter in and rest?
I am not worthy You should enter in;
Yet how these empty corridors resound
With lonely echoes, Lord, until You come,—
You Who are Door and Key, and long-awaited Guest.*

take a knock or two, if need be, but so far have avoided physical exchanges. The closest one of them came to it was while preaching at Copparo, near Ferrara, which also is Red administered. The friar's topic was "Who betrays and who serves the working class?" A Communist jeered "Go say your rosary."

Quickly, in succinct dialect, the young friar retorted, "I don't take orders from a little cell worker—*al rusari al dig quand am per me!*" In Rome he would not have been understood, but at Copparo it meant sharply "Don't tell me when to say my rosary. I'll say it when I wish."

It won cheers and then respectful silence. The people listened. When he had finished, a few, at least, were wondering.

The Flying Friar's job, briefly, is twofold: 1) to renew ties that have been broken between the Church and the people. 2) to fight the apathy and indifference of those who have strayed and the positive hostility of those who have succumbed to Red propaganda.

Headquarters of the organization are in the monastery of the Santissima Annunziata on Bologna's outskirts. There they have a few bare rooms, reference books, a radio, and the help of what may be the only thing of its kind in the world—a "spiritual directory." Its originator, the Rev. Roberto Perenna of Milan, whose aid Cardinal Lercaro sought, believes, at least, that it has this distinction.

"This," he said, proudly opening the door of a small room, "is the experimental center of religious statistics. I don't think there's anything like it anywhere else in the world"—he smiled, and added, "not even in America. Let me show you."

Don Perenna, a visibly dedicated man, opened drawer after drawer of steel filing cabinets with neatly ordered, various colored cards. "This," he said, "tells us almost everything. Here we have all the parishes of the archdiocese. A complete spiritual inventory. It tells us the religious temper of the people, their press, their entertainment. It tells us which parishes are overstaffed—there are few of these—which are understaffed."

He went on to explain that in addition to the basic inventory the center maintains a constant check which is compiled into three-month and year-end summaries, showing—much as do graphs in the business world—the ups and downs, "the spiritual breathing," of each parish. This includes Catholic activity, the frequency of Mass attendance, and reception of the sacraments.

The files are thus a "live," constantly used reference, not only by the Flying Friars to brief themselves before undertaking an assignment to an unfamiliar parish, but also by priests who are transferred. A few minutes at the center gives the pastor an instant, concrete picture of his new parish.

Begun only a few months ago, the tabulation has already progressed so that Don Perenna can say with conviction, "The files supply us with accurate information on the strength and the weakness of the enemy. In two-thirds of the parishes we know how many Communists there are and we know them by name."

But, he added, "Make no mistake. They, too, are well organized. They, too, know what they are about. We must not underestimate them."

The "enemy" in fact is led in Bologna by one of Communism's hardest stal-

warts in Italy—ham-handed Giuseppe Dozza, a stocky former blacksmith who joined the Italian Communist party when it was formed in 1921. Dozza, Bologna born, was then 20 years old. He is now a heavyset, curly-white-haired, big-faced man who rarely speaks in public. When he does, it is with his hands in his pockets. He has been mayor of Bologna since the end of the war.

Despite his modest appearance, Dozza generally is considered to be the Red boss not only of Bologna but of Communists from Piacenza (near Milan) to the Adriatic sea, a distance of some 130 miles, and one of Italy's richest regions. For years it has been a hotbed of anticlericalism and scene of some of Italy's most successful co-operatives.

Dozza has devoted himself to extending co-operatives. He has also given particular attention to children, an activity that is being given more and more emphasis by Communists throughout Italy. Dozza organizes sports, dances, reading rooms. He is especially active in giving popular parties in Bologna's "la Montagnola" park.

In this he has met stiff competition from Cardinal Lercaro. This year, the Cardinal organized his own children's fair, attended the big affair, and personally awarded prizes to the best floats. They came from each of the more than 400 parishes in the archdiocese. Today the Bolognese still talk about "the Cardinal's fair."

On Bologna's historic Piazza Maggiore where the newest building—basilica of San Petronio, the city's patron saint—antedates the discovery of America, Dozza reigns within the ancient walls of the municipal building. Above the building's principal entrance is a statue of one of Bologna's six popes—Gregory XIII of calendar revision fame.

BACK at Rizzoli Institute, white-coated doctors fill the sacristy, quietly waiting. The Cardinal speaks of the need for sacrifice. "Christian life," he says "demands sacrifice. There is need for it in the family, in love. . . . Without sacrifice it is not love but egoism in the worst sense. If there is no generosity, love itself ceases."

When he had finished speaking, the sacristy was in darkness except for the dim glow of two electric bulbs. Outside, far below St. Michael's in the Woods, night lights were winking on in Bologna, the city where Europe's first university was established in 1088, where Dante, Cervantes, and St. Ignatius Loyola once studied, and where, today, its Cardinal is leading Christian forces in a quiet but intense engagement of that vast battle which will determine the destiny not only of this lovely city but of the world.

THE SIGN

Looking for a Relative?

by JOSEPH A. RYAN

Is there money for you on your family tree? Or are you out on a limb? Who are your cousins, uncles, and aunts?

HAVE you been having trouble with your relations?

Well if you have, there's a man up at the State House in Boston who might be able to straighten you out.

If your mother-in-law is coming out from the Midwest for one of those prolonged vacations, don't bother Richard Nolan. But if you're burning the midnight oil trying to figure out how many of grandpa's millions you're entitled to, he's your man.

Mr. Nolan, besides being an official in the Massachusetts Department of Corporation and Taxes, is an expert on degrees of relationship.

A Holy Cross and Suffolk Law School grad with a penchant for riddles, Dick Nolan has developed a magic chart that enables him to determine who gets what, when, and why.

Don't scoff.

Mr. Nolan's little enterprise began one afternoon fourteen years ago when he set out to prove the accuracy of an opinion he gave two of his co-workers on the relationship of cousins. It has ballooned into a business which has an estimated value of \$1,500,000.

Dick Nolan's main interest is focused on cousins, because, as he relates, cousins seem to be always leaving money (without benefit of will) to cousins who have never seen nor heard of them.

The majority of people, he explains, think that your first cousin's children are your second cousins. This just isn't so. They are your first cousins once removed, that is, one generation removed from being your first cousins. A second cousin would be the grandchildren of your grandfather's brother or sister.

JOSEPH A. RYAN, editorial staff member of *The Pilot*, newspaper of the Boston Archdiocese, is also Boston correspondent for N.C.W.C. News Service.



Richard Nolan: for the missing cousins, a tracer

There's a story Dick Nolan tells about a prosperous brewery owner who died some time ago in Boston at the grand old age of 92, leaving \$11,000,000 and no will. After the government got through whittling, about \$6,000,000 remained. This money would go to the nearest relative that could be found.

A man showed up in Nolan's Pemberton Square office claiming that he believed he was Midas' nearest relative. Four of the brewer's old cronies also, upon investigation, believed that Nolan's client was the real thing.

There appeared, however, a woman who believed she too was a cousin of some sort.

After some intensive digging, Nolan uncovered a person who, he thought, might settle the dispute and possibly make him richer by \$1,250,000. She was the daughter of the brewmaster; and she and her father had lived with the wealthy brewer for many years.

What she told Dick Nolan was enough to break any man's heart. His client, it turned out, was a first cousin once removed, a relative in the fifth degree; his father had been the brewer's first cousin. The female contestant was a full first cousin, a relative in the fourth degree.

Nolan spent six years studying Greek, Roman, Jewish, and canon law. With the technical aid of canonists and moralists he developed an Ecclesiastical Chart according to Latin canon law and Oriental canon law.

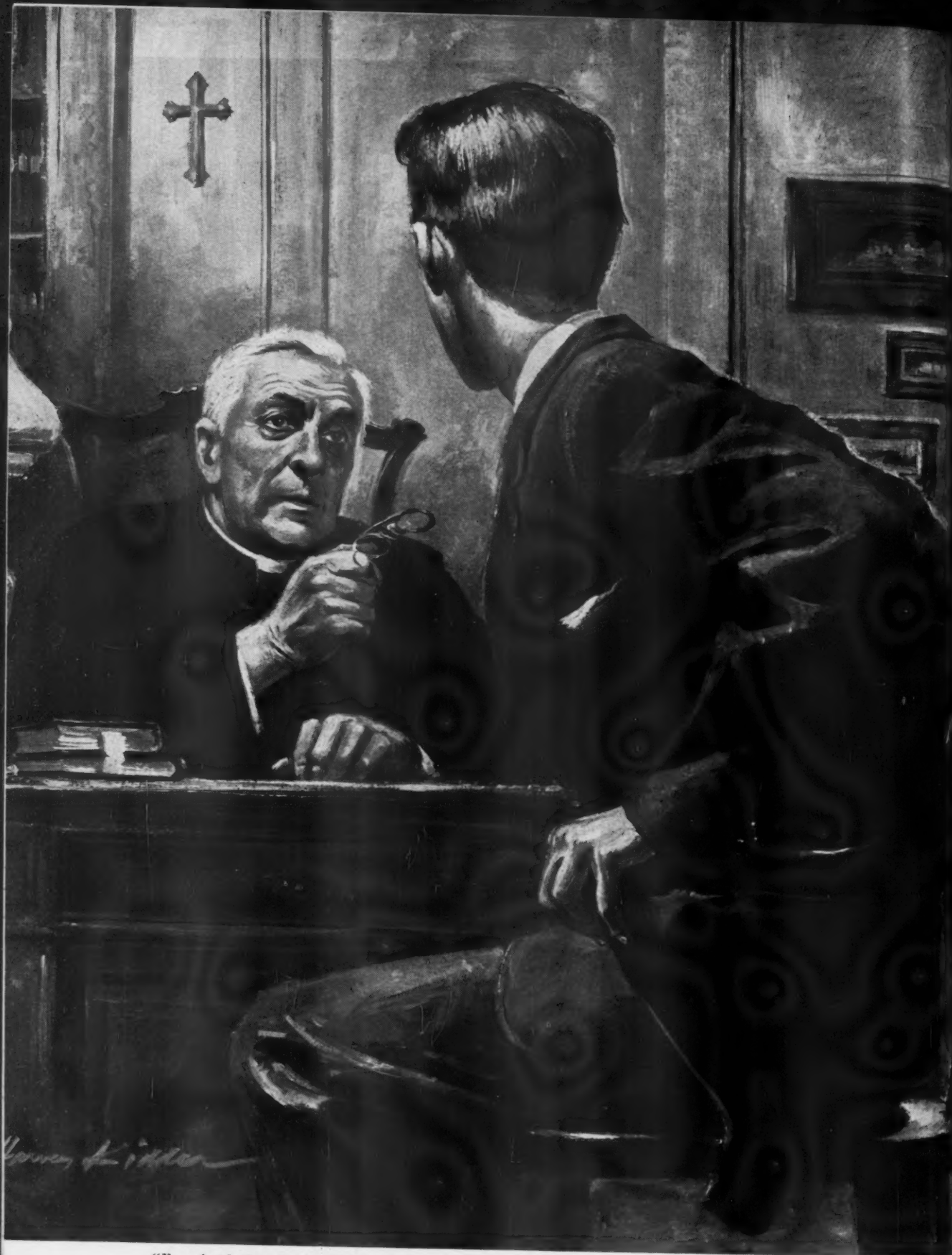
So detailed and reliable was his work on this chart that the Vatican Library and the Sacred Penitentiary of the Roman Catholic Church (*Sacra Paenitentiaria Apostolica*) ordered copies.

Dick Nolan is the father of five children. His manner is casual and informal, punctuated with a pleasant sense of humor. But he is not so casual when he's discussing his favorite topic—relationship charts. His eyes sharpen as he leans forward to explain his work, then sitting back, he folds his hands and looks very pleased.

The Library of Congress has a copy of his chart. Reprints have been sold to federal, state, and city departments, religious institutions, libraries, building commissions, housing authorities, genealogists, educators, national banks, trust companies, brokerage houses—a list far too long to include here.

So what does all this mean to you?

Who knows, maybe you have a long-lost relative somewhere who was just dying to give away a million.



"I'm afraid, Grandmaison," he said regretfully, "that you have got yourself into serious difficulty"

B
and
He r
fully
other
he no
the b
which
"I
regre
"that
diffic
"I
erabl
toes o
at B
does
fiden
"F
perha
no ta
cally
offen
maste
case
boy
"I
"All
say y
give
"B
is a
boy
schoo
good
"I
any
Br
fense
scho
scho
sion
unap
er
"I
Bro
Jun

EXILE

Was it compassion or weakness that ruled his actions as Headmaster? Brother Benedict had to decide now—for guilt could no longer go unpunished

by JAMES A. DUNN

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY KIDDER

BROTHER Benedict swept off his glasses with an accustomed gesture and rubbed his eyes a little wearily. He replaced the glasses and thoughtfully regarded the boy sitting at the other side of the desk. Sympathetically he noticed the beads of perspiration on the boy's forehead and the tension with which he clutched the arms of his chair.

"I'm afraid, Grandmaison," he said regretfully after a moment's pause, "that you have got yourself into serious difficulty."

"I know it," the boy admitted miserably. He shifted his gaze from the toes of his shoes and looked appealingly at Brother Benedict. "It doesn't mean, does it, I'll be expelled?" he asked diffidently.

"Fortunately for you perhaps, and perhaps unfortunately for me, we have no table of penalties which is automatically fitted to a corresponding table of offenses. Ever since I became headmaster I have tried in every disciplinary case to consider what was best for the boy and best for the school."

"I know that," the boy agreed eagerly. "All the guys . . . I mean all the boys say you always lean over backward to give them a break."

"But there is a difficulty. When there is a conflict between the good of the boy and the good of the school, the school must come first. The greatest good of the greatest number, you know."

"I can't see, Brother, I did the school any harm."

Brother Benedict ticked off the offenses on his fingers. "You left the school after night prayers. You took the school station wagon without permission. You . . . er . . . escorted to an unapproved place a young lady . . . er . . . not on the approved list."

"Don't get it wrong about this kid, Brother. Maybe she's not exactly like

the girls over at St. Ann's, but she's a good kid. She works down at the Regal Drug. Any of the guys that go down there will tell you that she's a good kid. All we did was go up to Shoreside Park, ride on the roller coasters and things for awhile, and come home."

"You were off the campus until one o'clock in the morning."

"When I'm home I stay out that late."

"What you are permitted to do at home is not my responsibility. I am responsible for two hundred and eighty boys while they are here at school. What kind of school would we have if the boys were permitted to come and go as they liked?"

"Well, others have been out, too, but they didn't get caught."

Brother Benedict winced. This was another of the several indications that for the last year had made him uneasily aware that he was not holding the reins tightly enough. He wondered with troubled mind to what degree he himself was responsible for the boy's escapade.

"And then there was the matter of the car."

"I didn't steal it. You know I meant to bring it back."

"No, you didn't steal it." He added dryly, "I believe the term the police use when they make an arrest in such a case is 'using a car without authority.'"

There was a moment of heavy silence. The boy wriggled uncomfortably in his chair. He slid his hand nervously into his pocket and half withdrew a package of cigarettes. Then hastily he shoved the package back into his pocket.

Brother Benedict opened the drawer of his desk and extracted a package of cigarettes. Expertly he flipped one cig-

arette halfway out of the package and extended it toward the boy.

Grandmaison looked at him in surprise. "Thanks," he said.

Brother Benedict took a cigarette for himself and then held a match, first for the boy and then for himself.

The boy puffed nervously at his cigarette. "If I'm expelled now I won't be able to get into college next year."

Brother Benedict did not reply.

"If I did have to go, could I come back next year and do the year over again?"

Brother Benedict shook his head. "I doubt it. Any case of expulsion goes to the Provincial for review. I suppose I shouldn't tell you this, but when the Provincial was here at mid-years he suggested to me, very politely but with ominous undertones, that he considered that my administration of the school might be a little more taut. I doubt very much if Brother Provincial would consent to your coming back."

"Look, Brother," the boy said pleadingly, "my record hasn't been so bad for the past four years has it?"

"Your record up to last night was fairly good."

"Well, it's so near graduation and all . . . couldn't you . . . wouldn't you . . . if you could overlook this . . . honest I'd spend all my spare time from now 'till graduation in the chapel."

"And if I did, what would become of discipline in the school? What would be my authority in handling the next disciplinary case? This isn't a matter, Grandmaison, that can be settled by a few hours of detention or by restriction to the campus."

"What are you going to do then?"

"I once read in a book written by one of the learned men who know all the answers that an administrator should never reveal the fact that he is

SHAKESPEARE ON 3-D MOVIES

Compiled by DOYLE HENNESSY

We will draw the curtain and
show you the picture.

Twelfth Night, Act I Sc. 5

With spectacle on nose . . .

As You Like It, Act II Sc. 7

It adds a precious seeing to
the eye.

Love's Labour Lost, Act IV Sc. 3

They have conjoined all three

Midsummer Night's Dream, Act III Sc. 2

And sounded all the depths.

King Henry VIII, Act III Sc. 2

You'll be surprised.

Love's Labour Lost, Act V Sc. 2

It gives a very echo to the seat.

Twelfth Night, Act II Sc. 4

The noise is round about us.

Cymbeline, Act. IV Sc. 1

Behold now presently, and
swoon for what's to come upon
thee.

Coriolanus, Act IV Sc. 3

His picture I will send far and
near.

King Lear, Act II Sc. 1

Something wicked this way
comes.

Macbeth, Act III Sc. 4

It is shaped, sir, like itself;

and it is as broad as it hath
breadth.

Antony & Cleopatra, Act II Sc. 7

I do suspect the lusty Moor
hath leaped into my seat.

Othello, Act II Sc. 1

Come, let me clutch thee; I
have thee not, and yet I see
thee still.

Macbeth, Act II Sc. 1

Art thou sensible to feeling, as
to sight?

Macbeth, Act II Sc. 1

I am but a shadow; and to
your shadow will make true
love.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act IV Sc. 2

Is this a dagger which I see
before me?

Macbeth, Act II Sc. 1

. . . duck again.

Othello, Act II Sc. 1

I am giddy; expectation whirls
me round.

Troilus & Cressida, Act III Sc. 2

I have deceived even your very
eyes.

Much Ado About Nothing, Act V Sc. 1

Pure surprise and fear made
me to quit the house.

Pericles, Act III Sc. 2

troubled by doubt. He should act swiftly and decisively. I have already been more confidential with you than I should have been, and now I admit to you, Grandmaison, that the longer I am in this job the less certain I am where the dividing line between mercy and justice lies. Frankly, I don't know yet what I am going to do with you."

The boy waited for a moment and then slowly arose from his chair. He stood uncertainly before the desk. He started for the door, hesitated, and turned back. "I'd certainly appreciate it if . . ."

"Don't build up any hopes," Brother Benedict said with sudden curtness. "I'll call you back when I've had sufficient reflection to make up my mind."

After Grandmaison had gone, Brother Benedict sat for several minutes in deep thought. What would happen to this boy if he were expelled? Did he have sufficient iron in his make-up so that he would profit by his mistake, or would it be for him the beginning of shamb-

ling irresolution and defeat? There wouldn't be much help for him at home. His widowed father was a wealthy importer, content to pay the boy's considerable bills at school and summer camp. He saw the boy a few times a year, gave him too much money to spend, and left responsibility to those whom he thought he paid for assuming it.

Brother Benedict was sorry for the boy, much more sorry than the boy realized. He was always sorry for all hurt creatures whether or not it was their own folly that had wounded them. But was it compassion or weakness? One time many years ago, when Brother Camillus had been headmaster, Brother Benedict had consulted him about conceding a passing mark to a boy who had failed to make his graduation points. After listening to him patiently, Brother Camillus had said, "Don't confuse softness with charity, Brother. And don't mistake your discomfort at the sight of discomfort for some nobler emotion." He had pondered the advice of Brother

Camillus, but he had never entirely accepted it. He wondered now how much of his own genial personality had been formed by love of comfort and peace.

After a few minutes he arose and passed through the outer office where young Brother Gregory, his secretary, was busily typing. He walked slowly across the campus to the chapel. When he came out of the chapel a little later, he started back toward his office, and then he hesitated. He would walk down to the boat house and back before returning to work.

The school was built on a promontory that extended a half mile into the bay. Today the blue waters were sparkling in the May sunshine. Sometimes Brother Benedict felt a little guilty at having spent all the years since he had been professed in this beauty he loved so much, when other members of the order spent their years in a crowded parochial school or in the industrial school in Chicago that most of the Brothers referred to as Little Siberia.

Still, he reminded himself, the rich, too, had souls to be saved and minds to be educated. If his superiors chose to leave him here, year after year. . . .

He came to the tennis courts where two boys in white shorts and T shirts were driving a ball back and forth across the net. He stopped to watch.

As they paused at the end of a game, one of the boys looked up and saw him. "Got time for a set, Brother?" he called.

Brother Benedict felt the little glow of warmth that he always enjoyed when one of the boys gave some evidence of the liking that they felt for him. He was popular as the rigid and austere Brother Camillus had never been.

Regretfully he shook his head. "Not today."

He loved tennis and he could still play hard enough so that there were few boys in the school who could often defeat him in a match. Possibly he spent too much time on the tennis courts or the golf links or sailing on the bay. Still, he had always felt that a headmaster should not spend all his time secluded in his study.

HE left the graveled path he had been following and entered the orchard. At this time of year this was the loveliest of the beautiful acres of the school. He noted appreciatively the patterns of yellow greens flecking the deeper shadows where the sun drifted through the heavily blossomed trees. He breathed in the air that had caught the fragrance of the apple blossoms after it had drifted in, fresh and clean, from the waters of the bay. For a few minutes he stood beneath the trees, feeling the beauty and peace of this retreat wash-

ing away the strains of office that had occupied him all day, and then abruptly he shook himself free of the sensuous pleasure he was enjoying. He had come on this walk to solve a problem, not to escape from it.

He remembered one day, a long time ago, accompanying Brother Camillus on one of his inspection tours. Brother Camillus used to stride about the grounds like a marine colonel making an inspection of a barracks area. His frosty eyes missed nothing, but his attention was practical, not aesthetic. He noted pieces of roadway that needed patching, doors that required painting, shrubs that demanded pruning. After each of his inspection tours, terse memoranda would go out to the maintenance department.

HE had been impatient at the wandering attention of Brother Benedict as he led him briskly through the orchard. "Don't lag, Brother," he said sharply. "Your attitude is one of mooning abstraction."

"I'm contemplating the glory of God in the apple blossoms," Brother Benedict replied with self-conscious humility.

He had been rather proud of that reply. It sounded like something that might be quoted approvingly in a book of spiritual reflections.

Brother Camillus looked at him with sardonic amusement. "You're doing nothing of the kind," he said. "You're thinking how superior you are to a crusty old monk who can't see the apple blossoms for thinking of the profits to be gained from the apples."

Brother Benedict had flushed angrily and remained silent. Brother Camillus was a Puritan. "A Jansenist," he told himself scornfully.

He knew now with the wisdom of more years that Brother Camillus had been neither Jansenist nor Puritan. He had been one who had so detached himself from his own desires that it would have been a matter of indifference to him whether he was headmaster of St. Aidan's or prefect of discipline in Siberia in the slums of Chicago.

There was no need to consider how Brother Camillus would have handled the case of Grandmaison. By now Grandmaison would be on the train for his home in New York. Or more probably, Brother Benedict reflected ruefully, Grandmaison would never have committed his folly if Brother Camillus had still been headmaster.

Brother Benedict could not persuade himself that he had ever acquired much of the detachment that at first he had misunderstood and later come to admire in Brother Camillus. The cigarette that he was now smoking was proof of his

captivity to things. There was nothing wrong in smoking; the professed brothers had permission to smoke if they wished, but still he disliked to admit that so trivial a thing was such a necessity to him. He could not pretend that he was indifferent to any of the things that gave him so much pleasure: his books; the collection of records that friends who knew his cultivated tastes had given him; his afternoon walks by the waters of the bay; the ivied buildings in which he had lived and worked for so many years.

He forced his mind back to the consideration of Grandmaison. There really ought to be no problem; for the sake of the school the boy ought to go. Painful though passing the sentence would be, in a day or two the boy would be gone. In another month the school year would be over, and then there would be the tranquillity of the long summer vacation.

The mistake had been in temporizing at all. Certainly he had allowed the boy to grasp at a hope that it would be



Brother Benedict watched the maneuvering with critical eye

cruel to destroy now. He couldn't do it. Regretfully, he began the process of admitting to himself the only solution he could see to the difficulty to which his own weakness had brought him.

He passed through the orchard and came out to the dock. All the catboats were out on the bay. He could see them in neat formation as they successively came about in preparation for return to the moorings. Brother John, whom the boys called Brother Admiral, darted about in his little launch, shouting directions through his megaphone.

Brother Benedict stood watching the maneuvering with critical eye. It was strange, he reflected, how differently one regarded a domain when he was master of it. There was nothing on this

whole point that was his personally. He had no more right of possession than he had had when he was the most junior of the junior masters. Yet he could not deny that he had enjoyed these past few years of command. Not that he had displayed his authority. All the boys and even the most critical of the masters would be quick to admit that he had always been easy to approach, affable, and companionable. Few among them would have any suspicion that he had bought these qualities at the price of his own integrity. But now he knew it.

He recalled a passage from the *Imitation* that had startled and almost shocked him when he had read it in the novitiate: "Now it is considered a wonderful thing if after many years a monk retain the fervor of his first days."

It had seemed to him then absurd, almost impossible, that a religious who kept his vows should not advance himself in the spiritual life. Now he understood á Kempis better. He himself had been twenty-five years a monk, and what had he done besides make himself comfortable.

He stood for a few minutes looking across the bay to where its waters met the ocean, and then he turned and walked slowly back to his office. He seated himself at his desk and pressed the buzzer for his secretary. Brother Gregory came in, his shorthand notebook in his hand, and sat down beside the desk.

"Will you take a letter, please?"

Brother Gregory flicked open his notebook and waited.

"To the Provincial. 'Dear Brother Provincial: I request that, at the end of the academic year, I be relieved of my duties as headmaster and assigned to whatever other post you may desire, either here or elsewhere.'"

BROTHER Gregory looked up in surprise. He seemed about to comment, but after a moment's uncertainty he dropped his eyes and waited.

Brother Benedict kept him waiting for a minute or two. He was thinking of the implications of his word, "elsewhere." He was almost certain where his new post would be. If he knew the Provincial, and he was quite certain he did, autumn would find him assigned to the school that the Brothers called Little Siberia.

He continued the letter. "New paragraph. 'I have become convinced that the interests of St. Aidan's would be better served by a headmaster with a temperament less flexible than my own. Yours in Christ, etc.' That's all, Brother. When you go out would you send for Grandmaison. I have good news for him."



Ben Youssef: A meeting with FDR lifted nationalist hope



Ben Arafat: For playing ball the French way, a sultanship

Armed with wooden clubs, these Berber tribesmen have a strange way of intervening whenever El Glaoui becomes unpopular. To what extent are French colonists "using" them?

French General Guillaume, left, picked up the Moroccan hot potato where Marshal Alphonse Juin left off



Wide World

Daily violence marks the new "era of good feeling" in French Morocco. Should the situation worsen, the whole world will be involved. Remember, Indo-China once seemed just as remote

by **STANLEY KARNOW**

France's Moroccan Muddle

HOT winds from the Sahara were blowing into Morocco one morning last August, and a heavy, humid, oppressive atmosphere enveloped the country. Farmers had left their primitive plows in the parched fields and were seeking shelter from the sun. In the market places of the towns, merchants were dozing in the shade of their tented stalls. Even the flies lacked energy. On the dusty roads near Casablanca, armed Berber horsemen down from the hills relaxed under fig trees. Less than fifty miles away, in his ornate Imperial Palace at Rabat, the capital of the French Protectorate, Sultan Sidi Mohammed ben Youssef, the 43-year-old puppet ruler of Morocco since 1927, impatiently awaited a visitor.

Not long after noon, troops and tanks drove through the sleepy streets of the gleaming white city and surrounded the palace. A few minutes later, the Sultan's visitor arrived. He was General Augustin Guillaume, the French Resident-General, a short, dark, patient, professional soldier who had been brought up in North Africa. He had personally come to depose the monarch.

Within a few hours, the Sultan and his two sons were aboard a Dakota flying to exile in Corsica. The next day, the French had a new marionette ready to take the throne: a white-bearded, 64-year-old Moslem aristocrat called Sidi Mohammed ben Moulay Arafat.

A palace revolution had taken place and, compared to current news, it was a very minor drama. The names were hard to pronounce, the place was far away, and if the outside world noted the event, it was in the most simple terms. One Arab ruler had become too obstreperous and had to be removed. In his stead was seated another, assuredly more co-operative. The authorities were prepared to make optimistic statements.

The authorities are still orating, but the past six months have betrayed their optimism. Conditions in Morocco have gone from bad to worse. The country is living in a state of tension.

Since the switch of sultans, there has been a killing, a sabotage, a criminal fire, an armed attack every day. Not long ago, General Guillaume had a discomfiting boxscore to announce. In

six months, he stated, anti-French terrorism had resulted in 58 deaths and 121 injuries, 99 cases of arson, 48 bombings, and 65 other sabotages.

At the same time, Morocco was becoming an international problem. Spain administers a narrow strip of the country in the North, and she began to plague the French. More concerned with currying the favor of the Arab League than really helping the Moroccans, the Spanish are inciting the natives to speak out against French rule.

Today the situation in Morocco is potentially explosive. From a distance, it may seem like a tempest in a pot of Arabian mint tea. But should present conditions continue to deteriorate, the entire world would be affected. Indo-China and Korea once seemed just as remote.

An outbreak between the French and Moroccans would burden a France already sagging under domestic economic difficulties and heavy foreign commitments. It would risk compromising three major United States air bases and some 7,500 American troops stationed in the region. It would further



alienate the Arab-Asian bloc in the UN from the West. And it could conceivably drive Moslems into an unholy embrace with Communism that would endanger an area of supreme strategic importance. Moroccan nationalists have long disavowed Communist support, but a new attitude seems to be taking hold. "In colonial countries," one of them told me not long ago, "Communism is often an extreme form of nationalism, and we are being forced to extremes."

Arabs call Morocco *Maghreb el Aksa*—the western extremity of the Moslem world. Unintentionally, the term has taken on a double meaning. For not only does Morocco lie closer to the setting sun than any other part of Islam, but it is also the Moslem region that has most influenced, and been influenced by, the West.

Moors have left their mark over Spain and part of France and across North Africa to the Egyptian frontier. Even after they were driven from Europe by Ferdinand and Isabella in 1502, they continued to exist as an important, independent nation. Over the centuries into modern times, the Sherifian Empire maintained relations with England, Portugal, Russia, and France. One Moroccan Sultan, Moulay Ismail, even felt important enough to ask Made-

moiselle de Conti, a daughter of Louis XIV, to join his harem.

But when Europe went out colonizing in the nineteenth century, Morocco was doomed to fall. For almost a hundred years, France, Great Britain, Spain, and Germany had fingers in the Moroccan pie. It wasn't until 1906, at the Algeciras Conference, that the Powers sat down and parceled out the pickings around the world in an orderly fashion. France was given a "special position" in Morocco.

Six years later, in 1912, the French sealed their sphere of influence by a treaty with the Moroccan Sultan, establishing what quickly came to be recognized as a Protectorate. The native government was stripped of its powers in the realm of foreign relations and defense, and even domestic political posts were effectively put under control of French civil servants. The Sultan's cabinet remained to offer opinions on certain questions. But they had no right to complain when they were ignored.

Once the legal apparatus was installed, the French set about conquering—"pacifying" was the official word used—the country. Under the leadership of Marshal Lyautey, French armies pushed southward. At first they had trouble subduing the fierce tribesmen.

Marshal Lyautey realized the practicability of fighting Moroccans with Moroccans, and fate provided him with a shrewd Berber ally. Si el Hadj Thami el Mezouari el Glaoui, sometimes bandit and minor politician, was given the job of talking, bribing, or threatening local leaders to give up fighting the French. He did such a masterful job that French armies were able to take immense areas without firing a shot. Today, almost 80, this leather Pasha of Marrakech is the most powerful individual in Morocco and still invaluable to the French.

As they went along conquering, the French also built and modernized. By 1932 they had the entire country under their control. By the time World War II broke out, they had built hospitals, schools, ports, and miles of fine roads. There are new power lines stretching across the scrubby deserts, and electrified railroads, elementary but operational, reach outlying areas. Lucrative mines are being developed, and a city like

STANLEY KARNOW, native New Yorker, has been living in France, on and off, since 1947. He has written for the *New York Times*, *American Weekly*, and other publications, and is currently associated (as a non-staff correspondent) with *Time* and *Life* in Paris.

Casablanca, with its gleaming skyscrapers and broad boulevards, is as modern as anything in Southern California.

But if living conditions are relatively better now, social and political relations between Frenchman and Moroccan have retrogressed in a curious manner.

A largely nomadic and self-dependent people, Arabs have enormous respect for individuals and little understanding of institutions. They also have a huge admiration for power, and between 1912 and 1932 they developed almost veneration for Marshal Lyautey. The Moroccans were warriors. They had been defeated by a better warrior. The French Marshal and the native caids and pashas understood each other.

LYAUTEY deprived the Moroccans of their national liberty. But he had the good sense to leave the proud Arab his dignity. He recognized the need for leaving these people freedom and isolation in their religion and in the primitive conduct of their own administrative affairs.

But changes came in the decades that followed. Straightforward, simple, soldierly relations were replaced by bureaucracy. In came political appointees from Paris, professional civil servants, and worst of all, handpicked representatives of French colonial interests in the region. Many of them had no comprehension of Arab methods and, for the sake of efficiency, began handling affairs themselves. This deprived the natives of their chance to learn through responsibility, and the vicious circle developed. The Moroccan could gain no experience because he wasn't given the chance to acquire it.

Industrialization brought new problems as well. Morocco is rich in phosphates, manganese, and lead, and French companies wasted no time in tapping these resources. Cheap labor attracted manufacturers. Thousands of once-independent tribesmen became day-laborers and factory workers, crowded in city slums, becoming Westernized in a hard and dangerous manner.

The result is discrimination. Not racial discrimination, but economic and social discrimination destined to make the conquered bear the burden of the conqueror. The French brought civilization to Morocco. But they brought it mainly for themselves.

The 325,000 Europeans in Morocco enjoy a standard of living incomparable to that of eight million natives. Less than 100,000 Moroccan children go to school, and most of these attend Koranic institutions where not even arithmetic is taught. All European children go to school. In public jobs, only one in 400 Moroccans can find work,

and then he is relegated to a menial position. Among the French in Morocco, one in twenty is employed in the public administration.

A tough band of French colonists—*les colons*—have done wonders to develop the country. They are prepared to go to any limit to defend their gains. The fabulous fortunes in Morocco, for example, are hardly taxed. Nearly 60 per cent of the public revenue comes from indirect taxes on consumer goods like sugar and tobacco; another 20 per cent from a tax on agricultural production. Thus Moroccans, whose earnings are low, bear an inequitable load by carrying it equally with the wealthy French.

On paper, an elaborate Moroccan administration was erected under the Protectorate Treaty of 1912. But these native functionaries were only cardboard figures. Neither the Sultan nor his Vizirs really enjoyed any power. For decades the Sultan himself could



European *Wide World*
El Glaoui, left, and Marshal Lyautey knew one thing: force. Their respect for it made them respect each other

not sit down face to face with a foreign representative.

In 1943, however, something significant happened in Morocco. One evening in Casablanca, Sultan Sidi Mohammed ben Youssef had dinner alone with Franklin D. Roosevelt. Nobody has ever revealed what was said during that evening. Perhaps nothing of importance was discussed. But the very fact that a puppet ruler dined *tête-à-tête* with the President of the United States was a revolution in itself.

This unprecedented honor toward a Moroccan gave fresh impetus to the nationalist movement, and a variety of educated natives formed a party which they called the Istiqlal, or Independence movement. They were a complex group that included ex-German agents and distinguished Moroccan businessmen, Arab fanatics and mild-mannered professors. Their aim for Morocco was immediate independence and the replacement of the Protectorate by a simple treaty between two sovereign states. Curiously enough, they did not advocate

driving the French out of the country.

The Istiqlal also had in mind a streamlining of the Moslem religion. Mainly city-bred, they opposed the superstitious rural sects, like the powerful Zaouias, whose practice of Islam was mixed with local primitive customs and rites. Many of them believed in emancipating women, wearing European dress, and culturing themselves in a Western manner.

Sultan Sidi Mohammed ben Youssef became a pole of attraction for the Istiqlal. Though he was later to disavow their extremism, he agreed with their desire for more Moroccan independence, and he supported their ideas for some modernization of Moslem religion and practices. An intelligent, solemn man, the Sultan was an odd combination of the European and the Moslem. He owned a vast fleet of sixty American automobiles, sent his favorite sons to college in France, and counted many Frenchmen among his personal friends. At the same time, he maintained a harem of hundreds of concubines, exercised his feudal rights to extort gifts and favors from his subjects, and dispensed ruthless, arbitrary imperial justice within the confines of his various palaces.

THE Sultan's first bow to nationalism came in April, 1947, when he was visiting the International Zone at Tangiers. He was to deliver a speech, previously censored by the French, which included a paragraph praising the achievements of France in Morocco. But when the words came out, the Sultan had omitted the important paragraph and, instead, told his listeners, "Morocco, as an Arab land . . . desires to continue and strengthen its ties with Arabs of the East, especially since the Arab League plays an important role in world politics."

This was the opening gun in the verbal artillery duel that was to continue between the Moroccan monarch and the French administration. In 1950, Ben Youssef went to Paris and, overriding mere diplomatic pleasantries, came out with a direct bid for measures aimed at Moroccan independence.

This was more than Marshal Alphonse Juin, then the Resident-General in Rabat, could suffer. When the Sultan returned, the situation became critical. In February, 1951, Juin demanded that he sign certain reforms decentralizing the Moroccan administration and, above all, that he openly disavow the Istiqlal. The Sultan refused. Troops were brought in to surround the palace and Berber tribesmen, inspired by local French officers, marched down from the hills to Rabat in a "spontaneous" display of opposition to the ruler. Before

conditions became critical, however, Paris notified Juin to avoid a flare-up. The Marshal obeyed, but he was determined to use his enormous influence to depose the Sultan sooner or later.

When General Augustin Guillaume succeeded Juin in September, 1951, affairs got no better. He continued the demand that the Sultan give up some of his power to local assemblies, and the ruler continued to refuse. Finally, last spring, the Glaoui again wheeled into the picture.

To what extent the aged Pasha of Marrakech acted with the agreement of the French is still unknown. It is cer-

a civil war was in the offing. Sultan Sidi Mohammed ben Youssef had to be removed to maintain peace.

But the peace that has followed has been punctuated by the sound of explosions and gunfire. It has prompted Spain to step into the scene as the potential savior of the Moroccans. Probably more serious, it has alienated the allegiance of many profoundly pro-French Moroccans. Like the educated followers of Ghandi and Nehru, who play cricket and wear Eton ties, most Moroccan nationalists were deeply attached to the country that colonized them. One of them, formerly a high-

risk reprisals from terrorist groups for collaborating with the French. Authorities themselves are not sure how to proceed. "Morocco is living in a state of physiological automatism," commented an important Casablanca publisher recently. "It is administered, but it is not governed."

A committee of four French National Assembly deputies, who toured the region not long ago, came back to Paris and made some forceful suggestions. France, they agreed, had to define her policy in Morocco, stating clearly and simply what she wished to achieve in the region. The standard of living of



The old in Morocco is at least as ancient as this thousand-year-old gate in Marrakech. But it, too, faces the challenge of change

The new Morocco rose under the French; but can even they control the revolutionary forces they unleashed?



tain, however, that they did little to oppose him as he drove through rural Morocco in his black Cadillac, inciting Berber leaders and local notables to oppose the Sultan. He argued not only that Ben Youssef was too modern to represent true Islam (and carried a photograph of the Sultan's daughter in a bathing suit to prove his case) but he offered the country squires of Morocco more power once the central authority of the ruler was broken. More than three hundred rural chieftains rallied to his cause, many of them out of conviction, many through simple bribery, many on orders from their French advisers.

By August, what looked to Paris like

ranking officer in the French Army, tried to explain his case to me. "We would like to associate ourselves with France," he said. "We were brought up in French schools. We learned to read and write French and we learned to share France's heritage. But we are Moroccans first. We are being forced to be anti-French despite ourselves."

There is, for the moment, talk of salvaging the situation in Morocco. A program of reforms has been outlined, but nothing has been done. Elections, for example, have been proposed, but no valid census exists to serve as a base for voting regulations. The participation of Moroccans in local affairs has been suggested, but few natives wish to

the people had to be raised, and sincere and loyal contact had to be established between the French and the Moroccans.

BUT until positive action is taken, the situation will undoubtedly go on deteriorating. Arms are being shipped to Moroccan terrorists through Spanish Morocco and Southern Algeria and, while police are now making an extra effort to combat subversion, tension continues. Already beset by more problems than she can handle, both at home and abroad, France can ill afford to find herself bearing another major burden. It takes no Arabian Nights genie to forecast that one is taking on weight in Morocco.

The Sign's
People
 of the month

**Lady
 Philosopher**



"MEN ARE CAPABLE of cold, hard logic. Philosophy requires cold, hard logic. Therefore, philosophy is a field for men." This is a bit of doggerel logic which Betty Salmon, associate professor of philosophy at Fordham University, has denied by her courage in choosing a career in an intellectual field long dominated by men.

Dr. Salmon developed her interest in philosophy while a student at the College of Mount St. Vincent. "Philosophy," she feels, "is like a detective story. It's a search for truth and a problem to be solved." Upon graduation, she met a priest-philosopher named Fulton Sheen who advised her to continue her studies abroad. This she did: at the Sorbonne, *Institut Catholique de Paris*, and Louvain University.

Returning to the United States, Betty ran

smack into a solid wall of disinterest in female philosophers. Then the wall began to crack, first at her old school, "The Mount." A year later, she joined the Fordham faculty. Since her election as president of the American Catholic Philosophical Association in 1952, the crack has grown into a fair-sized opening, and it won't be long before it becomes a gate welcoming women to the philosophy chairs of colleges.

"Brains have no gender," Dr. Salmon says confidently, yet she doesn't believe for a moment that there will be any mass invasion of women into the field of philosophy. "Not many women *can* become philosophers," she points out, "because as always they will be too busy with homes to supervise and children to rear. But more must. Women have a job to share with men in this important field of study."

THE
 place
 of the
 an au
 of the
 young
 hand
 not j
 and c
 chari
 tion
 Sin
 the
 imag
 frien
 creat
 energ
 relat
 effort
 conf
 Cath
 ciple
 Chur
 est l
 othe
 lovin

THE DAY was Pentecost Sunday twenty years ago. The place was New York's Town Hall. Present were leaders of the city's white and colored Catholic community and an audience of 800 people who came on the invitation of the Catholic Laymen's Union. Among them was a young lawyer named George K. Hunton. The business at hand was a proposal to start a new Catholic organization, not just another parish club, but a group in which white and colored Catholics could work *together* for justice and charity among whites and Negroes. This was the formation of the first Catholic Interracial Council in America.

Since then, George Hunton has guided the career of the council as its executive secretary. His friendly, imaginative approach has won the council countless friends within and outside the Church and helped increase the number of councils to twenty-four. Quiet and energetic, George is convinced that the future of race relations lies with Catholic youth, and a large part of his efforts are directed at college students. At special student conferences, he is quick to stress the tragedy of young Catholics leaving school filled with zeal for Catholic principles only to become apathetic later on. After the Church, his country, and interracial work, George's greatest love is the Brooklyn Dodgers, a love which, like any other real Dodger fan, he takes just as seriously, in a fun-loving way, as his work.

Interracial Leader



▲ Mr. Hunton, left, directs the Catholic Interracial Forum

▼ An editorial conference with Pat Mullaney, CIC publicist



STAGE and SCREEN

by JERRY COTTER



Fred MacMurray, Humphrey Bogart, and Robert Francis in the screen version of "The Caine Mutiny"

The Theater Season

A new low mark has been reached in the number of plays presented on Broadway during the 1953-54 theatrical semester. The total was 53 productions, 8 of which were musicals, 2 were solo concerts, and 43 ranged from farce to melodrama. Those who are frankly pessimistic about the future of the drama in this country will use this sorry situation as further evidence that the legitimate theater is on the downgrade and headed for eclipse.

On the other hand, the optimists can point with some conviction to the heartening, though almost imperceptible, improvement in the quality of playwriting which the drama season revealed. It was evident in John Patrick's splendidly realized adaptation of Vern Sneider's *The Teahouse of the August Moon*, in many passages of Robert Anderson's *Tea and Sympathy*, in Horton Foote's *A Trip to Bountiful*, in Herman Wouk's taut *Caine Mutiny Court Martial*, and in brief moments of Fritz Hochwalder's *The Strong are Lonely*.

Beauty and writing of a high order blended in individual scenes of these plays an artistry which the theater is going to need in greater measure during the trying years ahead. Whatever the problems of finance and production the legitimate theater faces tomorrow, it will continue to confound the disciples of despair as long as it can provide such moments of magic.

On the issue of moral content, the recent season was certainly not perfect, but the situation did show improvement over previous years. Five of the fifty-three offerings were on the completely objectionable list, and, for the first time

in this reviewer's memory, the number of plays considered suitable for adult audiences outnumbered those deemed partly objectionable. While there is room for a considerable amount of improvement in this sphere, it is also possible to express a degree of satisfaction over the present situation.

For the record, there were several plays of above-average merit: T. S. Eliot's *The Confidential Clerk*, Rosemary Casey's comedy, *Late Love*, John McGuire's *Praise of Folly*, the Giraudoux-Valency fantasy, *Ondine*, Liam O'Brien's semi-hilarious *The Remarkable Mr. Pennybaker*, and Samuel Taylor's *Sabrina Fair*. Musically, the season was barren.

Outstanding among the year's performances were those by Lillian Gish and Jo Van Fleet in *A Trip to Bountiful*, Ina Claire in *The Confidential Clerk*, Audrey Hepburn in *Ondine*, John Kerr and Deborah Kerr in *Tea and Sympathy*, Ben Gazzara in *End As a Man*, Edna Best and Julie Harris in *Mlle. Colombe*, Josephine Hull in *The Solid Gold Cadillac*, Macdonald Carey in *Anniversary Waltz*, Lloyd Nolan and Henry Fonda in *The Caine Mutiny Court Martial*, Robert Ryan in *Coriolanus*, Mary Boland in *Lullaby*, and David Wayne in *The Teahouse of the August Moon*.

In selecting the outstanding play of the season we have weighed the technical merits and moral value of all those mentioned and feel that the John Patrick-Vern Sneider collaboration, **THE TEAHOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON** is the best that the playshops offered. In pointing up the problems we face in an ever-shrinking world, this tasteful and thoughtful comedy provided a provocative, entertaining evening in the theater. To the many honors it has won, we happily add THE SIGN DRAMA AWARD for 1954.

Reviews in Brief

Herman Wouk's well-publicized novel, **THE CAINE MUTINY**, becomes a striking screenplay, impressive in its technical accomplishments and absorbing in the re-creation of service conflicts and ethical problems. The issues raised are not readily solved through any pat formula. Their surface simplicity camouflages a network of explosive contentions which are rooted deep in modern misconceptions. Can a lawyer justify tricky courtroom technique when it wins an acquittal for his client? Can mutiny be vindicated? Where does authority (in this instance military) end and individual moral responsibility begin?

The issues are serious and they have not been handled flippantly. The cross-currents of command, the inevitable personality clashes, the rising tide of mutiny are all expertly integrated here. The battle and typhoon scenes are excellently realized, and handling of the sideline episodes is well above par. Performance honors go to Van Johnson and Fred MacMurray, who bring unsuspected depth to demanding roles. Humphrey Bogart and Jose Ferrer, while convincing, lack the special qualities and strength to be found in the stage interpretation of the same roles. The adult audience, for which this adaptation is designed, will find it a provocative discussion piece and a rewarding drama. (Columbia)

The merry adventures of that ever-fabulous Dickensian quartet make **THE PICKWICK PAPERS** one of the season's most welcome cinematic romps. Pickwick, Winkle, Jingle, and company make the familiar comic misadventures thoroughly enjoyable for every age group. Filmed in England with a local cast, the production captures a large measure of the original flavor, the eccentricities, and the humor of a bygone era. A sympathetic and humorous satire, handled with intelligence and a considerable amount of charm. (Mayer-Kingsley)

HER TWELVE MEN is a family comedy of considerable charm, graced in addition with a radiant performance by Greer Garson and the presence of a talented lad named Tim Considine. A boys' school is the setting, with Miss Garson in attendance as the sole woman teacher. The episodes are by turn amusing and poignant, with the over-all effect decidedly entertaining. It's the sort of amiable production that satisfies all but the super-sophisticates. (MGM)



Greer Garson, new teacher, gets helpful advice from Robert Ryan in "Her 12 Men"

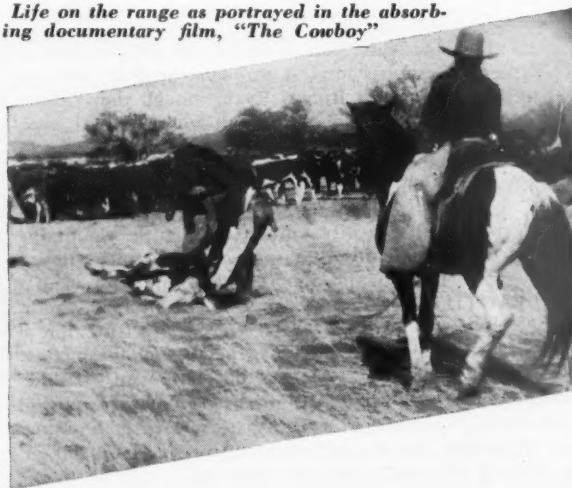
If bucolic hijinks rate high on your list of entertainments, then **MA AND PA KETTLE AT HOME** will suit you just fine. The laughs spring from the visit of a supercilious magazine editor to bestow an award for a young Kettle's essay on farm life. The laughs are contagious, though not cerebral, with Marjorie Main, Percy Kilbride, and Alan Mowbray in top farce form. Enjoyable family fare. (Universal-International)

THEM is a superior science-fiction shocker, fantastic yet handled with sufficient restraint and realism to make it partly acceptable. The title refers to ant mutations, 10-foot monsters bred in the New Mexico desert after the atom bomb tests of 1945. Their forays into the human settlements are weirdly realized in this neatly contrived chiller. Though immature in spots, and obviously charted for the overly credulous, the story does strike a responsive nerve in these days of H-bomb tensions and overactive imaginations. Edmund Gwenn, James Whitmore, and James Arness play it in the necessary taut key. (Warner Bros.)

THE MIAMI STORY exposes the inner operations of the national crime syndicate pinpointed in the Florida city. Though it follows the conventional pattern of underworld yarns, this does have the advantage of timeliness and some original plot developments. Barry Sullivan is cast as a reformed gangster called upon by a citizens' committee to "fight fire with fire" and destroy the power of the syndicate in Miami. That's a large order, even for a movie hero. Adults who haven't been sated by TV excursions into the field of gangland violence will find this passably interesting. (Columbia)

THE COWBOY is a feature-length documentary concerned with the men who ride the Western range, tend its cattle, and live a solitary, though satisfying, existence under sun and stars. Hollywood has been glorifying the cowboy for about fifty years now, but never quite understanding him. From Hart to Hopalong, the movie range rider has been more synthetic than any dime-novel hero. Elmo and Lorraine Williams, who wrote, photographed, and edited this dimensional documentary, rectify the error with a 67-minute probe of a sturdy and fascinating breed. This is a valuable program note for the inveterate Western fan and a most welcome interlude for those who have wearied of the stereotyped Hollywood horse-opera. (Lippert)

Life on the range as portrayed in the absorbing documentary film, "The Cowboy"





Donald Cook and two young members of the cast of the new Broadway comedy, "The King of Hearts"

Joan Crawford goes Western in **JOHNNY GUITAR**, a routine drama of murder, mayhem, and intrigue in the era when the stagecoach was surrendering to the iron horse. There isn't much to distinguish this from a hundred other pioneer adventures, but it should satisfy the avid adult fan. Performances by Miss Crawford, Mercedes McCambridge, Sterling Hayden, and Scott Brady are superior to the story at all times. Trucolor photography is also an asset. (Republic)

DIARY OF A COUNTRY PRIEST is a slow-moving, somber study of a young curé's experiences and problems. Produced in France, the film is a generally reverent treatment of the subject, although it does present an interpretation of clerical life and Catholic dogma which might well lead to false impressions. While the story has excellent literary value, it is filmed in a most desultory and uninteresting style. Its appeal is therefore narrowed to the art-theater audience, rather than the general movie-going public. (Brandon)

Shirley Booth's latest assignment is not a particularly auspicious framing for her tremendous talent. **ABOUT MRS. LESLEY** finds her cast as a combination landlady-Dorothy Dix, whose wisdom and tolerance stem, scriptwise at least, from an ill-fated, illicit romance in her past. A hackneyed story at best, it extracts interest through the deft performances by Miss Booth and Robert Ryan, though they cannot compensate for an erroneous approach to the moral issue involved. (Paramount)

The New Plays

Even Shirley Booth's facility for making artistic mountains out of mediocre molehills isn't magical enough to salvage the pedestrian libretto and the dull musical score of **BY THE BEAUTIFUL SEA**. The Coney Island of 1900, gaudy yet not the tawdry eyesore of today, is the setting for a handsomely designed frolic that depends on personality rather than material. Miss Booth is at her best in a kiddie impersonation scene, while Mae Barnes, an electric Negro singer, shares, top honors with two impudently amusing songs. Together they keep this expensive piece of flotsam from drifting way out beyond the life ropes.

KING OF HEARTS is a collection of witty remarks, bright observations, and inverted clichés, fluffy and funny in its pointed caricature of a comic strip artist with delusions of genius. As a play it is occasionally hilarious, always amusing and literate, yet never quite as pungent and penetrating as it should be. Written by Eleanor Brooke and Jean Kerr, as a Catholic University campus collaboration, the play has been staged with expected skill by Walter Kerr and acted with the necessary exuberance by Jackie Cooper, Donald Cook, Cloris Leachman, Rex Thompson, and David Lewis.

While there is much to be said for the idea on which this sophisticated farce is built, there is an overemphasis on dialogue to the detriment of the play and the characters in it. Cartoonist Larry Larkin is an obnoxious egotist, imbued with the mistaken idea that his comic strip is in reality a soap-box. For three acts he struts, mentally and physically, before an audience composed of his secretary, whom he plans to marry, a young ghost-artist who is hired to do the strip while they are honeymooning, a fabulous young boy whom the cartoonist has adopted as an additional bolster for his ego, and a droll newspaper editor who hovers over all. In turn they all revolt, leaving the master to nurture his ego and his social significance in solitary splendor. The chuckles are plentiful in this bit of contemporary satire. One can only wish that the framework they festoon were sturdier.

Bedlam reigns supreme in **ANNIVERSARY WALTZ**, a comedy by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields, which is about as hilarious as a case of mumps. Starting with a fifteenth wedding anniversary celebration in a sophisticated Manhattan menage, they take the audience through a modern rerun of life-with-father. This daddy is a boisterous fellow who takes fiendish delight in kicking the family TV set to oblivion; bellows his objection to the progressive education formulas he declares are ruining the children; pitches into his wife's parents in a scene which is neither humorous nor in good taste; and tops it off by leaving home for a few days. It isn't very funny, but it is quite a rumpus while it lasts. Macdonald Carey is such an expert actor that he makes dad more likeable than the writers succeeded in doing. Kitty Carlisle, Phyllis Povah, Howard Smith, and two precocious youngsters struggle along as best they can in a tiresome, suggestive, and strident attempt at comedy.

Playguide

FOR ADULTS:

By the Beautiful Sea; The Caine Mutiny Court Martial; The Confidential Clerk; King of Hearts; Ondine; Sabrina Fair; The Solid Gold Cadillac; The Teahouse of the August Moon; Wonderful Town

(On Tour) *Dial M for Murder; The King and I; Me and Juliet; My Three Angels; Oklahoma; Time Out for Ginger*

PARTLY

OBJECTIONABLE:

Anniversary Waltz; The Girl in Pink Tights; John Murray Anderson's Almanac; Kismet; The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker; The Seven-Year Itch; The Golden Apple

(On Tour) *Guys and Dolls; Porgy and Bess; South Pacific; The Fourposter*

COMPLETELY

OBJECTIONABLE:

Can-Can; The Immoralist; Tea and Sympathy

(On Tour) *Good-Nite Ladies; Twin Beds; Picnic*



In misty veil and bridal gown, Helene stares pensively at a lace handkerchief before the wedding ceremony

Magnum Photos

A Princess Marries

A SIGN PICTURE STORY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERICH LESSING

WHEN a newspaperman marries a press photographer, it is not news. But when the newsman happens to be a prince and the photographer a princess and the wedding is set in a centuries-old castle, ordinary folk take notice—if only to ponder the strange ways of royalty in the modern world.

Thus it was at the marriage of Prince Konstantin of Bavaria and Helene, daughter of Prince Khevenhüller, who inherited his title from a late uncle. Witnessed by Archbishop Künster of Gurk, Austria, the wedding brought an older day to life. Heralds in silken robes, knights in armor with raised halberds, 700 guests garbed in colorful, local costumes filled ancient Hochosterwitz Castle. When the feasting was done, modernity again disturbed the past as the couple went honeymooning not in a coach-and-eight but in a fast German sports car.

A PRINCESS MARRIES . . . A Sign Picture Story



Archbishop Künster intones the words of the nuptial Mass: *"May the God of Israel join you together, and may He be with you . . ."*



Bride and groom lead procession from chapel through passageway to courtyard where reception took place



The Prince places ring on bride's finger, symbolizing fidelity: *"May she be true to one husband . . ."*



Helene prepares to toss flowers to waiting young women in traditional custom. Girl who catches them will be the next to marry



Modest wedding cake exemplifies the couple's present position in life as journalists



Bride and groom receive the blessings of well-wishers, among them Archbishop Künster. Soon, the big day will end and a new life will start

▼ Off, in a fast German sports car, go the couple on their honeymoon



Happiness radiates from the bride as she chats with her father during the banquet

June, 1954



The Only Realist



Christophorus—Verlag Herder

Every man faces the problem of pain. No man ever faced it as deliberately, as willingly as Christ. Out of His own sorrow He tells every man why: "Blessed are they who mourn, for they shall be comforted"

by SIMON WOOD, C.P.

THE slow, intense pains that made up the Passion of Our Blessed Saviour were not, in any sense of the word, a mere play-acting at suffering. He did not have hidden away in some corner of His being any exalted emotion or stoic numbness to cushion the force of the outrages inflicted upon Him. There was nothing to make His vast pains of body the least bit less painful than human pain has always been or His immense sadness of soul the least bit less oppressive than our sadness is today. Jesus Christ is given the name Man of Sorrows not as an honorary title of respect but because He earned it a thousand times over.

Yet, no matter how frequently we call Him by that title, it still remains an inexpressible mystery. Familiarity with the fact that the Incarnate Creator of the world had His full share of what is painful in this world does not make it any less extraordinary. Seven hundred years before He came, when the vision of His sufferings was given to the prophet Isaiah, the prophet exclaimed in astonishment: "Who hath believed our reports and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed? . . . Despised and the most abject of men, a man of sorrows, and acquainted with infirmity!"

The Cross, however, the sign of pain and sorrow, remains the sign of our religion. We do not feel any need to explain it away. We do not consider Our Saviour's pains upon it as an embarrassing anticlimax in His life. Rather, we know that they were the deliberately planned, consciously desired climax of His every word and deed upon earth. Before Calvary, He had announced: "The Son of Man must suffer many things, and be rejected by the elders and chief priests and Scribes, and be put to death."

The Man of Sorrows on His Cross is our Redeemer in the act of redeeming us. He is but occupying the last pulpit from which to preach, by the endurance of pain and anguish, what His words had preached throughout His life. The silent Sufferer of Calvary is repeating, in language no son of Adam can fail to understand, the self-same truth He had proclaimed in simple words on the Mount of the Beatitudes.

On that Holy Hill in Galilee, Our Lord had just pronounced two of His Beatitudes. Already He had put His finger unerringly on very real problems in the lives of those who were listening to Him. He had given them a new blessed poverty to ease the burden of their material penury: a spiritual poverty of humble dependence upon Almighty God. He had taken their lowly meekness, which the Pharisees had interpreted as a curse, and transformed it into a blessing.

Now He sees that His lowly audience is listening to Him intently, as they listen only to words of authority and truth. He recognizes by the glowing response in their eyes that they begin to see, for the first time in their lives, God's way of solving the distressing problems of existence. His mind thinks back to the beautiful prophecy He had taken for His own: "The spirit of the Lord is upon Me; He has sent Me to bring good news to the poor, to heal the contrite of heart . . . to comfort all that mourn; to appoint to the mourners of Sion . . . the oil of joy." So it is that He proceeds to His Third Beatitude. It is about the great problem of man's life, the ever-present affliction of sorrow and pain. Clearly, He announces: "Blessed are they who mourn, for they shall be comforted."

THESE are indeed bold words, words of One speaking with authority. No mere man would dare to say them. The way of the world is to be rid of pain and grief. It calls upon social science to relieve the ills of the poor; upon medical science to relieve those of the body; upon psychiatry to unravel the burdens of anxiety and frustration and even depressing guilt in the heart; and when these fail, it resorts to a round of pleasures and amusements to drown the sorrows that persist.

The Son of God is more realistic. He gives us the only sensible advice about what to do with the inevitable pains of life. In this Third Beatitude, He warns us to accept them. True, He himself did cure, miraculously, countless numbers of the afflicted, and three times even unloosed the bonds of death in sympathy for the tears of mourning relatives. But He did not intend His influence among men to be nothing more than some sort of clinic for miraculous cures or sanctuary from human ills. He did not change the course of nature; even from the lives of those He cured, He did not banish sorrow once for all. Rather, He takes the pains and tears and cares of life and turns them into stepping-stones to Heaven. In this Third Beatitude, He blesses them as holy means by which His followers will gain the perfect joy of God.

After all, man has no right to complain of the presence of suffering in this world. It is he who put it here. When God created man, He placed him in a place of perfect happiness, free of sorrow. The first ugliness to mar God's handiwork was man's own misguided experiment in setting himself against his Maker. The devil tempted the head of mankind with an impossible ambition: "In the day you eat of the Tree of Knowledge, your eyes shall be opened; and you shall be as Gods, knowing good

and evil." Adam was intrigued, as we might have been. Rejecting the warning of God—in other words, blinding his mind to the truth—he reached out his hand and plucked the fruit in a tragically deceiving dream that he would become as God.

The forbidden fruit had its effect immediately—but not what he had desired. Man's eyes were opened indeed. For the first time, Adam began to gain the knowledge of evil as well as good. But this new knowledge was no addition to the truth he already knew—he had rejected that. It was only a new, painfully experimental knowledge of what God had already shown him. Because he had thought to be like God, he had to find out by sad experience that he was but a man. To learn the humility of the creature, he had to drink deeply the chalice of his vast physical limitations, in hunger and thirst, weariness and toil, sickness, old age, and death.

Adam's sons, however, failed to be impressed by even such an abundantly illustrated text. For the most part, they only bent their efforts to escape from pain and once again become as God.

The loving Creator, however, did not forsake His foolish creatures. Since man was bent on acting as if suffering had nothing to teach him, God sent His own Son into the world, on the precise mission of being lifted up on the eternal Hill of Calvary as the Man of Sorrows, bearing man's infirmities and carrying his sorrows. The Son of Mary, it is true, freed the afflicted of their ills by an unearthly power, but that was to show that He was the Master of those ills. More important, He in turn submitted to their force, to convince every man and woman who would look upon His Cross that hope is not gone when they are called upon to suffer, for God's hand and God's heart are in it.

IT is in the light of His own Sorrows that we must interpret Our Lord's third Beatitude. He is not teaching us to cultivate a puritanical suspicion of pleasure and joy.

All that He is doing is reminding us of the fact that earth is not our true home where we can expect to take our ease, but that heaven is. If the span of our whole existence were limited to our stay upon this earth, then we do well to seek feverishly for pleasure while we are here. But if our life on earth is but the preface to the book of our life, if the real story begins only in the chapters written beyond the grave, then we must not look for the happy ending here on earth. Then, we must read every item in that preface in its context: our earthly pains and joys, our passing successes and failures, are no longer just that; rather, either they help to intro-

duce the wonderful story to be told in God's eternal Home, or they are discordant, distracting parentheses. And if the sorrows of life have anything to teach us; if they impress upon us the insufficiency of our human resources; if they point up the fact that we have not here a lasting city but look for one that is to come; if they serve as fitting, urgent metaphors of the fearsomeness of sin and its horrible consequences in the fires of hell—if all these things can come to us from pain and grief, then, truly, it is Incarnate Wisdom who declares to us: "Blessed are they who mourn, for they shall be comforted."

Theologians assure us of a great mystery operating in the soul of the suffering Saviour. While His whole body was bathed in pain, while His heart and mind were flooded with grief, still in that deep, deep center of His human soul where every man resembles God, He saw His Heavenly Father in the unclouded, face-to-face vision that makes the joy of Heaven. The nails still tore His hands and feet, the thorns still pierced His brow, the sight of men's ugliness still weighed upon His mind, and the frustrating vision of their indifference still preyed upon His heart—yet, in the isolated depths of His human soul, there was a holy, unfathomable, unearthly joy.

THE point for us to see is, in fact, the reality of Christ's pain added to His mysterious joy. For in the light of His clear vision of His Father, He saw that His pains were His Father's Will; that His griefs will flood God's creatures with light and love and truth; that His Cross will be the holy Way by which mankind will rise wholeheartedly to worship and to serve His Heavenly Father.

So it can be with us. Pain can destroy the comfort of our bodies; sorrow can destroy the contentment of our hearts; desolation can destroy the consolation in our souls. But no pain or grief or desolation can reach that inner depth of our souls where we are most like God. These things may ruffle the surface joy of our relation to the things of earth; but, if we but will, they also turn our hearts from this world's gifts to an anticipation of the unfathomable, unending joy of God. They raise us up, away from earth, and set our feet firmly on the path that leads to the eternal dwelling where "God will wipe every tear from their eyes. And death shall be no more; neither shall there be mourning, nor crying, nor pain any more, for the former things have passed away."

He who is sitting on the throne—of His Cross—says: "Behold, I make all things new."



Main Street through the gatehouse of Battle Abbey. Since William the Conqueror, a change

MAIN STREET ENGLAND

In the eleventh century—William the Conqueror. Today, buses and cars. Battle is

England: tradition looking to the future

by LADY ELIZABETH PAKENHAM

IT's not easy to choose "Main Street, England." Every small town grows around its Main Street, or, as we call it here, "High Street." Why not be guided by William the Conqueror? He landed at Hastings in 1066 and chose to fight one of the world's decisive battles six miles inland, at Battle. "Battle," says the guide book, "is the cradle of English civilization, and so of the Empire, Commonwealth, and USA."

Battle is fifty-five miles by road from London, an hour and a half by train on a line that has not yet been electri-

fied. Few people commute daily, but many have week-end cottages. Approaching the town, I can see the lovely, wooded hills in the neighborhood and the ancient, red-tiled roofs, huddled together along Main Street.

On the right as I enter Battle is a doctor's house. He's let his three top rooms to a young couple, Mr. and Mrs. Grant. It's as well to start our tour with the Grants. For they are the spirit of 1954. Many of the older people live as vividly in Battle's past as in its present.

The Grants have been married six

months. Mary's expecting a baby and looks the picture of happy motherhood. She wears a blue crepe frock trimmed with white braid. Her husband works in the local gypsum mine. This is Battle's biggest industry. It employs over 600 men and is the largest gypsum mine in England. (Gypsum is used in building materials.) It's strange to find an industry like mining in the heart of rural Sussex. The occasional boom and tremor of shot-firing is reminiscent of those far-off days in the Middle Ages, when Sussex was the center of the iron industry and the clang of the forges filled its valleys.

Grant is on the night shift. "I went into the mine because of the good wages," he says. (He gets up to twenty-eight dollars a week with overtime; the agricultural wage is only eighteen dollars.) I asked Mary what she does in the long evenings when her husband is at the mine. "I knit and sew for the baby, and I listen to the radio." Her

LADY ELIZABETH PAKENHAM, noted English journalist, lecturer, and political speaker, has published articles in many British newspapers, women's magazines, etc.

favorite program is "The Archers," a serial about a typical English family.

She's glad food rationing is coming to an end. "I'd rather pay a bit more," she said, "and get what I want." "How do you find married life after six months?" "Handling the money is the most difficult thing. But we work it out together. I did think of continuing part time at my old job in a chain store. They wanted me to stay, but in the end I decided against it." "Any politics?" I inquire. Mary's father was a Conservative: Victor votes Labor. "Do the men talk politics in the mine?" "Not much. Mostly about football and local teams. They complain a bit about high prices and say you can't save anything, but they don't get very hot."

IF these miners—the most leftwing element in Battle—are fairly satisfied, I don't expect to find much discontent elsewhere. I remember the words of a great Catholic lover of Sussex, Hilaire Belloc: "There are men of many characters in Sussex, but all happy, honest, good, witty, and hale."

The Grants have one great longing. To get a "Council House," a house built by the Rural District Council, at a subsidized rent, for manual workers.

Along the street is a string of shops, many over 200 years old, with their lovely fronts intact. One of the stores is Holland's, the family butcher. "We are expecting meat rationing to end in the summer," says Mr. Holland eagerly. "Then we shall have to give the customers what they want. Today we must sell anything the Ministry of Food sends us—great Kent sheep with three inches of fat on them. I want to see the small types back, like Southdowns and Hampshires."

People here feel the country is in a transitional stage between wartime restrictions and postwar decontrol. They

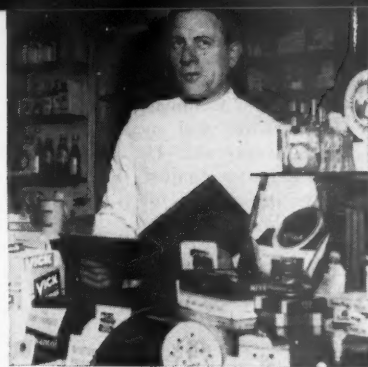
wonder how, between farmers, retailers, and customers, and the Government, it will all work out.

Next comes the bow-windowed "Old Pharmacy," established in 1740, with its ancient sign of a pestle and mortar swinging overhead. Mr. Emeleus, the chemist, with his white overalls and arresting, intellectual face, is no Sussex countryman. His father sailed from Finland before the mast. His two brothers are Professors at Cambridge and Belfast.

Mr. Emeleus likes Britain's new National Health Service, introduced by the Labor Government in 1948. "The Pharmacy is now used for the purpose for which it was originally intended," he says. "Before, my business depended on the sale of cosmetics and other sidelines. Only fifteen per cent of our sales were drugs. Now it's about fifty fifty." But he sees anomalies in the Health Service. "A patient, by paying a pound, can get five pounds worth of chloromycetin. Yet a poor old woman must pay ten shillings (half a pound) toward the cost of an elastic stocking." Mr. Emeleus has three children; the two eldest are scholarship winners. "The Battle doctors keep us stretched," he smiles; "they're up in all the newest drugs."

AFEW yards on we come to Till's, oldest hardware store in England, with a big delivery round. Modern goods are displayed through small, old windowpanes. But hideous "show-windows" do exist, even in Battle; and every year sees another eighteenth-century façade pulled down to make way for black marble and chrome.

Mr. Day, the young Manager, shows me the shop's historic ledger. How small the sums look today. "Dec. 1717. For mending a looking-glass. 2d." Someone getting ready for her Christmas parties. Mr. Day is Treasurer of Battle's



The pharmacist: for cosmetics, drugs



The grocer: for business, history



The tanner: for fifty years, a clock



Nancy Dann, in Newberry's Jam Factory, hoped to be a nurse. Now, through mists of steam—marmalade



Mary and Victor Grant: politics, rationing, and high prices. But out of the gypsum mines—good wages

Chamber of Commerce, Captain of the Cricket Club, and one of the officers of the Home Guard. He's organizing Battle's defenses against the "next war." "Anything special for the A-bombs?" I ask. "No. Before the last war it was all 'gas, gas, gas'—and no gas came." I gather he hopes the A-bomb will be like that gas.

OUT into the street, and I run into a Cecil Rose (friends call him "Sam"), a farmer. Battle is rich in small industries, but the land is still the basis of its prosperity. Farmer Rose looks the part. Smiling and courteous, he yet seems to embody the old Sussex couplet:

*You may push and you may shuv,
but I'm hanged if I'll be druv.*

Rose employs two laborers, rents 102 acres, sends fifty gallons of milk daily to Hastings for distribution, and keeps sheep, pigs, and poultry. He no longer buys his stock from Battle market, but from larger towns, twenty or thirty miles away. Farmer Rose's ambition is to modernize his farm and own a herd of "attested" (Tuberculin free) cattle. But he has no piped water.

Laborers' wages? "They're high, but they deserve them. It's hard work. I do it myself, so I know. Yes, it's often difficult to get good labor. We have to compete with the mines. But my men have been with me years. It all depends on the employer." Rose is a Conservative. ("Battle's a Conservative stronghold," they say around here.) But as an individualist he's against all subsidies for plowing, food, or anything else.

Thorpe's shoe shop is a family business since 1819. Mr. Sinden, the present owner, has seen vast changes in

Battle. "The bus services have done it. Some traders think the buses have taken our business away from Battle. But customers now come to us from outside. It about balances out." I realize I am catching an echo of a small town's struggle to keep itself from being swallowed up by its big neighbors. Its population is 4,000. "Battle's alive and business is competitive," adds Sinden. "You have to keep on your toes"—which seems the right place for a shoe-shop to be, so we both laugh!

And now we reach the dominant feature of Main Street, living witness of its historic past. It is Battle Abbey. William the Conqueror built it as a thanksgiving to God for his victory. When Henry VIII dissolved the Monasteries, he presented Battle Abbey to his favorite counselor, Sir Anthony Browne. Legend has it that one of the dispossessed monks appeared to Sir Anthony at a house-warming banquet and cursed his family "by fire and water." Battle folk believe the curse was fulfilled 250 years later when the last surviving heir was drowned and his house burned, all within a month.

Visitors can still pace the Abbey ramparts and, emerging from the Monk's Walk of ancient yews, see the spot where Saxon King Harold fell. Yet—and this is typical of England today—1954 has wormed its way into the very heart of 1066. Here, inside the ruined Abbey, is a modern boarding school for girls.

Tucked away next door is the romantic Pilgrim's Rest—a fifteenth-century hostel, now a modern road house. Mr. Jimmy Schnorr and his daughter, who run it, are used to strangers. Their visitors' book contains names from all

over the world, the most recent from Tito's Yugoslavia. Miss Schnorr and four assistants run the catering side.

I blinked as I entered. Such an intriguing medley of home-made candies, gifts, oak beams, leaded casements, wrought iron, and Christmas decorations! She gave me a wonderful country lunch. Stock soup, roast stuffed turkey, five vegetables (potatoes, sprouts, parsnips, onions, and vegetable marrow—from her garden), lemon tart and coffee. Price, under a dollar.

Now that sugar is de-rationed, Miss Schnorr can make trays of brandy fudge and peppermint creams. She wears a flowered smock and is quiet and home-loving.

WE pass battlemented Abbey walls, cross the railway, and find, at the far end of Main Street, a tannery. It's a small slice of modern industry, equipped with electrically driven machinery. The veil of contentment which this small town seems to throw over its inhabitants is subtly evident. We mount some wooden stairs and come upon sixty-nine-year-old Mr. Sellens, sorting huge hides which hang like rows of church banners across the workshop.

Sellens has worked here fifty-four years. The boss gave him an eight-day clock on his fiftieth anniversary. If ever there was pride in a job, Sellens has it. His bright blue eyes, clear as aquamarines, shine as he handles the leather, demonstrating its points and blemishes. "Those spots are made by warble fly; that mark's grease—it was too fat a bullock. It'll be sold cheap. But the rest goes to Northampton, Lancashire, Scotland, and makes the very best sole leather."



In the eleventh century, William the Conqueror built Battle Abbey. In the Monk's Walk, a girl's school



From the middle ages, Pilgrim's Rest. With ancient oak beams and leaded casements, lemon tarts and coffee

*From the battlements of the Abbey, the parish church.
In a modern world, the pastor takes a glum view of life*

Over the old monks' cloisters, a girls' classroom



I asked him about his fellow employees. "We could do double the trade, but the young chaps won't stick. They come and go. In the old days you had to stick to your job. We have all sorts of 'foreigners' here—Scotchmen, Welshmen, Yorkshiremen—and a Pole. (The small town speaks!) The folly of modern youth is this: you can't tell them anything. I don't try. I just let them get on with it."

HE lives alone in a cottage lit by gas, but with a modern gas-cooker alongside the old range. A kind of half-cynical, half-genial cheerfulness radiates from him. "Money's no object to me now. I don't work full time." Questioned about his leisure, he says, "The farthest I've traveled is Bath" (150 miles). He calls himself Church of England (State Protestant Church) but says he never goes to church. "They're too snobbish!" In fact, Battle Church is exceptionally well attended. But Sellen listens to the Sunday sermons, by all denominations, on his radio. "I don't always agree, but they're very nice—and instructive, too." He's a staunch Labor voter but in no sense a "Red." "Battle hasn't changed at all in politics" he concludes, "except to become more Conservative."

I say good-by to this characteristic British workman of the old type, cross Main Street, and start on my return journey. Next to the twelfth century, now Protestant Church, with its Stars and Stripes hanging at the West door as a token of friendship with the

U.S.A., stands a white, period house, with two fine magnolias trained against it. It's the office of Raper and Fovargue, one of the town's solicitors. In his Harris tweeds, Mr. Fovargue looks the typical English country gentleman. He has been Churchwarden and Chairman of the Parish Council for nineteen years.

I ask about politics on the Council. He replies emphatically, "There are none." And Mr. Fovargue hopes there never will be. "Of course we know each other's views, but we never let party politics enter into our discussions."

Beyond the church I pop into an attractive antique shop called The Abbot's Treasure Chest. It is kept by two young women partners, Miss Powell and Miss Pain, who came from London after the War. "We'd had London," as Miss Powell put it. But I can see she brought her Londoner's go-ahead views into this small town. She loves Battle, but "the trouble is everyone says, 'What's good enough for my father is good enough for me.'"

"There's the housing problem," she continues. "The old residents object to their nice gardens being cut off to build a new housing estate. The workers object to being relegated to inferior sites. My partner and I went to a Residents' Protest Meeting, where a sudden upsurge of class hatred made us feel very unhappy. It came from both sides—people you'd never expect it from."

Her partner is the Girl Guide Commissioner and corresponds with an American Guide who had never heard

of Battle! "We wish more Americans came to Battle. But small towns, however historical, can't afford to advertise enough." Miss Powell is a bit of a psychologist in her job. She sells antiques in one room, coffee and cakes in the other. "Ordinary folk are a bit shy of antiques. But over a cup of coffee the dealer can give advice, and the customer finds everything is not so dreadfully expensive."

WE'RE opposite Till's again, and the large, double shop is Allwork's, the grocer and provision merchant. Old Mr. Allwork, now in his seventies, has sold the family business to a chain store with branches over the South of England. He knows more about old Battle than any other living person. He's even broadcast to Canada on its history. He remembers the first bicycle in Battle—known as a Velocipede—and the rude rhyme they sang about it:

It is the Iron Horse and it don't take much to feed,

And that is the story of the new Velocipede.

Battle has a long Catholic, but also a strong Protestant, tradition.

A society called "The Bonfire Boys" burn Guy Fawkes every year. They sing:

Remember, remember, the fifth of November

With gunpowder, treason and plot;

And I see no reason why gunpowder treason

Should ever be forgot.

(Continued on page 72)

The Battle for Congress



Democrat Humphrey: an easy mark? Will Stassen run?



Democrat Douglas: so far, a safe margin. But coming up, Joseph Meek



Democrat Brannan: with Johnson out, Republicans aren't worried

THE 1952 Presidential election was in a sense a Scotch verdict. The jury—the American voters—made it abundantly clear that they liked Ike, but they manifested no such unrestrained enthusiasm for the Republican Party. Although they gave the President a victory of landslide proportions, they returned to Congress such slim Republican majorities that Ike has never been able to call Congress his own.

Actually, in the Senate today, because of the death of a Republican Senator who was replaced by a Democrat and the rebellion of another, the Republicans do not have a majority at all. The Democrats with 48 seats, outnumber the Republicans, with 47, by one; while Senator Wayne Morse, of Oregon, elected as a Republican, cries out in a wilderness he calls the "Independent Party." On quorum calls the House divides—Republicans 219, Democrats 215, Independent 1.

Although the Republicans do a good deal of boasting in public of their "big victory" in 1952, privately they admit that in that election the American people gave only half an answer. The GOP leaders admit they still don't know whether the voters want their party to control Congress. They will get their answer next November, when thirty-four

Senators and 435 members of the House of Representatives will be elected.

For the party in power, off-year, non-presidential elections are crucial, for not only control of Congress and the important committees but the prospects of the party in the next Presidential election ride on the outcome. It is almost axiomatic in American politics that when the loss of seats in an off-year election results in loss of the control of Congress, the party in power almost inevitably loses the following presidential election. The single exception in recent political history was the election of 1948, in which former President Truman "whistle-stopped" his way back into the White House after the Democrats had lost control of Congress to the Republicans in 1946. President Eisenhower, whose personal popularity still seems to be high, might be able to duplicate Mr. Truman's feat, but the Republican leaders are consumed by a gnawing doubt that their popular leader intends to run again. So, without assurance that the President will again head the ticket, a setback for the Republicans in the November election would be discouraging, indeed.

As the Republicans gird for the forthcoming battle, they cannot fail to note several ominous historical patterns. Not since 1918, for example, has the party in power entered a general election with

a margin of control of Congress as slim as the Republicans now hold. Significantly, also, since the Civil War, with the single exception of 1934, the party in power has always lost seats in off-year elections. Moreover, to make their control of Congress effective, not merely nominal as it is today, the Republicans must not only not lose but gain seats. This, of course, they hope to do, but they cannot forget that during two decades of control, the Democrats were able to make gains in only one off-year election, the election of 1934.

ALSO in their political history, Republicans will find no assurance that the voter, like the postman, always rings the same bell twice. Four times in the last century, the Republicans gained control of the House only to lose it in the next election. They had control in 1854, but lost it in 1856. They won control in 1880, but lost it in the next three elections. They recovered control in 1888, but were put to rout in 1890 and 1892. They came back into the ascendancy in 1946 (Mr. Truman's "worst Congress in history") but lost in 1948 and 1950.

And if, as the Democrats like to believe, the November election turns on

JOHN C. O'BRIEN has for many years covered events in the National Capital for our readers. Mr. O'Brien is head of the Washington Bureau of the *Philadelphia Inquirer*.

This year's campaign will be a bitter fight. The Republicans can't afford to give ground. The Democrats don't need much to turn the balance of power. The voter now comes into his own

by JOHN C. O'BRIEN

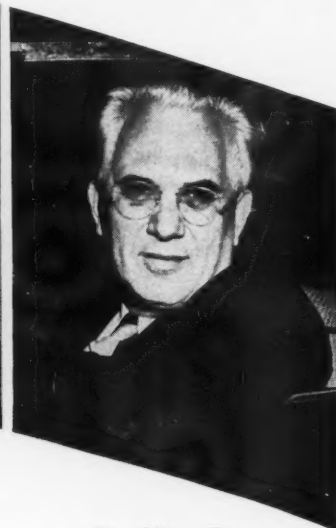
Photos by Harris & Ewing, Wide World, and United Press



Republican Cooper: in the blue-grass, a fight



Democrat Barkley: an old man; a pretty safe bet



Republican Ferguson: a tough battle



Dem. Moody: in back, a governor

the state of the voters' pocketbooks, there is bad news for the Republicans in past reactions of the American people to depressions or recessions. Usually these economic upheavals have brought a change in the political complexion of Congress.

Another cause of concern by the Republicans is the fact that an unusually large number of Congressional districts were carried in the 1952 election by narrow margins and that the bigger share of the marginal winners were Republicans.

IF historical precedents seem to augur the end of Republican control of Congress in the next election, the Republicans find some encouragement in the recent historical fact that Democratic strength has been on the wane since 1936 when it reached its peak in former President Roosevelt's phenomenal sweep. In the Congress elected in that year the Democrats controlled 76 of the Senate's 96 seats and 331 of the 435 House seats. But the decline began setting in at the following election. By 1940, the Democrats controlled only 66 Senate seats and 268 House seats. Four years later, they had only 55 Senate seats and 241 House seats. In 1946, the Republicans captured both houses. Then, after losing control in 1948 and 1950, they regained their present precarious lead.

As the two Houses are now divided, it

would take only small gains to give the Democrats at least nominal control. A gain of one seat would be sufficient in the Senate, even on the occasions when Morse, the Independent, might return to the fold and vote with the Republicans. A gain of three seats would shift control in the House.

At first glance, considering that more than a third of the Senate seats and all of the House seats are to be contested, it would seem that the Democrats could not fail to make at least these modest gains, barring, of course, a Republican upsurge of which there are no signs at the moment. But actually, the battlefield is much narrower than the sum total of the states and the congressional districts.

Of the thirty-four Senate seats to be contested, twenty-two are now held by Democrats, twelve by Republicans. But fourteen of the Democratic seats are in the traditionally safe state of Rhode Island, the Deep South, and the border states. Of the twelve Republican seats, eight are in such reasonably safe states as Oregon, New Hampshire, Nebraska, New Jersey, South Dakota, Kansas, Maine, and California.

Thus the real battle arena in the Senate contest is narrowed down to twelve

seats. Of these, eight in the states of Colorado, Ohio, Montana, Minnesota, Delaware, Iowa, Illinois, and Wyoming are held by the Democrats. Four in the states of Massachusetts, Kentucky, Michigan, and Idaho are held by the Republicans.

Similarly in the House contest, 269 seats are in districts firmly moored to one party or the other. This leaves 166 in the so-called "marginal class" (in which the winner won in 1952 by from a fraction over 50 to a fraction under 60 per cent of the votes). And a majority of these are located in less than a dozen populous states, chiefly in Illinois, California, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Indiana, Ohio, Michigan, and Missouri.

Although the Republicans intend to battle for all the so-called doubtful Senate seats, they see their best chances of victory in six—Minnesota, Illinois, Montana, Colorado, Delaware, and Ohio.

In Minnesota, they think that Senator Hubert H. Humphrey is an easy mark because of his New Dealish views and because two years ago the state gave the Republican Senatorial candidate a

whopping plurality of 200,000. But it will take a candidate of stature to defeat Humphrey, a wily campaigner who himself rolled up a plurality of 244,000 when he last ran for the Senate. As yet the Republicans have not found a real threat to the Democratic Senator, but they hope to entice former Governor Harold E. Stassen into the race. If he goes, even the most optimistic Democrats concede Minnesota would see a horse race.

UNTIL the Republican candidate was chosen, there was much headshaking in the campaign committee over the chances of Senator Paul Douglas, of Illinois, to succeed himself. But the gloom lifted somewhat after Joseph T. Meek, a lobbyist with strong isolationist views, emerged as Douglas' opponent after a bitter nine-way primary battle. Still the race may be close, since the Democratic organization in Cook County, the seat of Democratic strength, is not in its best running form. But Douglas came out of his last campaign 400,000 ahead, no small margin for the Republicans to whittle down.

In three other doubtful states, the Republicans appear to have an even chance with their opponents. In Colorado, the Democrats suffered a severe setback when Senator Edwin C. Johnson decided not to run again. No Republican in Colorado was ever eager to take on Johnson, a phenomenal vote getter. But, with him out of the way, the state's popular governor, Dan Thornton, a golfing partner of President Eisenhower, sees no Democratic opponent to be afraid of, not even former Secretary of Agriculture Charles Brannan, author of the controversial Brannan farm price support plan. Brannan has not yet been designated the Democratic candidate, but Johnson is backing him.

Because he succeeded to the seat of the late Senator Robert A. Taft, Mr. Republican himself, the incumbent Senator Thomas A. Burke, of Ohio, has been marked for special attention by the Republican Senatorial campaign committee. A former mayor of Cleveland, Burke has never lost an election for public office in his county, but he is relatively unknown in the state's hinterland. His opponent, Rep. George H. Bender, on the other hand, has canvassed the state many times as candidate for Representative-at-large. The Senator will have the advantage of running on the same ticket with up-till-now unbeaten Governor Frank J. Lausche, who is seeking another term. But even Burke admits that he is not underrating Bender.

In little Delaware, Senator J. Allen Frear, Jr., who has never made much of a splash in the Senate, is facing a ris-

ing tide of Republicanism which, in 1952, defeated a capable Democratic governor and gave the Republican Senatorial candidate a substantial plurality.

A similar Republican trend also jeopardizes the chances of veteran Senator James E. Murray, of Montana. Always a thorn in the side of Montana's big business interests, Murray narrowly squeaked through when he last ran, receiving only 50.3 per cent of the vote. Unemployment in the state's mining industry may help him in November, but the Republicans are carrying the state on their "sure-thing" list.

With a somewhat more modest estimate of their prospects, the Democrats see an opportunity to reduce the Republican population of the Senate in the states of Kentucky and Michigan. In Kentucky, the Democratic colors are riding on the state's colorful son, former Vice-President Alben W. Barkley. Although he has held almost every honor within the gift of his party—for many years he was its leader in the Senate—the doughty 77-year-old veteran wants to come back as a freshman and begin all over again at the bottom of the committee lists. And the Republicans frankly concede that he may realize his

~~~~~  
**• Too many speakers finish their speeches before they stop talking.**  
*—Indianapolis Times*  
 ~~~~~

ambition, despite the fact that the Republican incumbent, Senator John Sherman Cooper, is one of the Senate's ablest men and one of the few Republicans to be twice elected to the upper house from the traditionally Democratic blue-grass state.

In Michigan, the Democrats are counting on the backing of Governor G. Mennen Williams, who weathered the Eisenhower landslide and unemployment in the automotive industry to give former Senator Blair Moody a victory over Senator Homer Ferguson. Moody was beaten in 1952 by Charles E. Potter, a war veteran who lost a leg, but only by 44,000 out of a total vote of more than 2,000,000.

In any event, it would appear that very few Senate seats are likely to change hands in the forthcoming election and that the odds favor the Republicans. They may pick up two or three seats.

But in the House contests, the Democrats would seem to have the edge, chiefly because most of the close districts are located in the industrial, highly urbanized states which normally favor the Democratic candidates.

As for the issues, there is no agree-

ment among the Republicans and the Democrats as to which are most likely to influence the choice of the voters in November. The Republicans contend that the voters will rally to their stand-ard because the President ended the fighting in Korea, reduced taxes, uprooted Communists from the government, returned the country to a free economy, and checked inflation.

To this, the Democrats reply that the Republicans have nothing to go before the voters with except a string of broken campaign promises. They deride the Republican tax cuts as "windfalls" for the rich and point to their own efforts to increase the personal income tax exemption from \$600 to \$700 for each dependent. They accuse the Republicans of running out on their promises to maintain farm prices, of scuttling the housing program, favoring big business, increasing interest rates, and bringing on a serious economic setback marked by widespread, if spotty, unemployment.

The Democrats challenge the Republican claim that they found government agencies riddled with Communists. They scoff at the Republican belief that Reds-in-government will be a potent issue. It will be an issue, so the Democrats argue, only in the sense that the disregard of civil rights by Congressional committees investigating subversion has alienated a lot of voters. Resentment there may be in some parts of the country, but the ease with which Rep. Harold H. Velde, chairman of the House Unamerican Activities Committee, won renomination in Illinois would not indicate that the Middlewest is greatly disturbed over the tactics of the Red hunters.

THE basic issue, in the Democratic view, will be unemployment, lowered wages, and mistrust of the big business influences in the Administration. In this, history would seem to bear out the Democrats. In every past election in a time of economic dislocation, the party in power has taken it on the chin.

But another issue could arise that would overshadow all the others. That would be a resumption of fighting in Asia. There is little question that many fathers and mothers enrolled under the Eisenhower banner when he brought their sons back from Korea. But how will they vote if the same Administration sends their sons back to fight in Indo-China? The answer is obvious; the Republicans would suffer one of the worst defeats in history.

The possibility of American entry into the Indo-China war before November is the sword hanging over the heads of the Republican Congressional candidates, and they are hoping and praying that it will not drop.

Blackfriars

Actress

Iola Lynn, young Welsh actress, is determined to make good on the stage. She faces many obstacles, chiefly economic, but she has received her first "break," a chance to play at Blackfriars

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACQUES LOWE

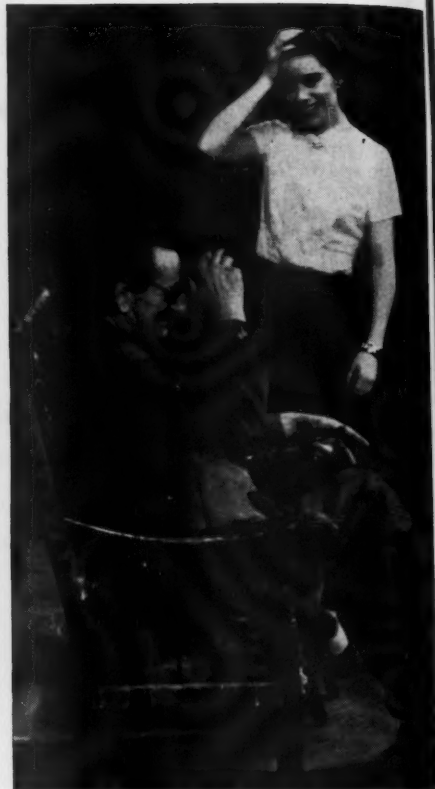
IOLA Lynn is typical in many respects of the thousands of small town girls who come to New York to try for a career on the stage, but with this difference. Her small town is in Wales. It is *Wyrddgrug* (rhymes with earth league), population 10,000, and otherwise known as the town of Mold.

The young, 24-year-old Welsh girl was first bitten by the "theater-bug" as a child. Her father, an amateur playwright-actor-producer, used to write plays especially for her, which she would act out on top of the kitchen table, and charge her friends peanuts for admission. "I never chose the best parts for myself," she recalls, "just those with the most lines."

Iola came to America because she felt there was a better chance for a young actress here. "In England, it seems everybody wants to act." The Blackfriars Theater, run by Dominican Fathers Thomas F. Carey and Robert A. Morris, gave Iola her first stage role in "Angelic Doctor." Her latest role on the Blackfriars stage is as Meg, the daughter of St. Thomas More in "Praise of Folly." Here, Iola demonstrates a finely developed skill, lending warmth, pathos, and charm to a difficult role.

Besides her Blackfriars parts, Iola has appeared on radio and television in New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Washington, and of course in the indispensable summer stock. Her hopes for the future are strong and confident, despite a full realization of the difficulties any young actress faces. "Why do I want to act?" she says, "It's something one rarely analyzes. It's not just the urge to show off, that I know, for some of the shyest people are in the theater. It's simply that I'm happiest on stage."





Dennis Gurney, Blackfriars director, explains how to improve Iola's expression of a line in "Praise of Folly." "Point of order," says Iola, "what's wrong with the way I said it?" After explanation, Iola, astonished, "Was it really that bad?"

BLACKFRIARS ACTRESS—A SIGN PICTURE STORY



Iola, left-center, and friend ask about openings at desk in casting agency. Jobs are few, budget met by "begging, borrowing, no stealing"



Girls learn quickly how to keep costs low. They shop together, room together, seek jobs together



Backstage at Blackfriars on West 57th Street, actresses make up before curtain time. Girl at left plays role of Ann Boleyn



Waiting for her cue, Iola pauses reflectively. "It's a little like dying," she says. "All your lines pass through your head"

June, 1954



Last minute buttoning takes place shortly before Iola "goes on." Sixteenth Century gown "is crazy"



On stage, Iola comes to life again as a part in the play. "This is the moment when I'm happiest"

Only a heart rubbed raw could hear the

Voice the

THE plane was well out of Miami, West Indies bound, before Jim Foster recovered from the shock of finding the girl beside him. He still could not look at her, though, without recalling all the old bitterness.

Not that he had anything against Janice Edwards. She was the same attractive girl she had always been. But she wasn't supposed to be on the plane with him.

"Pelley should have told me," he said angrily.

Jan continued to look out the window. "What did he tell you?"

"That nothing would happen in Haiti to remind me I was a Hollywood outcast."

"I'm sorry."

She probably was, Jim told himself. She had stood up for him at the time and quit her job at Lasher Studios soon after he was fired. He hadn't thought much about it because a lot of others had stood up for him too. It was high time someone did refuse to play the shoddy pictures Mark Lasher was so fond of producing, they said. The whole industry would benefit. But none of them had offered him a job.

He stared into space and concentrated on the Pelleys, to whose winter home he was now traveling. He didn't know Clark Pelley well. The fellow had been a top-flight producer in his day but was retired now. Jim had met him here and there. Pelley's letter, praising him for his suicidal fight with Lasher, had come as a surprise.

"Come on down to the West Indies for a month or so and get yourself squared away," Pelley had written. "Maybe we can think of something." And Jim had thought. Why not? He hadn't known that Jan Edwards, Lasher's former secretary, would be traveling to Haiti on the same plane. He hadn't even known that Jan was now in Pelley's employ.

It was a shabby trick, even if the girl really

was going to Haiti to work. A blow below the belt, because Jim had been in love with the girl before Lasher took away his future, and Clark Pelley must have known it.

The plane winged above Haiti's piled-up peaks to the airport, where the passengers threaded their way through the entry routine. There was no sign of Pelley. "Something must have held him up," Jim said.

They waited in silence, an attractive couple, if they had been a couple. People undoubtedly mistook them for honeymooners. After twenty minutes Jim got up and said, "Let's find a cab."

Unable to locate a driver who spoke English, he had to do the best he could with his French. It was terrible French; he'd been told so by no less than the president of the little Midwest college from which he had jumped straight to such phenomenal success in motion pictures—by way of a war film in which, knowing nothing of acting, he had fallen back on his own wartime experiences and been a smash.

"We want to go to Pétionville," Jim said to the cab driver. "Clark Pelley's house. You know where it is?"

"Oui, monsieur."

Jim motioned Jan to get in.

The cab sped through the city and up a winding mountain highway crowded with peasants. It sped past a church and through a park. The road to the Pelley house squirmed dizzily up an almost perpendicular cliffside.

The house was pink. A low stone wall surrounded it, and in the back yard stood a wooden shack and a small stone building. The gate was closed. Through it peered an ebony young man wearing soiled khaki trousers and an undershirt.

"Is Mr. Pelley at home?" Jim asked.

The boy answered suspiciously in Creole.

Trying again, Jim pointed to the house. "Does Mr. Pelley live here? Mr. Clark Pelley?"

"Monsieur Pelley? Oui."

"We're in the right place anyway," Jim shrugged, "even if Clark's forgotten us." He paid the driver and motioned the boy to take the luggage.

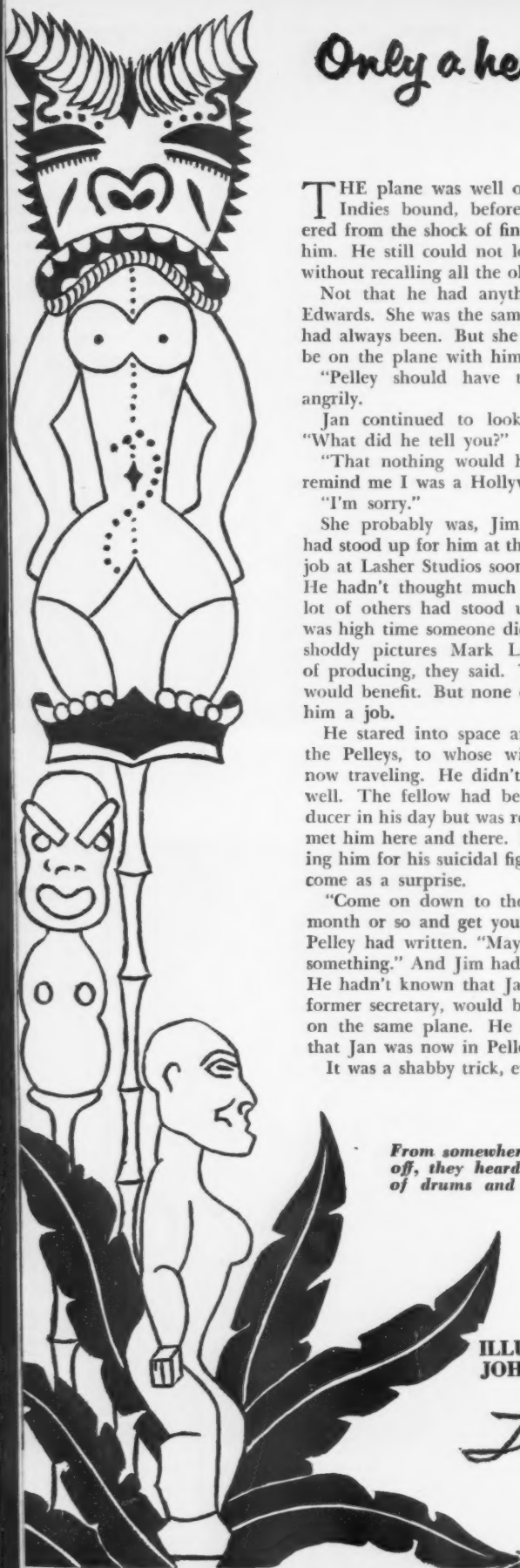
Inside the house the silence was profound. Jim and the girl stood in a tile-floored sitting room under dangling electric light wires, dazedly looking about them.

"I don't get it," Jim said at last. "We

From somewhere not far off, they heard a sound of drums and chanting

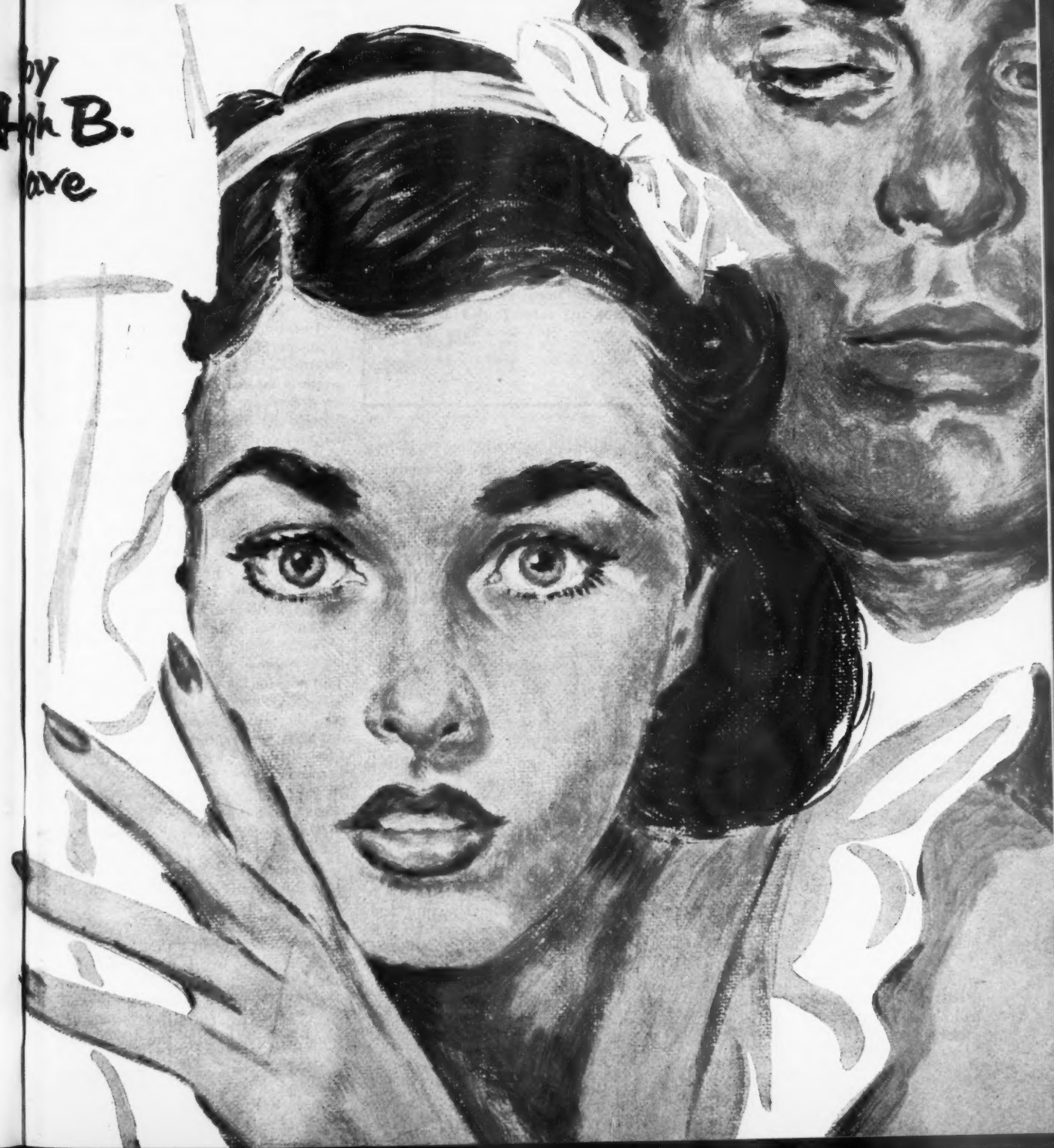
ILLUSTRATED BY
JOHN

Luke



the **Drums**

by
Hph B.
ave



couldn't both be wrong on the date." He turned helplessly to the boy and there followed a painful exchange of talk from which Jim emerged with a shrug of resignation. "Do you speak French?" he demanded, scowling at Jan.

"No better than you do. What does he say?"

"Far as I can make out, the Pelleys are off in the provinces somewhere and he doesn't know when they'll be back. There's electricity here but the house is being rewired. And no food in the place. Felix here is the yard boy, and Pelley didn't tell him we were coming."

"Well, stop glaring at me; it isn't my fault." Jan sat down. "Besides, I'm starving."

"Wash your hands and we'll go to a hotel for something to eat. Felix says there's one down the road."

SHE called to him that there were no Stowels and would he look for one, please. The word for "towel" was not in Jim's French vocabulary. He went looking for the proper closet.

The only closet that was not locked contained paint cans and a screw driver.

"No towels," he announced. "No anything."

"Can't you jimmy some of the locks, or whatever it is people do?"

A gleam came into his eyes. "Okay. But first let's eat."

The hotel, according to Jim's feet, was at least a mile walk. He didn't mind the going so much; it was all down hill. He did mind the coming back. Deciding drastic measures were necessary, he went looking for Felix and found him asleep in the back-yard shed.

"Can you cook?" Jim asked him. "Because Miss Edwards and I are going to be famished by this evening and we are not hiking down to that hotel again. Here"—producing a five-dollar bill—"go buy some food, will you?"

The bill vanished into a pocket.

Jim returned to the house and tackled the locked closets. With screwdriver and penknife he got them open, discovering towels, linen, dishes, and silverware. The top shelf in one closet was strewn with electric plugs and switches. He laid them on the dining-room table.

"Don't tell me," Jan said.

"Got to do something. It'll be dark soon."

"If you electrocute yourself, what do I do with the body?" She seemed genuinely anxious. "I'd better help. I can hand you things."

Felix came into the yard just as Mark managed to produce lights in parts of the house. In one hand the boy carried an undernourished chicken, in the other a basket containing a few small grapefruits and oranges, some turnips, and a cabbage.



Time Out

► The trial was almost over. Both lawyers had given their summations, and now the magistrate, a talkative bore, was charging the jury. He had been talking for some time when he noticed that one of the jurors was fast asleep. Rapping sharply on the bench, he awakened the offender.

"Do you think you'll be able to give a fair judgment of this case?" he demanded.

"Yes, Your Honor, I do," replied the man.

"Oh, you do?" inquired the judge. Then, sarcastically, "How long have you been sleeping?"

"I'm not sure, Your Honor," said the juror. "How long have you been talking?"

—Robert A. Donovan

Jim sadly shook his head. "The Pelleys are bound to be here this evening," he said without conviction.

Dinner was a failure insofar as Felix's cooking went, but Jim enjoyed the meal because in the midst of it his unique lighting system gave up the ghost and, from somewhere, Felix produced candles. Not in a long while had Jim sat across a table from Jan and gazed at her by candlelight.

He recalled the last occasion very well indeed. It was the night he had planned to ask her to marry him. Being a small-town boy at heart, he had taken her to dinner at a little restaurant the movie crowd hadn't heard of. He was in love with Jan because she, too, was a small-town person at heart despite her job as Lasher's secretary, and in the candlelight that evening she had been very lovely.

But he hadn't asked her to marry him. Not knowing what was on his mind, she had spoiled it by telling him Lasher's plans for his next picture, and he was upset because the picture was a tawdry thing that would contaminate anyone who touched it.

Knowing what probably would happen the next day when he faced Lasher, Jim had kept silent. But he did remember the dinner. She had been beautiful that night and she was beautiful

tonight in the same way. And she seemed happy to be with him again, even though he was the biggest bust in the history of Hollywood.

Afterward, he and Jan sat in the front room and Jim struggled to put his thoughts in order. He was more in love with her than ever, of course. But if there was one thing he had learned in Hollywood it was that no one loved a failure. A girl like Jan could pick her men from the top.

"I hear singing," Jan said, lifting her head.

From somewhere not far off Jim heard a sound of drums and chanting. He opened the double doors leading out to the front yard, and the sound was louder. It seemed to come from behind the high bougainvillea hedge at the end of the garden.

He went down the steps and across the yard to a break in the hedge. Past the hedge opening, a footpath from the road wound down to a cluster of thatched-roofed huts below, and a fire flickered there among some mahogany trees, and dim shapes moved at the edge of it.

"The voice of Haiti," Jan said beside him. "That's what Clark calls it."

Jim listened to the drums and the beat perplexed him. The part you heard first was quick and clever, the pattern tapped out by fingers trained to create an effect. Sophisticated, he labeled it. Too smart. But under the clever chatter rumbled a deeper voice, as fundamental as the glow of native fires in the roadless mountains off in the distance. That's from the heart, he thought.

THE chanting was louder and more primitive, the drum beat subtly changing. The lever rhythm faltered. Only the deeper notes remained.

"That's it," Jim said. "That's real."

"What, Jim?"

He became aware, with a start, that Jan was staring at him. It made him uncomfortable. "Stop trying to analyze me," he said. "There's nothing inside my head but a growing urge to wring Clark Pelley's neck. It's cold out here. Let's go in."

"Suppose the Pelleys don't come? What do we do?"

"One of us, meaning me, goes to a hotel."

"You mean I'm to stay here alone with that shifty-eyed Felix camped in the back yard? Oh, no. Not me!"

Jim looked at his watch. "We'll stick it out till midnight. If they haven't come by then, we'll both hike to a hotel."

Not much was said during the waiting. They were both tired. The girl curled up on a divan in the sitting room

and Jim, hungry, went into the kitchen to prow for food. When he returned she was asleep, and he spread a blanket over her without waking her. Outside, the drums were throbbing.

He let her sleep until midnight, then reluctantly bent over her. "Time to go, pal," he said sadly.

When they returned in the morning, expecting a breakfast prepared by Felix, the little house in the yard was empty and so was the rum bottle Jim found beside the boy's bed. There hadn't been any rum bottle yesterday. It must have come out of the five dollars.

Jim delivered the tidings with a scowl. "It looks as though I go to market, if we intend to eat. Want to come?"

She said she didn't, so he trudged down to the village alone, nodding to solemn-faced peasants, who answered him "*Bon jou, bon jou!*" with gleaming white-toothed smiles.

The marketplace was bedlam at that hour. Buying a basket, Jim strolled from table to table like a kid in a dime store, with a crowd of amused spectators at heel. He joked with them and they joked back. The basket was almost more than he could carry when he threaded his way out and started up the hill.

HE made it half way and stopped to get his breath. A boy of twelve or so, all grins, stepped up and took the basket out of his hands. Jim gasped as the youngster swung the heavy burden to his head, balanced it there and went marching up the steep grade with it. He felt silly as he trailed along behind.

At the house he paid the boy and said wryly, "Every man to his last, Sonny. I'm humbled." The boy, understanding not a word, gravely nodded.

Jim trudged through the gate and halted. The door of the white stone building in the yard was open and from it came a curl of smoke. He investigated. Inside the building, which was a kitchen, Jan turned from her labors to greet him with a smile.

"I bought some eggs and things from a woman on a donkey."

He blinked at her equipment, a stone wall with square pits for charcoal in the top of it. Probably this was where the cooking was done for the help when the establishment was functioning in normal fashion. "Isn't there a stove in the house?" he asked.

"It's disconnected. You can work on it later. This does very nicely, thank you—and how will you have your eggs, *monsieur?*"

It was fun, Jim discovered. Even more fun than being an important guy in Hollywood. When breakfast was over he turned up his sleeves and tackled the stove while Jan did the

dishes. Later they sorted the stuff he had bought at the market and decided what to have for lunch. The morning was gone before they had time to think about the Pelleys.

In the afternoon Jim did think about Clark Pelley. "It beats me how a man can be so helpless," he announced. "This place is falling apart. Doesn't he know how to fix anything?"

"Perhaps you could lend him a hand."

The glitter in Jim's eye brightened. He spent the afternoon blissfully cleaning sink traps and opening stuck windows. He whistled while working.

"Come dinner time," Jan said, "you'll be hungry as a horse."

Come dinner time, Jim told himself, I'll have things straight in my mind. Win or lose. I'll tell you how I feel. He wished he had not repaired the dining-room light fixture, but knew that what he had to say needed no candle-glow for a prop. It would be like the low-voiced drums, fundamental, from the heart.

There were candles just the same. Jan put them on the table, between

• The government should be glad the taxpayers have what it takes.—
Pathfinder

mahogany vases overflowing with flowers from the garden. Darkness had fallen when they sat down.

"Jim," the girl said, "I like this."

"Me too."

"You're like the Jim Foster I used to know, when you first turned up in Hollywood. Or shouldn't I say that?"

"Depends on what you mean by it."

She was silent. Then soberly she said, "Jim, what's ahead for you? Will you sign up with Pelley?"

"Sign up with—what do you mean?"

"He wants to get back into pictures," she said, gazing steadily at him. "That's why he gave me a job after I left Lasher. It's why he asked you down here." Her voice was low and Jim had to pay close attention. "You could do big things with Pelley," she went on gravely. "He'd publicize you as the man who gave up everything for an ideal, and then . . . Jim, do you remember the kind of pictures Clark Pelley used to make?"

He shook his head. "That was before my time."

"Before mine, too. But it's my job to know these things. Pelley used to make the kind of picture you refused to do for Lasher. The very same."

"I see," Jim said, staring at her.

The drums went silent inside him.

He went out after dinner. He needed

cigarettes, he told her, and went tramping down the road, carrying a weight of misery inside him far heavier than the burdens the Haitian women lugged on their heads. If he and Jan had talked about anything after their discussion of Clark Pelley, he didn't recall it.

Down in the town he stepped into a roadside shop and was standing at the counter, waiting, when a hand gripped his shoulder. It was Pelley, resplendent in seersucker trousers and a red T-shirt.

"Jim! You did come!"

Jim gazed at his blankly. "I came, and tomorrow I leave."

"Where the devil are you staying? Where's Jan? She should have been on the plane with you."

"We've been at your place."

Pelley steered him outside to a car. "Make sense, will you?" he begged. "Flo and I got back this morning and no one's seen you."

"We've been here," Jim repeated grimly.

Pelley nodded to the chauffeur and the machine swung into a side road. "Look, Jim. Don't be sore. We tried to get back yesterday."

THE car stopped in front of a white house and a strange yard boy opened the gate. Pelley's wife, a striking blonde, was on the porch.

"How many houses do you own?"

Jim demanded.

"How many—?" Pelley's face twitched.

"No, it can't be. Things like that don't happen, even in Haiti. Don't tell me you're at the other place!"

"I must be. I'm not at this one."

They had it straightened out after a time. "I bought that house for an investment," Pelley said weakly. "We don't live in it. It isn't even fixed up for rental yet." He shook his head. "Felix is to blame. If that imp would stop pretending to understand when he doesn't—or leave the rum alone—" He called his wife to the car, and when Jim had shaken hands with her she got in. The machine climbed the steep road to house number two.

Jan was not there.

"She must have gone looking for you," Pelley said.

"She wouldn't go looking for me," Jim shrugged. "More likely she's gone to the hotel."

"Stop talking and find her," Flo Pelley told them impatiently. "I'll stay here in case she comes back."

But Jim shook his head. "I'll stay."

He knew what he had to do. He had to pack their suitcase and clear out, catch the next plane back to Miami. He didn't belong here. When the Pelleys had left he walked slowly through the haunted rooms, lingering longest in

(Continued on page 73)

If I had it to do over again

What would I do? Well,
that's an easy question to
answer. I've learned a lot
in twenty-five years



Devaney photos

PEG and I have been married twenty-five years. That's twenty-four years and six months longer than our friends figured it would last. They told us before the ceremony, and after. We were kids of the Jazz Age—the era of gin shingles, "Ain't Misbehavin'", short skirts, Wall Street, miniature golf, finale hoppers, bootleggers, Herbert Hoover, and gang rides. Today they write books about that era. It seems to be a very long time ago.

She was nineteen then. I was twenty-two. We were both smart. We knew everything. She was a secretary (thirty-one dollars a week). I was a reporter (twenty-five dollars a week). Total: fifty-six dollars and no deductions. So we rented a smart apartment at seventy dollars a month, bought three rooms of furniture for \$1,300, plus a \$300 radio, and promised the man that we'd pay him later. We had no savings. Three months later, the Great Depression began and Peg lost her job.

It was hardly a marriage that could be said to have been made in heaven. It was more like a partnership of two gluttons. A wary partnership, because neither of us trusted the other. Our friends had furnished each of us with complete dossiers.

Items: Johnny was a sensitive egomaniac. He *had* to rule the roost. He

fancied
temper
no fut

Item
ways b
anybo
carede
drank
tantru
proude
learned
of lea
say th

The
Josep
cerem
be a l
he ho
upon
blesse
sacris
quain

We
cap
and,
brigh
orang
snap
the l
and
marr
full
we w
tiful
one
pers
for

In
John
was
R
ofte
pan
we
and
mis
we
boa
slig
one

A
wo
no
sto
in
jun
cer
ba
10
in
ha
cr
ta

V

J

fancied himself a writer. He had a bad temper. He drank too much. He had no future.

Items: Peg was pretty, but she was always bouncing in and out of love with anybody who said a kind word. She cared for nothing but dancing. She drank too much. She was prone to tantrums and threw things. She was proud of the fact that she had never learned to cook, and had no intention of learning. She liked to hear people say that she looked like Clara Bow.

The priest who married us in St. Joseph's finished the short four o'clock ceremony, studied us for what seemed to be a long time, and then whispered that he hoped that God's blessing would be upon our marriage always. Then he blessed us and turned back into the sacristy. We liked it. We thought it was quaint.

We honeymooned in Washington. A cap worked loose from a fifth of gin and, when we opened the luggage, bright colored dresses looked soggy orange. We drank and laughed and snapped our fingers and Charlestoned in the hotel room until the man came up and said stop. We called ourselves old married people and sent gay postcards full of innuendo and sometimes, when we were sober, we thought of how beautifully romantic life can be and of how one person lives solely for one other person and of how we even lit cigarettes for each other.

In retrospect we can see the truth: Johnny was in love with Johnny. Peg was in love with Peg.

Religion as a subject didn't come up often. When it did (especially in company) we always burst with pride that we both had good Catholic upbringing and that we would no more think of missing Mass and the sacraments than we would think of diving off a 110-foot board into a damp rag. This too was a slight exaggeration. We averaged about one Mass every fourth or fifth Sunday.

At night we threw parties. The Friends who predicted the marriage would last six months dropped in unannounced. We ran up a bill at the drugstore where they sold 190-proof alcohol in gallon tins. We paid cash for the juniper and the glycerin (thirty-five cents). We made the gin in five gallon batches. Anybody who wasn't drunk by 10:00 P.M. wasn't trying. We awakened in the morning, sick in heart, head, and hand. Cigarettes had etched long black crayon marks in our new radio, our end tables, our chairs.

But we didn't care. This was living. Violent living, perhaps. But living.

Sometimes our parents came to see us,

and we were polite and happy and kissed each other inordinately and made sandwiches, but if they stayed late and offered a mild word of reproof, we became indignant and raised our voices and pointed out that nobody was allowed to tell *them* how to live, so why should *we* listen? Besides, they were old fogies, belonged to another generation. Life was different now—faster, newer, more wonderful. We doubted that they even understood what love meant.

Then the first pregnancy came. My immediate response was shock. Who wants a baby? This was succeeded by pride. Me, at twenty-three, a pappy! A boy, of course. A big, healthy kid with shoulders out to here, and huge eyes like his mother, black hair like both of us, and the moral fiber of—the moral fiber—of who? Well, he wouldn't need moral fiber anyway. He could study engineering at Princeton instead.

We told the secret to everybody. Peg played the martyr to the hilt. She had morning sickness before the doctor was certain, and, in the middle of the night, she wanted chow-mein. Nobody ever became pregnant before, or since. She read books like "Bad Girl" and Bertha Clay's romances to give the kid culture. We bought a pink layette and a blue layette and a bathinette and a book that tells new fathers how to make the formula and take a rectal temperature. Life was a happy song and the mother-to-be no longer had to mix a Manhattan for herself. It was brought to her.

The baby was born dead.

It was a girl with wispy black ringlets. The doctor took her away. When everyone had left, Peg cried. My reaction was panic. What had we done that was wrong? Something must have been wrong because people have babies every day of every week and it couldn't be an accident that ours was born dead. It just couldn't. Peg blamed herself. I blamed myself. I was too stunned to cry. I sat for a long time, staring at my shoes.

Both of us had a silent notion that God was behind it. We reasoned that it couldn't have happened unless He willed it, and, assuming that He did will it, then we were obviously being punished for something. But for what? We had done nothing wrong. We were good people.

We had no idea, of course, that the basic trouble was that, emotionally, we were about 13 years of age. We had no sense of responsibility and we were miles from being adults. He was going to help us to grow up—the hard way.

"I think we ought to go to Mass regularly," said Peg. "I mean, not this hit-

and-miss stuff. Maybe it would do us some good to make a little sacrifice, hangover or no hangover."

"Yeah," I said softly. "I don't want to go pious on you, Peg, but ever since the baby . . ."

"Me too," she said.

We went to Mass. And confession and Communion. We outprayed the congregation. We acted shocked when, by adroit questioning, we learned that some of our friends had missed Mass. We told everybody that we didn't *feel right* when we missed. Something was bound to happen to us. Mass, for a time, became a fad in our little circle. But, after six months, when no one promoted me to editor and no fortune had dropped into our laps, we began to sleep our way through all the Masses.

I WAS laid off. The city editor was kind. He called me a good reporter but, he reminded me, good reporters were now a dime a dozen. Smarter men than I were selling apples on street corners; the paper had to get along with fewer reporters.

I went home and told Peg. I felt lower than a drowned whale. But she wasn't sympathetic. She said that I was a bum and that she knew all along that I couldn't write and now the city editor knew it too. I went out that night and got drunk by myself.

The fights were bitter and protracted. A few ended with wild swings and throwing of lamps and ash trays. Sometimes they would end with weeping and Peg would moan: "What's happening to us? We're not getting anywhere. We're going backward."

We didn't realize it, but we were growing up. Two people had waited until after marriage to become adults. Every lesson we learned was learned the hard way. At no time did we ever show incisive wisdom in anything. We started off knowing everything and ended, after much trial and error, knowing nothing.

We had little to eat and we were too proud to holler for help. There were no drinks because we couldn't afford them. There were no parties and very few old friends dropped in to see us. The word had got around. The ash trays were cleaned and cleaned again, not so much for the sake of impeccability as to scrounge for a decent-sized smoke that could be held between thumb and index finger without burning either. We had no clothes and the landlord said that he would wait just one more week.

Above all, we had time to think. We came to the astounding conclusion that saving a dollar or two was not a sign of stinginess—if the opportunity ever pre-

sented itself to save one. We also decided that, when matters became difficult, we always found that we had nobody around us except each other.

For awhile, we did a lot of thinking out loud. Peg would come up with a hazy idea that there was something wrong with religion because it had never done anything for us. I'd agree and we'd talk it out and then we'd both come to the conclusion that what was wrong with it was us. We never bothered with it unless we were in dire extremes. When times were good, we figured, we had no need of the Church. When times were bad, we hurried to God and begged: "Do something! Do something quick!" When He didn't, we were hurt and we quit. When He did, we quit anyway because we didn't need Him anymore. So, in our new-found orgy of breast-beating and soul-searching, we found ourselves guilty. To correct it, we vowed that, in future, our duty to God and Church came first and, instead of asking for things for ourselves, we'd ask favors for those who were worse off.

IT took four years to learn that one lesson.

Another baby was on the way. I accused Peg of doing this on purpose. This led to one of the biggest fights we ever had. We didn't talk to each other for ten days and, at the end of that time, I still didn't have a job and so I proposed that we split up. She could go back to her mother and I would send money as often as I could. At this point, she forgot her anger and, instead of raging and throwing things, she sat down and spoke, quietly and seriously:

"Know what's wrong with us, Johnny?" she said. "Don't laugh, I mean both of us. We're both takers. That's the opposite of givers, hon. Just think back. You'll see what I mean. We grab and grab and grab, but we never really give anything. Right now you're ready to quit because you haven't got a job. We know families who have four or five kids and the old man hasn't got a job. They're not quitting. Neither one of us can stand it unless everything in life is serene. One little punch in the nose and we're through."

"No guts, you mean?" I was sneering. "Worse than that. Even a coward has his moments. No, it's not bravery, or even lack of it. We have no goal in life. We don't know where we're going or what we're doing. We're just on our way. Maybe it's no character."

"It's you that has no character. Why don't you shake yourself like I do and get out and look for a job?"

"Now?"

I was hitting below the belt and I knew it. When I was hurt, I made sure

that everybody else was hurt too. But this time she didn't fight back. This time she took it. I went to bed feeling like a rat.

A week later, I got a job as a caption writer. Thirty bucks a week and bring your lunch to the office. Nothing extra for overtime. Work Saturdays and Sundays too. Added to all of this, I was listed as a "temporary" employee. One bad move and I was out.

Still, it was something. We moved out of the apartment owing rent and got a small place. It had two rooms and Peg said she loved it. The walls had been painted over so many times that you could feel the coats in braille. The floor boards creaked underfoot. There was an ice box in the back. The cracked bathroom mirror showed I was getting my first touch of gray at the temples.

This baby lived four hours. Someone performed an emergency baptism and called her Mary. She came to us and she fled. Funny, but this time we didn't cry. I began to feel very sorry for Peg.

**• There was a time when a fool
and his money were soon parted.
Now it happens to everybody.—
Quote**

This was a new emotion. Later, I was amazed to learn that she felt sorry for me. After all she had gone through, she actually felt badly for my sake!

My impulse was to quit—no more babies. Peg wanted to try again. The more she felt that she couldn't have them, the more she wanted a baby. Some of our friends now had two. We had none. The doctor put us both through exhaustive tests and said that there was nothing wrong with either of us—"In God's own good time you'll have healthy kids." Strange talk for a scientist. "In God's own good time. . . ."

I got a promotion. More money. Sundays off. We paid back a little of what we owed. We could afford a few drinks—on Saturdays only. We stayed in the poor, little flat we had. This was a difficult decision, because our impulse was to get back to where we had been and to invite our old pals over again. But we were learning.

Church duties had long since become automatic. We tried to ask for as little as possible for ourselves, although the word "baby" kept creeping in from time to time. For no reason whatever I began to fear that Peg might leave me, might suddenly learn how worthless I was, and a baby would keep her tied to me firmly. So I prayed for a baby too. But nothing happened.

More promotions came and more

money. We bought a car. We moved to a better place. We had a checking account. We bought conservatively and, whenever possible, we bought for cash. Some of our old friends came around, but they said we lacked the old zip.

We weren't gay anymore. Johnny and Peg weren't good for laughs. We drank three or four apiece and, at eleven, we took turns hiding our yawns. We had fewer and fewer visitors. Conversely, we began to visit our mothers and fathers more. In effect, we discovered our parents. And both of us were amazed to find that they weren't bad guys at all. We actually had fun with them and went off to the mountains and played pin-ball machines and pinochle and one day we even beat her old man at his favorite game: bocci.

Little by little we were growing up. It was painful. It was slow. It was, at times, heartbreaking. And, many a time, we slid backward. But both of us now understood the major goal, which is that we could depend upon Him and each other, and no one else, and that if Peg and I played fair with each other, everything else in life was peanuts. We didn't get religion, in the sense that we haunted churches day and night. In fact, it wasn't until years later that our daughter taught us what it was like to have a family rosary once a week.

Daughter? Oh yes. I'm ahead of myself. She came along in His "own good time." We had given up, but He hadn't. And if you ever saw anything sillier than two brand new parents laughing and crying you should have been in that delivery room when the doctor tried to convince us that yes, it was a girl and yes, she was normal and had the required number of fingers and toes and yes, she would live and yes, she was over seven pounds and yes, she was the noisiest brat he had heard in a long time.

AFTER that, there was no stopping. Aus. The boy came next. I was too modest to suggest Johnny as a name, but fortunately, Peg heard the hinting. Then came Alice, who turned out to be the love of my life; the mischievous wonder who removed the dullness from my life and made me glad to learn all the kid games all over again and made Christmas morning a thing of beauty which I had forgotten.

All three attended parochial schools. All three turned out to have more real faith than we started with. None of them wear the Church on their sleeves, but it is pleasing to note that, on Sunday mornings, the pre-Mass bedlam in our house starts early. Poor Johnny screams for bathroom rights, but he's only eleven and his older sister Margie is seventeen and he doesn't understand

(Continued on page 74)

Hollywood Afire



HOLLYWOOD—As I recall, when last we were together, we were in Palm Beach and Nassau.

Actually, I intended to spend much more time resting and relaxing in the sun. As it turned out, however, I had to cut short my resting-relaxing plans to make several films for television.

While here for that purpose, I've managed some time to myself and have been happily able to spend considerable of it with many good friends.

So far, I have luckily been able to see Mr. and Mrs. David Niven again, to have a nearly hysterical luncheon with Bob Hope, and to be briefed on movie colony doings both here and in Europe by "The King," himself, Clark Gable, another very old friend.

All of these, of course, as well as everybody else I've run into connected in any way with the motion picture business, are afire with interest in television.

The attitude toward TV in the movie capital is quite different. I might add, from what it was a few years ago, when the general mood was blackly oppressive and negative, and the feeling was that this upstart medium was designed expressly to crush the film industry for all time, shutter its studios, and throw all its people out of work.

The general attitude seems quite the reverse now and I am glad to note this change in favor of positive, wholesome faith in the future.

In fact, optimism is at a high level out here and there is every promise it will go much higher since many of the top minds feel Hollywood is on the verge of an era of prosperity and activity surpassing anything in its past.

This is certainly my opinion after discussing the matter at length with those who know the over-all situation far better than I and after, of course, making several observations on my own.

I don't mean to imply by this that Hollywood will convert to film production for television within the next few months. Hollywood will no doubt be making pictures for theater exhibition for a long, long time.

The consensus seems to be that these

pictures will be fewer in number and more costly, though, and better in every way than pictures of other years.

The greatly improved quality of the films of the future, then, in addition to the exciting new Vista-Vision, Cinerama, CinemaScope, 3D, and other and even more wonderful developments, all of which will furnish entertainment far beyond the scope of television, will keep films for theater exhibition in healthy, continuous production.

Director John Ford, Tyrone Power, Maureen O'Hara, and I discussed this over tea one afternoon recently on one of the sets at Twentieth Century-Fox.

Like David Selznick, Mr. Ford is an avid student of television and watches "Absolutely everything, including commercials and station breaks."

He's an enthusiastic and vigorous proponent of "live" television, of course, but also feels TV's film demands of the future will be so huge as to force Hollywood to work night and day in an effort to keep up.

Some of this film, it's true, will be supplied by New York, Chicago, and a few other points, but the great bulk of it will have to be supplied by Hollywood simply because the largest amount of facilities and know-how are concentrated there.

THESE will include most short subjects, most of the series like the Father James Keller and Father Patrick Peyton religious programs, the Lucille Ball-Desi Arnaz "I Love Lucy" show, Danny Thomas' "Make Room for Daddy," the Ozzie and Harriet Nelson "Adventures," the "Joe Palooka" shows and many others, in addition to many commercials, "spot" announcements and assorted "fillers."

As one sign of the future, there is Screen Gems, a subsidiary of Paramount Pictures. Little Screen Gems, and I say "little" by comparison with Paramount and the other major studios in Hollywood, is now making pictures of various kinds exclusively and expressly for television and is already turning out more total film footage than its parent company.

Similarly, there are the Walt Disney Studios, which recently signed a seven-year contract with ABC-TV for the production of many different types of films for use on that network.

As another hint of the shape of things to come. Right now there are more screen writers and directors working on film production for TV than on film production for theater exhibition, and Hollywood's total film output for TV is several times that aimed at theater exhibition.

IT's quite unfortunate that some top Hollywood executives continue to refuse to adjust to progress and change, which is to say television, and persist in the foolish attitude that if one doesn't recognize it, or talk about it, or think about it, or look at it, it will go away.

These are the sulkers and the pouters, those who still won't permit stars the freedom of TV appearances, if they choose, and who won't even consider fair offers to sell or lease stockpiled films to the networks and agencies.

But even these will come around to another way of thinking soon, or I don't know Hollywood.

Once some courageous person starts the ball rolling, everybody will fall in line, simply because, among other things, it will be economic suicide to remain isolated.

Then will begin Hollywood's new era, already prophesied by some of its more open-minded citizens.

The new era won't mean working a few weeks a year at very big salaries; it will mean working 52 weeks a year if one chooses at sensible salaries, which will result in a far sounder economic condition and better professional and personal lives for all concerned.

Yes, I'm convinced the old Hollywood, the Hollywood of instability and insecurity and of constantly recurring job-hysteria, is through, finished, a thing of the past.

The new Hollywood that will rise out of these ashes will be bigger and better in every way and, as far as I'm concerned, still the greatest show on earth.

Radio and Television

by JOHN LESTER



The inimitable Archie. Ed Gardner of "Duffy's Tavern" has finally come to TV

The impeccable Liberace. Paderewski gave him his start and some very good advice

ONE of the best and happiest announcements of the entire television season now ending was made recently by ABC-TV when it disclosed it had signed Walt Disney to an exclusive contract.

Disney has done a limited amount of TV in the past, and his major outings were in the form of two hour-long shows, both on films, on CBS-TV. Since these appearances, the artist spent about a year studying TV and its requirements. As a result of this study, he agreed to enter into the long-term, exclusive contract with ABC-TV, one of the stipulations of which is the production of a minimum of twenty-six hour-long TV programs a year, beginning this fall.

Under other terms of the Disney-ABC contract—and this is most important—the network has also acquired exclusive rights for television to all past, present, and future Disney properties!

Another stipulation involves the development of a Disney entertainment enterprise to be known as "Disneyland", a project the artist has had in mind a long time. As I remember his early mentions of it, it will be something of a continuing carnival, a fairyland of

"Disney-ana," a kind of a park and playground designed primarily for children. It will be located in Southern California, although a definite site hasn't as yet been decided upon.

A true intellectual and a genuine gentleman, Disney is, in one fell swoop, one of the brightest lights in TV, and the entire industry, I'm sure, is proud and pleased to have him become a part of it.

Welcome Walt, Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, Pluto, *et al.*

A Great Man Goeth

"When I am dead ten years, I will still be more alive than most of you."

These were among the last words, said in jestful reprimand, of the great maestro Arturo Toscanini to the men of his NBC Symphony Orchestra and were spoken during a final rehearsal for his recent farewell appearance with the Symphony in Carnegie Hall, after which his permanent retirement was announced.

The words were spoken because Toscanini wasn't satisfied with a passage of the score in rehearsal, and he was an absolute dictator on the podium, accepting nothing less than perfection.

He frequently used expressions like the above to shame or goad his crew of picked musicians to greater and greater heights of spiritual expression and artistic completeness, heights they reached often under his direction.

He'd rehearse them in four languages, browbeat them, sing to them, coax them, alternately scream and coo at them, tenderly plead with them, his eyes filled with tears, to "play it like lovers."

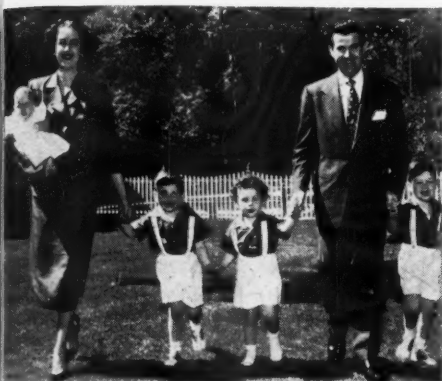
The result of the small, white-haired master's iron discipline and relentless striving for perfection was some of the outstanding broadcasts of all time, both on radio and TV. Through these worldwide and nation-wide programs, begun seventeen years ago on NBC, Toscanini has undoubtedly done more than any other man to elevate the musical tastes of this country and was the unquestioned and unchallenged leader of one of the greatest artistic movements in history.

As a result, it is now a fact that classical music interest in this country has jumped more than 1200 per cent in some sections in the past ten years! And more of it is broadcast and otherwise listened to than ever before!

Toscanini, eighty-seven when he re-



Dennis Day doesn't share his three young sons' opinion that 6 A.M. is the ideal time to wake up and play



The Days take a Sunday afternoon stroll around grounds of their home in Cold Water Canyon, Calif.



Baby Margaret seems to be getting the worst of it as Pop tries to play with all 4 children at once



Dennis reads "These Are Busy Days" to Michael, 3, Mrs. Day, Baby Margaret, Patrick, 5, and Dennis Jr., 4

signed, was making \$95,000 a season. The Symphony was costing the network another \$500,000 or so and has long been considered too expensive, so it came as no surprise to learn recently that NBC had signed the Boston Symphony to fulfill its classical music broadcast schedule next season.

As for the maestro, long the scourge of musicians and the delight of the music world, he is scheduled to listen to and approve or reject a large backlog of recordings he has made for RCA-Victor, after which he will sail for Italy, either this month or early next.

And, so, farewell, maestro, and may God bless you!

The People's Cherce

Duffy's Tavern, starring Ed Gardner, fifty years old, six-feet-two-inches tall, and a real character if ever I saw one, has finally come to TV, but on a filmed, syndicated basis.

Gardner, the former Eddie Poggenburg, of Astoria, L. I., is again seen in the role of "Archie," the lovable tavern proprietor and amazing scrambler of Shakespeare's English, even as he was for fourteen years on radio.

Each week the 30-minute film presents "Archie" as "The People's Cherce" in an entirely new situation-comedy program based on the original radio hit and aimed at family-type entertainment.

Naturally, the weekly locale will be the famous tavern which is patterned, by the way, after a Long Island saloon in which Gardner played piano at the age of fourteen—until his mother learned of his employment and dragged the young virtuoso out of the dive by the sensitive flesh of his right ear.

Gardner had some really great moments in his heyday on radio, as you may remember, but I don't think he'll fare as well on TV, although I wish him and his series much luck. I feel the parade has somehow passed both "Archie" and the "Tavern" and any success both will have on the new

medium will be minor compared to that enjoyed on radio and will be based on a recapture of the old following.

The New Marvel

If "Archie" and *Duffy's Tavern* belong to another era in broadcasting, Liberace belongs to the new, being one of television's personal marvels and overnight wonders, of which the medium has had quite a few.

Wladziu Valentino Liberace, TV's newest marvel, is slightly over a year old on the medium as a national attraction, but he's already one of the hottest properties around. I might even say that as personal marvels and overnight wonders go, he's as hot as the best ever were in the past and far hotter than the rest.

He's now on more than 160 stations coast-to-coast and border-to-border, one in Alaska and three in Canada (all on film), with a weekly estimated audience at between 20 and 25 million persons. His films are also now being dubbed in Spanish for distribution throughout Latin America and, later, they'll be dubbed for distribution throughout Europe.

If such expansion continues, Liberace could wind up as the first American star of world television, a distinction worth working toward if distinctions interest you. Whether or not this happens, however, the smiling, young pianist will probably gross another \$1,000,000 on TV alone this year as he did last.

In case you wondered, it was that immortal of the piano, Ignace Paderewski, then Premier of Poland (Liberace is Polish), who persuaded Liberace's father to let the young man take up piano and then tipped the youngster to use his last name only should he ever become a professional. Very sound advice.

What is the secret of Liberace's tremendous popularity, you ask?

People, mostly women, like him.

It's as simple as that.

And why do they like him?

For several reasons. He dresses to the teeth for every show and women like this. He always appears in an atmosphere of flawless elegance (the candelabra is the show's trademark and an extremely clever touch) and women, many of whom spend a good part of their lives in something less than elegance, like that, too.

His smile, his wavy hair, and his general quiet, polished manner all appeal to women, to the natural feeling for things romantic in many and to the maternal instinct in others, all of whom undoubtedly think of him as "sweet." And at these prices, what difference does it make?

As for his piano-playing, that char-



While his "four little Indians" sleep, Pop relaxes with family album and its record of happy days

acteristically bouncy, flamboyant style, well, let's just say the amount of talent or ability a person has isn't nearly as important in this life as what he does with what he has.

Liberace accomplishes a maximum with a minimum, which makes him a good showman, and I say more power to him.

Blood's No Problem

A big worry has rolled neatly from the collective mind of the color television industry as well as boxing moguls in this country. Both, as you know, have been greatly concerned lest color TV show the gory side of the fight game too well, to the disgust, horror, and revulsion of feminine viewers (and a few queasy males), who could quickly have all fights thrown off the air if sufficiently indignant.

Recent colorcasts of Madison Square Garden and St. Nicholas Arena fights by NBC, however, have demonstrated beyond much doubt that nobody has anything to worry about any longer.

The flesh-tones of the fighters, the referee, the seconds, and the ring-siders all come over much better than in black-and-white transmission, of course, but blood, bruises, and abrasions hardly show at all, and this is surprising.

I've seen several of these scraps in color, and the one in which there was the most bleeding, cutting, etc., was that between Gustav "Bubi" Scholz and Al Andrews. I watched the fight on two sets at once, side by side, one color and the other black-and-white and, for some reason, there seemed very little difference between the two as far as picking up of the flow of claret from the nose or the discolorations caused by thumps elsewhere. Why this is I don't know, nor have I been able to locate anyone who does.

As expected, of course, a color picture of a fight is more satisfactory than a black-and-white picture, although the difference really isn't marked enough to rave about.

The "Spectacular"

The so-called "spectacular" program on television, one running ninety minutes to two hours and up and loaded with stars, is definitely the programming concept of the future. Three of the major TV webs have ambitious plans for this type show, with NBC leading the way.

The Ford 50th Anniversary show on CBS-TV and NBC-TV some months ago started this new trend, and rightly so. That was a great show, probably the greatest ever seen on television up to that time, and I still don't think it has been surpassed, even by later "spectaculars" that took the cue from it.

I have the idea it will be beaten by the gigantic *Light's Diamond Jubilee* show, which will take place October 24 under the personal production-direction supervision of Hollywood's David O. Selznick.

This one will be two hours long and will be on three networks, NBC-TV, CBS-TV, and, very probably, ABC-TV, and will observe the seventy-fifth anniversary of the invention of the incandescent lamp by Thomas A. Edison. It's aimed at the largest audience ever to witness any show in any medium in the history of entertainment and, of course, it will get the most complete and comprehensive coverage ever given any sponsored television presentation, being seen on nearly 250 stations via the three networks.

Selznick says it's too early to say anything specific about the nature or content of the program, except that he'll not construct it on a variety basis. He sees his two-hour "spectacular" as having a dramatic unity and format and presenting an interpretation of the spirit and meaning of American life, both in the past seventy-five years and in the future, with the significance of electrical living an integral part of the over-all treatment.

Can't wait to see this one, can you?

In Brief

All forty-eight states now have television, the last to get it being Vermont. . . . Sonny Tufts has been signed to do *The Adventures Of Robinson Crusoe* on television, which could be the saving of his career. . . . Jack Benny will take another variety unit out again this summer for a brief tour. . . . Leo Carillo, side-kick "Pancho" of "The Cisco Kid,"

never signs his autograph, just draws a small caricature of himself, instead. . . . Ken Murray postcards that he learned to rumba when he was very young, thanks to a loose seat on his bicycle. . . . Joan Fontaine is being sought to play a female investigator in *The Lady From Lloyds*, an around-the-world adventure tele-film series. . . . The video version of *The Falcon* shapes up as the most promising TV property since *Dragnet*. It's coming soon, with Charles McGraw as "Michael Waring", otherwise known as "The Falcon," an undercover U. S. intelligence agent operating all over the world on hazardous missions. The series has been a long-time favorite on radio and in motion pictures, too. . . . Singer Eddie Fisher, who soon records an album of poems by Cardinal Spellman, of New York, has earned (gross) a whopping \$700,000 since getting out of the army about a year ago.

The sponsor of *The Greatest Story Ever Told* is shopping for weekly television time. Good. . . . The highly successful kiddie record series, *Bozo, The Clown*, will soon be transferred to TV. . . . The production of films for television in foreign countries is increasing. About fifteen series are now shooting, mostly in Europe and Mexico, and another dozen or more will get underway soon. . . . A Hartford, Conn., radio station is advertising itself in the press this way, addressing husbands of the community: "Your wife probably listens to WCCC more than she listens to you!" Bold? Daring? I think so. . . . Los Angeles has banned all charity telethons unless "for emergency purposes". . . . Robert Cummings is preparing a new TV series all about the adventures of a weather man. Might be fun.

Trying to hold and feed his new twins is no joke to humorist Herb Shriner!

NBC employees' petition won Betty White starring role on daytime show





Is Marriage Really Holy?

by **KILIAN McDONNELL, O.S.B.**

WE are all Puritans of degree. Puritanism is something we have not quite succeeded in escaping, for it belongs to our historical past both as Catholics and as Americans. Jansenism was a Puritan heresy which plagued the Church back in the seventeenth century. And then, of course, in the same century, our country was founded by brave Puritan people. Every one of us is a victim of this past, even though it be a remote past.

Next to truth, nothing is so patient and persistent as error. Puritanism has been particularly persistent, persistent to the point of becoming chronic, because it has few of the vices of error and most of the virtues of truth. But one would think that in an age of progress, science, higher education, sex instructions, puritanism would be either dead or dying. Quite the contrary is true.

The Puritan, who is three parts prude and three parts pride, limits his respect to the spirit and feeds on an unhealthy distrust of the body. Because of this distrust, the Puritan could not but have a rather strange concept of marriage. The Puritan says that marriage is divided into two isolated compartments. In the one is the love that husband and wife have each for the other. This, the Puritan says, is the noble part of marriage; this is what is holy and sacred; this is what God really meant by marriage.

In the other compartment is the physical aspect of marriage. This, the Puritan relates with just the proper sense of shocked modesty, is the ignoble side of marriage. It is degrading and debasing, not worthy of a spiritual man. It is not, he would admit, downright sinful, but, he would hasten to add, it is as close as one can come without actually being sinful. God merely tolerates it because He knows of man's weakness. God Himself is quite unhappy about it all and wishes it were otherwise. He did not really intend the physical part of marriage when He created Adam and Eve. But then God has never had much say in this old world of His. Between these

two compartments the Puritan places a rather formidable wall, a great barrier, lest the one contaminate the other.

If we were asked our idea of marriage, we certainly would not give expression to puritanical views. But we would have to admit that back in the recesses of our subconscious there lurk remnants of puritanism. And without our knowing it, these remnants, like guerrillas behind the enemy lines who seem to be both there and not there, have caused more trouble than their size or number would suggest them capable of. They seldom win a battle, but their very presence causes a certain tension.

The Church is very much concerned with the persistence of puritanism; she does not want it hiding even in far corners of our subconscious. She says that all in marriage is holy; and there are no compartments, no barriers. Certainly the love of husband and wife is holy; equally holy is the expression of that love.

She will never let us forget that the union of husband and wife is an image of the union of Christ and the Church. "Let wives be subject to their husbands as to the Lord; because a husband is head of the wife, just as Christ is head of the Church. . . . Husbands, love your wives, just as Christ loved the Church." Both the union of Christ and the Church and the union of husband and wife are the work of God. And could we dare say that this union of man and woman which looks to the union of Christ and the Church for its meaning can have anything vile or shameful about it?

SOME might say that the Church evidently cannot be very sincere about her condemnation of puritanism, since she forbids both her priests and nuns to marry. Ordinarily she exhorts those called to the priesthood and the religious life to seek the things that are holy. That marriage is forbidden them seems to indicate that marriage is not quite as lofty and sacred as the Church might wish us to believe.

When the Jew of the Old Testament wanted to offer up a sacrifice, he would go into his sheepfold and lead out a sheep. It had to be a sheep that was without defect or blemish; it had to be the best of his flock. This is what he would offer. It is much the same with regard to priests and nuns in the matter of marriage. They take the best they have, the most precious of their natural rights, the power of becoming parents, and this they offer up to God. They do not offer up in sacrifice what is worthless, or what is hardly worth keeping, much less that which is shameful. That would be a sorry sacrifice. No, they offer up the very best. So the fact that priests and nuns do not marry argues mightily for the nobility and sanctity of marriage.

OF all weapons the Church uses against puritanism, none is as effective as her teaching on the sacrament of matrimony. It is, she says, a unique sacrament. All of the other sacraments are quite transitory. They exist only for a short time. But the sacrament of matrimony is a permanent sacrament. Take baptism, for instance. Before the priest begins pouring the water and saying the words, no sacrament exists. After he has poured the water and said the words, no sacrament exists. The effects of baptism remain, but not the sacrament itself.

In the sacrament of matrimony it is different. The sacrament itself remains in existence as long as the two persons live. The sacrament itself is present during the whole of their married life as a fount of grace to which they can go for the spiritual strength they need. For this reason, it is not quite right to say that one receives the sacrament of matrimony on his wedding day; he rather *begins* the sacrament of matrimony on his wedding day. The husband and wife are a living sacrament, and this both in their love and in the expression of that love.

Though puritanism dies hard, the teaching on the sacrament of matrimony deals it a blow it cannot withstand.

A sports columnist writing on his favorite topic, i.e., himself, admitted that he had not won wide fame as an athlete in his youth. "We were always too small to compete in sports," he explained. A colleague with a gift for amiable malice read this touching confession and couldn't resist sending a card of condolence.

"Our hearts go out to little fellows like you," he wrote, and signed the card, "Eddie Arcaro, Phil Rizzuto, and Midget Wolgast."

When Midge Wolgast was at his best as a fist fighter he was a bully of 112 pounds. As an old gentleman of property, Arcaro weighs in around 114 pounds today, but he was established as an athlete of distinction before he could make a scale tickle 100. Rizzuto is the giant of the trio, a great, burly, 153 pounds.

Because most of us are mentally lazy, we automatically associate athletic prowess with mere bulk. The word "athlete" creates in our minds the image of a hulking critter with corded muscles, sloping neck, and arms that dangle below his knees. Actually, there is almost no connection between size and athletic excellence.

A classic tale concerns a scrawny but truculent football coach who was berating a monstrous tackle for pacifism in the face of the enemy. "If I was as big as you," the coach snarled, "I'd be heavyweight champion of the world."

SPORTS

by RED SMITH

"So what's keeping you," the big lug inquired reasonably, "from being the lightweight champion?"

Some of the finest performers and most resolute competitors in sports are little fellows, and almost always they are the most appealing. This isn't merely because of the popular feeling for the underdog, a mere twanging of sympathetic chords in the spectator's bosom. The appeal of the little fellow goes much deeper than that.

SEEING him in competition with men of richer physical endowments, you warm to him instinctively because you sense an inner quality that enables him to be where he is. Even if you never express the knowledge in words, you are aware that he couldn't ever have got up there without greater effort, greater resolution, more plain guts than the big men need.

Back in the days when a million dollars was still a respectable sum that could be mentioned in polite company, a veteran of race track press boxes stood gazing down on Garden State Park as the horses paraded for the last race of the day. Figures on the tote board indicated that the mutuel handle for the program would exceed a million. The man looked down on the crowd with an expression of infinite compassion.

"When I think," he said aloud, "of people coming out here and betting a million dollars on these little boys with



The word "athlete," says Smith, creates an image of corded muscles, sloping neck, and bulk. Primo Carnera had them, but others have done without



Wide World Photo
Golfer "Bantam Ben" Hogan made up in skill what he was lacking in weight

half-formed minds—" His voice trailed off and he shook his head sadly.

Well, some jockeys are little boys with half-formed minds, and sometimes that half is a trifle misshapen, too. Yet they are astonishing little athletes, with quality of courage that not many other games demand.

For some reason that has never been clear here, people seldom think of jockeys as athletes. Yet it is not improbable that when some future sports historian reviews the quarter-century that started in 1930, he may write that the greatest athlete of the era was a big-nosed, brown-eyed little desperado by the name of George Edward Arcaro.

Unlike performers in most other games, these kids take their lives in their hands every time they get aboard a thousand pounds of thunder and undertake to steer that headstrong juggernaut through the pack on the stretch turn. It requires nerve and muscle and skill beyond the demands that most competitions make.

DON'T think the kid themselves aren't aware of the risks they take. One evening, Ted Atkinson was full of sympathy for trainers who, he was saying, had little security on their jobs. When they saddle a loser they're not even guaranteed the \$20 fee a rider gets for finishing out of the money. Conn McCreary disagreed with his companion of the jockeys' room.

"The trainer," he said, "has the greatest security a man can have. When a race starts, he knows that he ain't gonna get killed."

In almost all sports, it's the little guys who get you. There's Ben Hogan in golf, for example, and before him there was stumpy Gene Sarazen. In the last

"Mr. Wright," she inquired, "what is your opinion of Mozart?"

"Well, uh, I find him a little heavy."

"Is that so, Mr. Wright? That's very interesting, because you may be the first person in the world who ever thought Mozart heavy. What about Bach?"

"A very clever boy," Chalky says. "Can't miss."

"And Beethoven?"

"Dynamite," says Chalky. "Uh, excuse me, I gotta see a fella."

There've been lots of little guys in baseball. Some, like Philadelphia's grandly gifted Bobby Shantz, are smaller than Rizzuto. Yet somehow when you think of baseball's great little men you think first of this mighty midget of the Yankees, this twinkling, sparkling, tireless combatant with hands like Toscanini's and a voice like Dennis Day's.

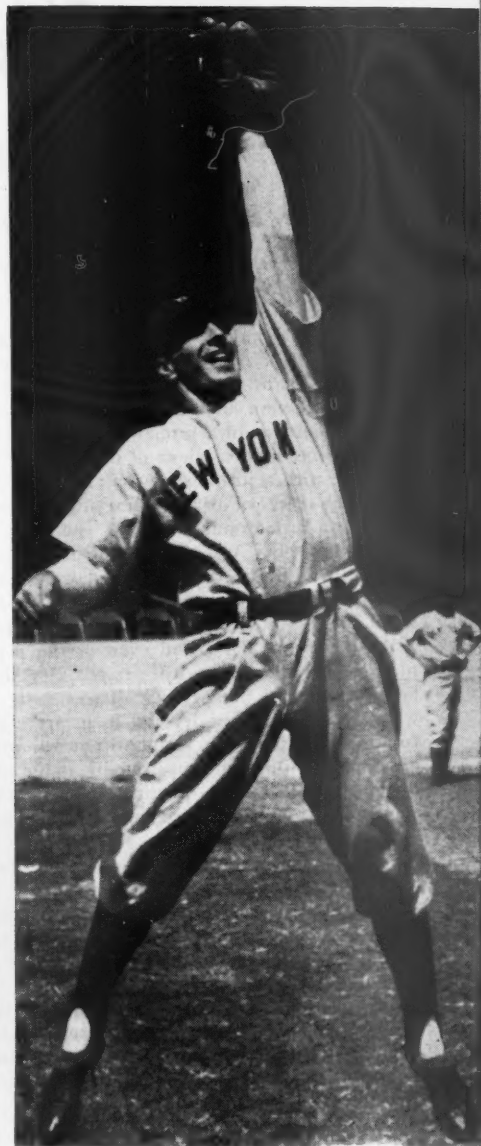
They've been saying this year that Phil is about finished. But then they were saying eighteen years ago that he wouldn't ever start. In those days, he was begging for a tryout in the Polo Grounds and Ebbets Field and was being chased off because he was too small.



Eddie Arcaro is called the "Mr. Big" in racing for achievement, not bulk



"Midget" Wolgast avoided the "big boys" and ended up as flyweight champion



Gifted with hands like Toscanini's and a voice like Dennis Day's, Phil Rizzuto is still the first one you think of as baseball's mighty mite

twenty years, who have been the top fighters? Joe Louis among the big men and Ray Robinson in the middle divisions.

Yet great as these two were, they did not delight followers of the fancy more than two featherweights did—the incomparably proficient Willie Pep and the wonderfully skilled old gentleman whom Willie succeeded as champion, Chalky Wright.

The only opponent who ever gave Chalky a hard time was a lady reporter for *Etude* who interviewed the champ after learning through an imaginative press release that Chalky loved classical music.

Five years later, he was up with the Yankees, though as he remembers he wasn't very high up.

"Ooh, that first year was rough," he relates. "I think the old Yankees resented Gerry Priddy and I coming from Kansas City to get the jobs of Frank Crosetti and Joe Gordon. They didn't let us get a turn in batting practice for the first week, and the only guys that spoke to me were Lefty Gomez and DiMaggio."

However, Priddy and Rizzuto started the season as the second-base combination, with Gordon on first. They were nervous and the team couldn't win.

"So one day in the clubhouse," Phil

remembers, "Priddy came out of the manager's office and he was crying. 'McCarthy's benching me,' he told me. I was telling him, 'Gee, that's too bad, Gerry, but don't worry, you'll soon be in there again.'"

"Just then the clubhouse man holered, 'Hey, Rizzuto. Joe wants to see you.' So I went into McCarthy's office—and then I came out bawling."

That's how it was in the beginning for the best shortstop the Yankees ever had. The reason he became the best is, of course, that after a while he quit bawling and went back to playing. Guys like him don't cry long.

Woman to Woman

by KATHERINE BURTON

June: Brides in the Headlines

IN THESE COMPLICATED TIMES, the mere reading of the morning paper, as one sits down to coffee and toast, has become a heroic act. Headlines are full of calamity, either upon us or sure to come, maybe before the evening papers arrive. The art in these papers itself tells you what to expect—pictures of a mushrooming cloud that carries so much destruction that the mind reels at contemplating it; plodding soldiers in a foreign land ready to do battle for or against something; or views of the battered survivors; a hard, cold face with a jutting chin or a muttoney one with no chin at all—the rulers of a land where night never becomes dawn; pictures of men in our own land who have betrayed or made money wrongly. And then the editorials—doom and more doom: little Armageddons every day; and always talk of the mushroom cloud that will once and for all time make the small messes into one grand and final Armageddon.

But all is not dark, and even in the papers there is one place where the dawns still arrive. One department is still heart-lifting and hope-giving. There daily, and on Sundays with a series of pages devoted to it, are chronicled and pictured the brides, the announcements of weddings with girls' faces smiling uncomplicatedly at the complicated world of the rest of the news—pictures of girls who will be married this month, pictures of girls in cloudly lace and silk who have just been married.

Here is reality, much more than on those stupid pages of hopelessness and fear. This is reality, for this is life. This is the future—and only the future matters. It is so easy to become ironical about these fresh young faces. But it is also comforting to find that, while the front pages prepare us for murder and sudden death by the finest instruments of death ever invented (so deadly that scientists are lost in admiration of their craftsmen who have devised them), here are these other pages which prepare us for the continuance of life and happiness and the race itself.

Weddings: Rosaries at the Altar

I was thinking about brides and June, gladdening my eyes with a large array of brides in a recent Sunday's *Herald Tribune*, with announcements of June weddings, and I thought I would write how happy it made me to see them there, so serene and smiling and certain, about the way they made me feel quieter after those disheartening pages ahead. And in this month of June, when so many girls will marry, I think it would be wonderful if every Catholic woman would add a Hail Mary to her prayers every day for our brides, who do not even realize they are brave because it is enough for them to know they are happy. We might say a Hail Mary each morning in June for brides of that day. We say the rosary for so many people—why not for brides?

And then, like a fine corollary to my thoughts, came a letter from Doran Hurley, who managed to mention June, brides, and rosaries all in one short letter and gave me a fine additional idea for this page.

He thinks it would be excellent if, especially in this year of Our Lady, Catholic brides carry a rosary to the altar. He is willing to let the bride carry a bouquet too; he thinks

the two would look fine together. And then, evidently swept away by his idea, as one is likely to be when a good one comes along, he suggests the gifts for the bridesmaids be rosaries too, as far more suitable than bar pins or compacts —“to say nothing of their then getting in a few Hail Marys as the couple kneel at the altar.”

We hear so much of heirloom lace veils and great-grandmother's gown and how great-granddaughter had it made over to wear. How lovely then would be an heirloom rosary, carried by mother and then daughters and later generations.

Then, too, there is something very powerful about that little string of beads with a cross on it, whether it be mother of pearl or ivory or gold or simple silver with plain beads. There is no knowing what a bridal rosary might do for some girl or some woman in the future when the bright June is gone and perhaps a wintry November is in the soul. It has great power, for it represents unending Love—and it can mightily influence human love to “have hope and endure and be patient.” It brings hope to the heart because its series of beads have a story plot like no other in the world; in it is contained the bride, the young mother, the older mother worried about her son, mourning His death, rejoicing in His final triumph; and last of all it contains her own triumph.

Stories: Rosaries in the Plot

I know two stories, one fictional, one real, where the rosary formed the plot. The novel was written many years ago, before Greene and Waugh showed us that a Catholic novel can mirror all life, and this novel was at the time not too popular. It was called *Follow the Furies*, and if you can find a copy in your library get it and read it. It is the story of a mixed marriage, a girl brought up to despise her Faith by her father, a mother who returns to the Church before her death, the discovery by the daughter some months later of her mother's rosary hidden in a drawer. She remembered how she had sometimes seen the beads in her mother's hands when she thought no one was looking. From this discovery the rest of the plot follows, and it shows that the rosary is a powerful thing.

The other story is from real life—again a daughter fallen from the Faith, because of her marriage, and her mother, who came to live with her for the last year of her life. An invalid, she asked at various times for a priest. She died suddenly one night and no one had called one for her. This woman, too, found in a pocket of her mother's robe a little rosary, the one she had seen more than once slipping through her mother's fingers. It sounds perhaps sentimental, and perhaps it is, but the daughter is safe in the Church today. She was not comforted, though, about having called no priest for her mother, until one day a priest quoted to her a long ago, pre-Christian philosopher who said this lovely Christian thing: “He who repents is almost innocent.”

I have come some distance from the rosary for the bride, and yet perhaps not so far, for the advertisements suggest giving a “lasting gift”—and what could be more lasting than this? So I suggest that in this year of Our Lady, following Doran Hurley's beautiful suggestion, our brides carry a rosary to the altar. For it is both symbol and reality.



Silhouette Art and Artist

by NORAH SMARIDGE



THE shadow portrait has held the imagination ever since man became aware that the sun casts on the earth a recognizable shape of the human body. The Egyptians painted portraits in profile, although presenting the full outline of the eye. Greek vases and Etruscan oil jars were ornamented with figures that were nothing but "shades."

The first of the modern shadow portraits were painted on glass, ivory, or plaster in oil or India ink; they were portraits in monochrome, rather than true silhouettes. Some artists touched up their work with gold penciling. Others, not satisfied with black paint, used the inky medium of pine soot mixed with beer.

As early as the seventeenth century, professionals began to cut the shadow portrait instead of paint it. Amateurs seized happily on the innovation, and silhouette-cutting became a fashionable pastime. Queen Charlotte made scrapbooks, while Princess Elizabeth cut silhouettes to fill them. Fanny Burney wrote delightedly about "black portraits," and her royal mistress was an expert cutter. Mrs. Leigh Hunt cut authentic likenesses of her husband, of Lord Byron and John Keats. Many new names were devised to describe the art—*découpage*, *scissorgraphy*, *papyrology*, *papyrolamia*.

The name *silhouette*, oddly enough, derives from the man who did most to discredit the shadow portrait. Etienne de Silhouette, parsimonious French finance minister, was the first to cut portraits by mechanical means. By the beginning of the nineteenth century a great output of machine-produced and coarsely-executed work brought the silhouette into disrepute.

The invention of the camera gave

the death blow to the art of silhouette-cutting. Today, in America, although artists use the pen and ink silhouette for illustration and decoration, genuine silhouette-cutters are few. Outstanding among them is a Dominican nun, Sister Mary Jean Dorcy.

DAUGHTER of an artistic family, with ancestors ranging from the choleric Peter Stuyvesant to a Lady Elizabeth Sterling who eloped from Scotland to this country with an Englishman, Frances Dorcy came naturally by her artistry and inventiveness. But although she began her experiments in art at an early age, she did not turn to scissorgraphy until her entrance into the Dominican novitiate. After her profession, and encouraged by her superiors, she took up silhouette-cutting with enthusiasm. The example of Joe Cranton Jones, a cripple silhouettist whom she had read about in *Saint Nicholas Magazine*, inspired her; so did the skill of her elder sister, who cut delightful miniatures of children and animals.

Unfortunately, the widely-used pen and ink silhouette cannot be distinguished, in reproduction, from the far more difficult cut picture. An examination of one of Sister Mary Jean's fanci-

ful silhouettes gives no clue to the painstaking hours of labor that went into its execution. This artist cuts her silhouettes with an ordinary pair of scissors, from a sheet of paper that is black on one side, white on the other. On the white side, she makes a rough sketch of the picture to be cut. But the fine details and the finishing touches are all done with scissors or a razor blade.

Sister Mary Jean's latest book, *Our Lady Of Springtime*, contains many of her most delicate and delightful silhouettes, three of which are pictured here. Brilliantly executed and imaginatively detailed, they show the art of silhouette-cutting at its peak. Her own verses accompany the pictures, the whole forming a beautiful tribute to Mary, our Mother.

You have no doubt seen more of Sister Mary Jean's work than you realize. She is probably unique in using the cut silhouette for religious pictures. The initials SMJ are tucked away in scores of illustrations, decorations, designs, and book jackets. Herself a writer-illustrator, author of *A Crown For Joanna*, *Our Lady's Feasts*, a Dominican trilogy, and a volume of essays, she also contributes frequently to Catholic magazines, periodicals, and newspapers. Her slender Madonnas, her wreath-crowned children, her winsome babies, and enchanting flowers and birds are unforgettable. Each is a little miracle of precision and grace.

With characteristic generosity, Sister Mary Jean has even shared her silhouette secrets with would-be artists. *A Shady Hobby* offers step-by-step directions, sympathetic encouragement, and the inspiration of dozens of unique silhouettes to those who would like to try their hand at her unusual art.



Intelligent eyes and a ready grin permit this citizen of Tiflis in Georgia to hide his burdens well

Moscow Lifts the Veil

FOR the first time in years, Communist authorities are permitting visitors to photograph selective bits from Russian life. On these pages, *THE SIGN* publishes photographs taken by Canadian Embassy employees on tours through Moscow and restricted parts of Russia.

These photographs prove nothing beyond the fact that, even under Communism, life must somehow go on. Here, you see peasants, artists, average human beings, going about their daily routine, as well as the privileged few who can enjoy such "luxuries" as an evening's entertainment or a bottle of imitation Paris perfume. Up to this point, there is no drama here, merely a collection of curiosities. What is infinitely more dramatic is the story left untold, the story of destroyed churches, oppressed consciences, and the pain of soul that has stricken a once great people under Communism.



A SIGN PICTURE STORY

This is Main Street, Moscow, with average Russian citizens going about their daily routine. In the background is the Bolshoi Theater, ballet and theatrical center

Three Lions Photos



An artist in a Moscow park attracts kibitzers. According to the Reds, even art must serve the party line



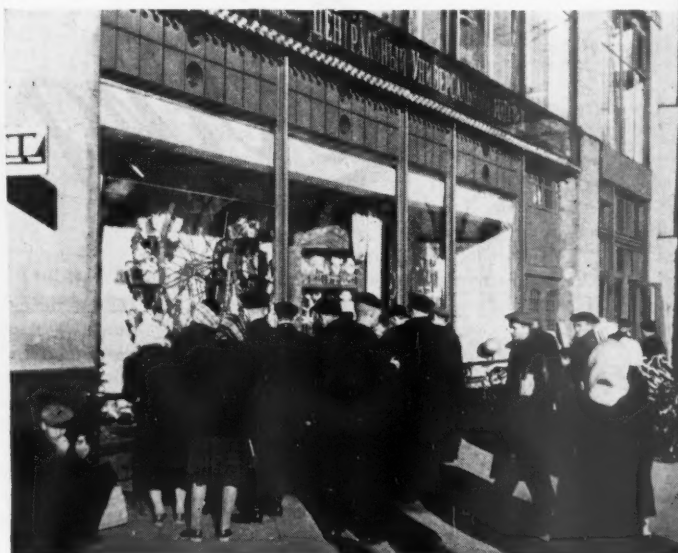
Dancing at the Avrova Club in Moscow. Distracted looking couple at left seem to be thinking of the \$30 minimum tab



A street in Tiflis, the capital of Georgia. Georgian nationalism is strong, and even the Russian language is subordinate here

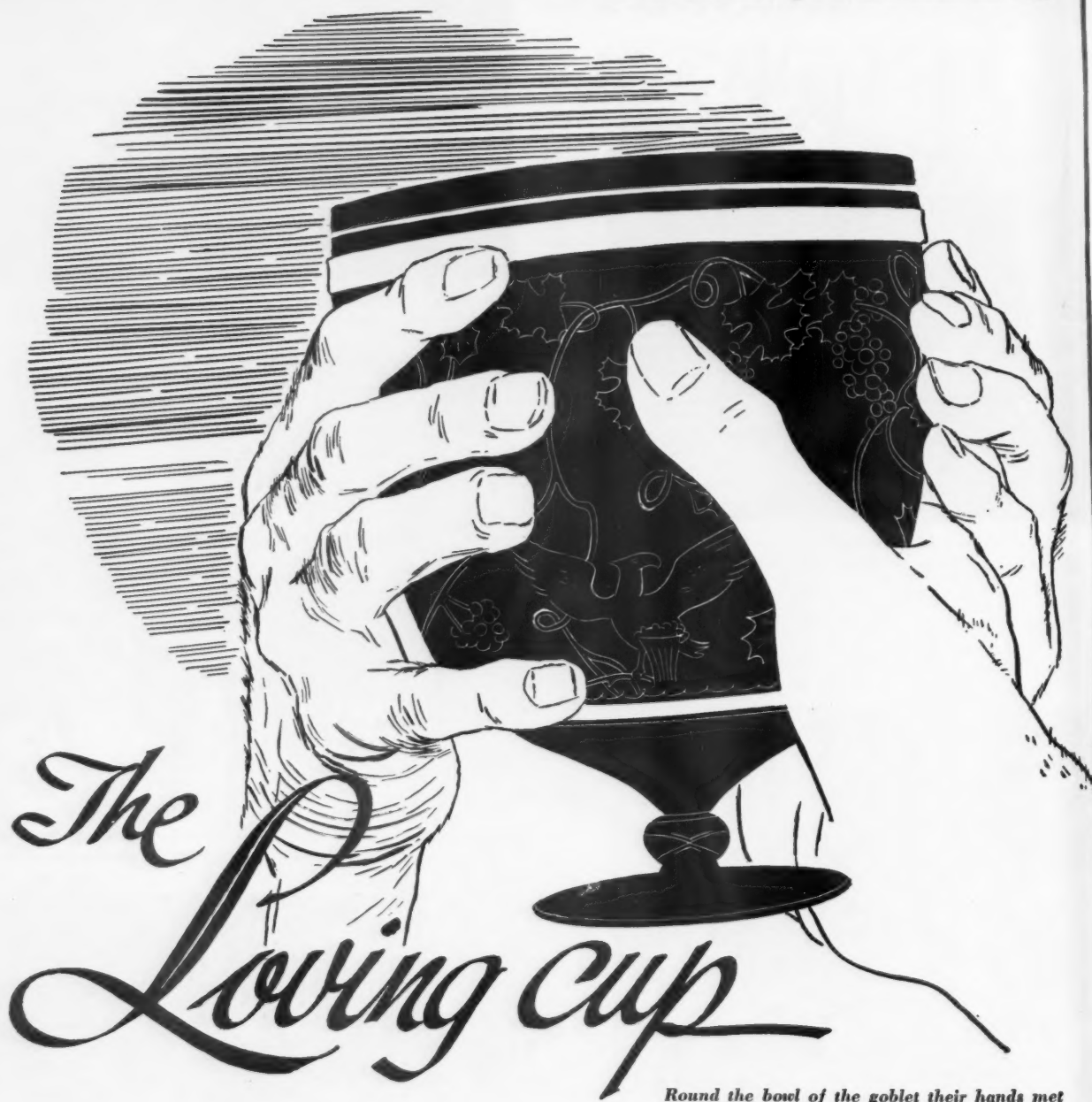


The wife of a Canadian official makes a purchase in a Moscow perfume shop. Brands are imitation French



Window shopping is a popular pastime in Moscow. Idea seems to be: if you can't afford to buy, it won't harm you just to look

Reuben's greed had closed the door on Love. Now, at Cana,
he learned how great had been his loss



The Loving Cup

Round the bowl of the goblet their hands met

by
*Clare
Nicholl*

THE wedding party was extraordinarily happy: quickening the surface animation was an undercurrent of tonic joy, springing like a fountain from a hidden source. Old Reuben sensed the joy, although alone among the festive crowd it passed him by. A strange spirit, he reflected, intangible yet all-pervading. Kinsfolk, friends, strangers, from the bride and bridegroom downward, seemed to have undergone some mysterious transfiguration, to be illumined from within as

though a secret happiness had been unsealed in their hearts and they were eager to communicate it. Yet in all obvious essentials this party was no different from a hundred others of its kind.

The indefinable had no appeal for Reuben: hard facts, like hard cash, were good enough for him. As a sick man is nauseated by the smell of savory food, he shrank from the general gaiety and cowered further into his corner. Far from exultant, he was conscious only of



*He knew the ultimate
dark hour was upon him*

a weighted sadness. It was as though the accumulated heaviness of his three-score-and-ten years gathered upon him, crushing him. Maybe he had been foolish to come; he had been warned to avoid unnecessary exertion since his heart was apt to give trouble. But even as he offered this sop to reason, Reuben knew that the cause of his uneasiness was not physical.

With a weary gesture he passed his hand over his forehead and found it damp with sweat: not the sweat of death, he reflected bitterly, but of life—of futile, wasted life.

The whole head is sick and the whole heart is sad. . . . As always in moments of emotion his mind moved in the rhythm of his forefathers, the words of the prophets shaping his incoherent thought. *As an oak with the leaves falling off, as a garden without water. . . .* Yes, he was as one accursed—but why? That was the fine point of the agony—he could not localize its cause.

HE was a man of upright life sedulous at the synagogue; guardian of public morality, no jot or tittle of the Mosaic Law had been evaded by him, and he made it his business to insure that others observed it or paid the full penalty for transgression. He was a man of substance, too; his abundant possessions were the well-earned fruit of industry and prudent calculation. Anticipating a comfortable old age, he had retired these many years to his native town of Cana, where he was treated with deference, even with a certain flattering subservience, by his fellow citizens. What more could anyone want? Why did contentment escape him, leaving bitterness like a hidden cancer in his heart?

Darting on soundless feet, the waiters threaded their way among the guests. Automatically Reuben stretched out his hand for a goblet; apathetically he savored the bouquet of the wine. It was his gift to the bride and bride-

groom: he had done violence to himself on their behalf and produced his best, a fine mature vintage. Not the whole vintage, of course; prudence dictated that it was unwise to provide over-lavishly on these occasions, lest abundance should encourage excess.

Slowly he sipped, rolling the rich, blood-red liquid on his tongue.

They shall not drink wine with a song; the drink shall be bitter to them that drink it. . . .

He did not seem able to escape these menacing prophecies; they were becoming an obsession. Pah! the words were appropriate enough; the drink brought no warmth seeping into his veins. He must be more ailing than he realized, for its effect on the other guests was quite otherwise: they drank with murmurs of appreciation.

The bridal couple was momentarily the focus of attention. Rebecca, lifting her glass, looked at her lover and round the bowl of the goblet their hands met. Again Reuben sensed the uprush and swift, sweet passage of joy: Rebecca's face was radiant.

As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters!

As the apple-tree among the trees of the woods, so is my beloved among the sons. . . . Behold, my beloved speaketh to me!

Arise, my love. . . and come, for winter is past!

Tears ran down Reuben's cheeks, mingling with the taste of the wine. Not winter, not winter, but spring was over for him and gone—gone with the summertime and the harvest! And at what point, cried his shrinking spirit, at what point in those promising years had he driven love from his door?

High in the gallery, above the voices and the laughter, came the glad salute of harp and timbrel. Like a hunted animal craving a covert wherein to die, Reuben could endure no more. He sought a way of escape, his eyes moving over the faces surrounding him.

Then his heart lurched. There was a woman standing a little apart from the rest. Where had he seen her before? At this distance she was almost indistinguishable from a dozen others—middle-aged, clothed with simplicity, she was remarkable only for her stillness and lack of personal adornment amid that glittering and volatile crowd. She was no one of his acquaintance, of that Reuben was certain, and yet . . . he took a step forward, staring at the woman. . . .

As though his agitation had communicated itself, she looked at him across the length of the room. Under falling draperies her face turned steadily in his direction with tranquil gravity. Once before, somewhere, he had seen her.

As one hypnotized, he started toward her. Slowly he went, looking neither to left nor right. It seemed to him that it was no longer in space that he moved, but in time, and backward through the years. The guests, given up to enjoyment, ignored him—an uncouth, shambling old man. With every step he took, a series of pictures flickered over his consciousness: shadows from the past, events hitherto forgotten and seemingly trivial and irrelevant assumed more than life-sized proportions, vividly invading his memory.

HE was within a few yards of his goal. Her eyes, which had never left him, seemed to read his thoughts. He had the strange intuition that she knew him better than he knew himself. Her glance pierced him, stripping him of the pretenses, the hypocrisy of years, leaving him naked and shivering. Then her lips parted in a smile of recognition, of profound tenderness, tinged with merriment.

As a child upon its mother's knees, so will I caress you. . . .

Comfort and reassurance, sudden as they were miraculous, enveloped him. The load of weariness, still heavy upon him, was transmuted; it was no longer the burden of age, but of infancy. Like a child who has been sulking in darkness peopled with horrors of its own invention, he no longer wanted to conceal his terror and loneliness: he wanted only to be absolved.

Yea, though a mother forget her child, I will not forget thee!

Reuben covered the last yards that separated them almost at a run. Nor could he forget her! Through all the years he had been subconsciously haunted by that face—the royal humility distinct in every curve of cheek and brow, the expression of shining unsailable peace.

As unmistakable as the stirring of an east wind through the glow of a mid-

summer noon, a shiver of disturbance rippled the harmony of the atmosphere. The head waiter, bent apparently on some urgent errand, spoke in an agitated whisper to Reuben as he hurried past. "The wine, sir—it's giving out; and the guests show no signs of leaving."

So the wheel had moved full circle: his sin had found him out. Reuben could only move his lips soundlessly in reply. Nothing could be done now; his meanness had betrayed him, as it had betrayed him before. With hanging head he stood before his unknown friend, like a small boy awaiting chastisement.

Unexpectedly she turned away. With quiet assurance she made an inaudible comment to a young man who was standing among a group of friends, his back to the room. Reuben could not see his face, but the last words of his reply were distinct, though mysterious.

"My hour," he said, "has not yet come."

Another echo! Reuben felt himself to be the victim of some conspiracy: he was being forced backward, ever backward. That night of more than thirty years ago loomed upon him, blotting out the light. Another man had used almost the same words. Standing in the darkness at the door of the inn, he had pleaded with Reuben, indicating the young girl at his side, "Her hour has come—." Yes, she had been with child, and this fact had added harshness to Reuben's refusal.

That prosperous, unhappy night! It had marked the turn in his fortunes, for thanks to the caprice of Caesar Augustus the obscure village had become a focal point for the countryside and Reuben, keeper of the only inn, had been besieged. He had taken money by the fistful; his business, which had been dwindling almost to vanishing point, took a new lease of life and had flourished from that time forward. Money begets money.

HE could remember the tingling excitement with which he had seen empty room after empty room filled to capacity with guests—rich, influential guests, ready to pay anything for a corner where they might rest. And among them, shabby, deprecating, two peasants begging for shelter. Tonight of all nights, he had thought with amused exasperation! Tonight of all nights to be saddled with a couple of penniless nobodies and, by the look of things, a newborn child before the dawn—prudence and common sense forbid!

"No room," he had reiterated firmly. "No room whatsoever."

They had not protested. But as they turned away into the starless night, the

girl, with an almost imperceptible gesture, had gathered her cloak closer about her, and Reuben had shivered with sudden superstitious fear, for her face under the shadowy hood was that of one blinded by the assault of imminent and intolerable happiness.

She had returned, and again her eyes were upon him. Reuben's met them without appeal or excuse.

The head waiter was hovering nervously in the background. Without turning her head, the woman indicated her companion.

"Do whatsoever he shall tell you," she said.

For the second time the young man's reaction was a casual aside.

"Fill the water pots with water," he commanded briefly.

Water! What irony! Reuben could have laughed aloud.

Thy silver is turned into dross; thy wine is mingled with water. . . .

The waiter, smirking, passed on the order, and his underlings scurried back and forth with unconcealed jocularly, filling the great flagons which flanked the wall, filling them until they brimmed over and crystal cascades splashed onto the flagged stone floor. The serving men were amused at his expense, reflected Reuben, and small wonder: it was only a matter of moments before the amusement would become general. He would be the butt of everybody's well-bred derision;

through his lack of generosity, Rebecca would be disconcerted before her guests, and her happiness would be dimmed.

There was a pause in the music, during which the footsteps of the waiters could be heard; heaving the pitchers onto their shoulders, they were carrying them to the chief steward.

The mirth of timbrels hath ceased; the voice of them that rejoice is ended; the melody of the harp is silent.

Reuben knew the ultimate dark hour was upon him: this incident was but the external disintegration of the inwardly rotten fabric of his life. The rigorous religious observance, the harsh personal morality, the ceaseless husbandry, all that had bolstered up his personality were as nothing in this extremity. He had loved and served no one but himself. At the end of life he stood, self-condemned, alone with himself.

Not quite alone. The woman's eyes never left him. Unwavering, he met her unwavering gaze, mutely acknowledging his despoil.

THE waiters returned. Carrying the test to its ridiculous conclusion, they decorously went the rounds, filling empty glasses. In the general bustle the young man detached himself from his friends. As he moved in her direction, the woman's face was illuminated and she articulated softly:

"My son!"

Her son: the unborn child come to maturity! Reuben could not bring himself to look at him: impelled by a craving for self-annihilation, he covered his face with his hands and fell upon his knees.

"Forgive me," he said.

There was a tumult in his brain; in the abyss of darkness that engulfed him, it seemed as though his very self suffered extinction, entombed beyond hope, beyond redemption, in a sepulcher of his own building.

Aeons might have passed when he became conscious of the sharp rim of a glass against his lips. He drank. It was wine—wine more lifegiving than blood, circulating through his veins, rousing his heart to a new and buoyant rhythm, quickening within him like a living flame.

Behold, my beloved speaketh to me . . . Arise, for winter is past. . . .

No longer was it a mourning echo, but the challenge of a heraldic trumpet. Like a fountain of joy Reuben's spirit leaped in exultant strength.

Rejoice, rejoice and praise . . . for great is he that is in the midst of thee, the Holy One of Israel!

Opening his eyes Reuben at last looked upon him: round the bowl of the goblet their hands met.

HOUSEWIFE'S WELCOME

by FLORENCE WEDGE

*Martha, Martha, your heart sings,
Busy for the King of Kings.
Mary's part is better, true,
But no dinner without you!*

*Heaven has a heart-warm will
For your culinary skill.
When He blessed your lovely food
Surely Jesus called it good.*

*Pots and pans no glamour hold;
Supper's hapless when it's cold.
Offerings burnt are quite a test
When there come a special guest.*

*Yet there is a radiant glow
That the love of Christ can throw
Round the simplest duty done
For the sake of God's own Son.*

*Martha, Martha, kitchen queen,
Help me in my own cuisine,
Cooking for His next-of-kin! . . .
When your housework's done, drop in.*

THE *Sign* POST

by ALOYSIUS McDONOUGH, C.P.

Artificial Birth Control

Can a Catholic husband allow his non-Catholic wife to practice artificial birth control, provided he does not use the preventative himself? Must he confess this? If not, may he receive Holy Communion?—E. S., DETROIT, MICH.

It is a sacrilege of the worst kind to receive Holy Communion in the state of mortal sin. For a worthy reception of the Eucharist, all mortal sins must be confessed; contrition for sin is not sincere, is unacceptable to God, unless coupled with a purpose of amendment. Artificial birth control is a mortal sin—contrary to the laws of nature and to the divine law. Regardless of who may use the contraceptive device, the other party is, necessarily, a partner to the crime. The fact that one spouse is a non-Catholic does not diminish guilt. The conscience of the non-Catholic party was properly pointed on this problem during the premarital instructions. If anything, a Catholic's co-operation with a non-Catholic spouse adds to the guilt of scandal, which is nothing other than influential bad example.

Head of the Family

Is a wife bound in conscience to obey her husband in everything, as the head of the family?—A. G., IRVINGTON, N. J.

Not so, if what the husband commands be sinful. The same exception applies to children, who are not obliged to obey parents, if their commands be sinful. In cases of doubt, wives and children should consult their parish priest or confessor and in the meantime cede the benefit of doubt to husband and parents respectively. If a matter of grave consequence be at issue, a doubt should be settled without delay.

Whether or not a husband measures up to his dignity and responsibility, he is, unquestionably, the head of the family. However, the wife can be influential, although at the same time deferential. Husband and wife should plan and work together as partners, as harmoniously as can be. A wife is not a mere housekeeper. Together with her husband, she is a homemaker. A wife may excel her husband in many respects, such as sobriety, prudence, efficiency, a spirit of self-sacrifice. But the comparative sum total of their good qualities, in contrast with their shortcomings, is not the basis upon which your question should be answered. For example, a Cabinet member may excel President or King; but the latter is the chief executive, the former is an adviser only. The husband's preeminence as head of the family is revealed by God and recorded often in Holy Scripture. "Let women be subject to their husbands, as to the Lord; because the husband is the head of the wife, as Christ is the Head of the Church. Therefore, as the Church is subject to Christ, so also let the wives be to their husbands in all things. Nevertheless, let every one of you . . . love his wife as himself." (Ephesians 5:22-24; 33)

In his Encyclical *On Christian Marriage*, Pope Pius XI reminded us: "The same false teachers who try to dim the luster of conjugal faith and purity do not scruple to do away with the honorable and trusting obedience which the woman owes to the man." Commenting on this encyclical in the *American Ecclesiastical Review*, Msgr. John A. Ryan observed: "The sometimes disturbing injunction of St. Paul, that wives should obey their husbands, is the subject of several paragraphs in the encyclical. The headship of the husband, says Pope Pius, does not destroy the reasonable liberty of the wife. It does not imply that she should obey him in unreasonable things or be treated as a minor. The subjection of wife to husband may vary according to different conditions of persons, place, and time, but it should not be so minimized as to 'emancipate' the wife from those duties which must be performed, if the genuine interests of the family are to be safeguarded." (March, 1931)

Accent on the Positive

In reference to "Sign Post" reply, under caption "Imposition," (April, 1954) would it not have been more practical had that school board member taken positive action, rather than the negative protest you suggested?—J. H., SALISBURY, CONN.



We recommended more than the negative protest already made to the school board by the only Catholic member. Consultation with Catholic authorities—either parochial or diocesan—could have resulted in the positive action you favor. Indeed, the distribution—gratis or at nominal cost—of Catholic bibles, among the Catholic children of public schools especially, is most commendable. However, we favor copies of the New Testament rather than of the entire Bible. For youngsters in the higher grades of elementary school, and even for high school students, the complete Bible is too lengthy and calls for too much explanation.

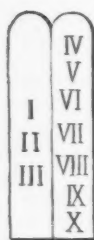
As you say, the circulation of the Bible among all Catholic families would do much to explode the accusation that the Church discourages the reading of the Bible. The seventy-three Books of the Old Testament and the New are—together with Divine Tradition—God's library of revealed information. Not to be at least acquainted with this inspiring information is to be an ignoramus of the lowest possible grade.

It must be admitted that there is foundation to the claim that non-Catholics read the Bible more than Catholics. However, there is a reason for the fact. The Scriptures are not always self-explanatory. For a reliable interpretation of the Bible, the Catholic providentially can and does take his cue from the Teaching Church. That teaching is echoed faithfully from every Catholic pulpit. Hence, it is understandable that the Catholic does not suffer the non-Catholic's

anxiety in his quest for God's Word. Yet, the security with which a Catholic is graced because of the infallible reliability of the Teaching Church is no excuse for a smug attitude, for by-passing the telling influence enjoyed by those who read the Scriptures regularly, frequently, and earnestly. But a lifetime devoted to a reading of the Scriptures could be spent in vain. How absurd it is to depend solely upon one's own interpretation of the Bible is evidenced by the shattered state of Protestant Christianity. Among them, there are as many important differences of tenet as there are sects, and almost as many opinions in any and every sect as there are members. Private interpretation of the Bible, coupled with the implied inspiration of the individual reader, is a demonstrated fiasco. Because it is God's Word, we should know the Bible thoroughly. But without an infallible interpreter we would be among those indicted by St. Peter: "The unlearned and unstable wrest (the Scriptures) to their own destruction." (2 Peter 3:16)

Legion of Decency

When the Legion of Decency lists a movie as Class A, Section II—approved for adults only—what is to be understood by an adult?—M. M., HYATTSVILLE, MD.



Very sensibly and commendably, the Legion of Decency interprets the term "adult" in a way adapted to the individual. By that we mean that any endeavor to determine whether a boy or girl is still adolescent, or has advanced to the status of an adult, has to be elastic. Determining factors are intellectual development in school, influence of home training, and spiritual progress. For example, we are familiar with the controversy as to whether those who are old enough to be drafted to fight for their country are mature enough to vote. No such problem can be settled by reckoning calendar years only.

The purpose of the Legion of Decency is to alert both adults and adolescents lest they invest in entertainment which is certain, or at least very likely, to prove an occasion of sin. It can and does happen that only part of a motion picture or stage play is objectionable for youngsters or adults or both. But, a very limited area of quicksand can prove fatal. Prudence suggests that any youngster who doubts the advisability of his or her attendance at a movie which is considered safe for adults only seek the advice of parents, parish priest, or confessor. Such advisers are in the best position to estimate the comparative maturity of this or that teen-ager.

Dominant Instincts

What are the strongest urges implanted in human nature by the Creator?—F. MCC., NEW YORK, N. Y.

The predominant instincts characteristic of all animal life are the impulses for self-preservation and for the propagation or reproduction of one's own kind. Since a human being is a rational animal, he is able intelligently and freely to plan and provide the things conducive to self-preservation, such as food, drink, clothing, shelter, medicine and the like. Both the dictates of reason and the revealed guidance of the Creator advise him to steer a virtuous middle course between the extremes of subnormal neglect and abnormal cupidity.

Similarly, the inclination to procreate offspring should be guided by reason and faith. Not to respond at all to this instinct, for a sufficient reason, is not an extreme in the odious sense of the term. Celibacy would be blameworthy only if it were so widespread as to threaten the extinction or the serious depletion of the human race. Response to this

instinct is out of order except within the sacred state of matrimony, instituted by God to dignify and modify an instinct which could otherwise become rampant. If men and women are to live in a way becoming to "joint heirs with Christ," faith must guide reason, both faith and reason must rule all animal appetites.

Double Baptism

Every so often, an infant is born with two heads. Would such a baby have two souls? Some say there would have to be two hearts. Would the priest baptize both heads?—R. A., CAMROSE, ALBERTA, CANADA.

As expressed in Church Law (Canon 748) the general norm of procedure is that, if alive, any such infant, no matter how malformed, is to be baptized. In doubt as to whether there be one or two individuals, one head should be baptized without condition, the other conditionally. The presence of two hearts would be reason for baptizing both heads absolutely. A case of Siamese twins is more clear-cut. In a case such as you inquire about, the development of speech in later life would indicate either one or two persons. But, since it is inadvisable to postpone so urgent a sacrament as Baptism, the safest procedure is to provide for the probability or at least the possibility of two souls.

Stations of the Cross Crucifix

I have a crucifix so blessed as to entitle me to make the Stations of the Cross at home. How do I go about it?—A. C., NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

As well as lesser indulgences, the faithful who perform the devotion in honor of Christ Crucified known as the Stations or Way of the Cross may gain a plenary indulgence, each time, provided they be animated by a spirit of contrition. The same liberal indulgences can be gained by those who are reasonably prevented from performing this devotion in a church or chapel.

Such persons belong in either of two groups. Those on a sea voyage, prisoners, confined patients, people who live in pagan countries, or those prevented by other similar circumstances from performing this devotion in the usual way, may have recourse to a crucifix blessed by a priest for this specific purpose. The crucifix should be held in one's hands while, in a spirit of contrition, the Our Father, Hail Mary, and Glory be to the Father are said fourteen times each—once for each of the fourteen Stations—five times in honor of the five principal Wounds of Christ Crucified, once for the intentions of the Holy Father.

The sick, whether in a hospital or at home, who are unable to say the above prayers, may gain the same indulgences provided they kiss the blessed crucifix in a spirit of contrition, or at least gaze upon this image of the Crucified and, if possible, say some short prayer or aspiration in memory of the Passion of Christ. An example of such a prayer would be: "We adore Thee, O Christ, and we bless Thee because by Thy holy Cross Thou hast redeemed the world."

Unforgivable Sin

What is meant by the unforgivable sin which is called blasphemy against the Holy Spirit?—J. A., VALPARAISO, IND.

The special mission of the Holy Spirit in this world is the sanctification of human souls. It is regrettable and serious that men sin against God by hostility or indifference, but the most regrettable and serious tragedy is resistance to the influence of the Holy Spirit, when by means of divine grace

He urges us to repent. It is a case of turning a deaf ear to the voice of conscience, in defiance or indifference to the exhortation: "If today you hear His voice, harden not your hearts!" (Psalm 94:8) The Evangelists and St. Paul refer often to this sin against the Holy Spirit as unforgivable, because by this attitude of resistance a man thwarts the forgiveness of God. This sinful spirit of impenitence may be temporary, or even permanent and final.

Christ's Passion in Miniature

Where can I obtain information about the priest who has been afflicted with the "Wounds of Christ?"—A. G., CANTON, OHIO.

The year 1954 is the thirty-fifth year during which the Capuchin priest, known as Padre Pio, has had wounds in his hands, feet, and side, corresponding to the principal wounds of Christ. Over three hundred such cases are on record in the history of the Catholic Church. Such a person is known as a stigmatist, or stigmatic; his or her wounds are known as "stigmata," or marks. In a special sense, the words of St. Paul may be applied to a stigmatic. "I bear the marks of the Lord Jesus in my body." (Galatians 6:17)

It is quite possible that such physical phenomena be the result of diabolical influence or of hysteria. Consequently, authorities of the Church, together with medical specialists are inclined to "hasten slowly" in their appraisal of these cases. St. Gemma Galgani, a spiritual protégé of the Passionist Fathers, was a stigmatist. Gemma died in 1903 and was canonized in 1940 by Pope Pius XI—not because of the marvel of the stigmata, but because of her well-proven heroic holiness. The Bavarian stigmatist, Teresa Neumann, who is still alive, is the subject of much controversy as to whether or not her wounds, ecstasies, and total abstinence from nourishment are due to supernatural intervention. Father Pius, the Capuchin, is now sixty-seven years of age and has had the stigmata longer than any other person. He is the only priest, to date, to have had this experience. Resident at a monastery near Naples, he was visited by hundreds of service personnel during World War II. For a fascinating account of his life, apply to Radio Replies Press, St. Paul 1, Minn. This book by the Rev. Charles M. Carty is amply illustrated and runs to nearly 400 pages. Of Padre Pio, Pope Benedict XV declared: "He is truly a man of God. He is not appreciated by all as he merits."

Bribery?

I have been barraged with sarcastic remarks about how easy the Catholic Church is on wealthy Catholics who want marriage annulments. What about the Tyrone Power-Linda Christian case? Did Roberto Rossellini receive an annulment? Doesn't a Church annulment have to gee with civil laws?—B. F., ISLAND HEIGHTS, N. J.



Are you unacquainted with recognized procedure in debate? If your opponent advance a claim, it devolves upon him to prove his statement. In all fairness, the burden of proof is his, not yours. You can blandly deny what he has asserted without proof. The statement you quote betrays a profound ignorance of facts and an inability to evaluate yellow journalism. Aside from marriage cases involving Catholics, the only divorces in this country that attain notoriety in news reports are those of the wealthy and socially prominent.

Does it follow that American divorces are granted on that basis?

Catholics who read their diocesan newspapers find an annual report on the annulments granted by the matrimonial court of the Church at Rome. Consistently, that annual report lists an overwhelming majority of obscure, unknown,

"unimportant" litigants. Of those who are able to pay the court fees, a considerable percentage obtain no annulment. Among the cases handled gratis—an annual average of 30 per cent of all applicants—a considerable number win their plea. Roberto Rossellini did not receive an annulment and never will. Tyrone Power was free to marry Linda Christian for the simple reason that his previous marriage was invalid.

An annulment is not a divorce. A divorce is a legal gesture on the part of a civil court whereby a futile attempt is made to sever an indissoluble marriage bond. An annulment is merely a judicial declaration by the competent authorities of the Church, which has jurisdiction over all marriages involving Catholics, of the fact that a marriage, despite appearances to the contrary, had been invalid from the beginning. Obviously, because of civil involvements, a person who obtains a declaration of nullity from the Church has to obtain also a civil divorce. But, before God, his freedom to remarry is based upon the Church's finding, not upon the legal fiction arrogated to itself by the American "divorce mill." Read *The Catholic Matrimonial Courts*, a booklet published by The Paulist Press, 401 West 59 St., New York 19, N. Y.—especially the material captioned: The Rights of the Poor.

Baptism by a Mute

Can a deaf and dumb person baptize another?—S. D., BEECH BOTTOM, W. VA.

In the Catholic Church, the ordinary or regular minister of solemn Baptism is the priest; the extraordinary minister of solemn Baptism, the deacon. In emergency circumstances, and assuming that priest or deacon be unavailable, private Baptism may be administered by anyone—man or woman, adult or child, Catholic or non-Catholic—provided such a minister knows how to baptize and, in so doing, has the intention to carry out the mind of Christ and the Church. If possible, there should be at least one witness of a private Baptism. Midwives as well as nurses, and physicians should be thoroughly instructed how to administer Baptism.

While the circumstances you refer to do not occur frequently, the situation is by no means far-fetched. The enjoyment of the fullness of heaven by even one soul is so important an issue that authorities have debated the pros and cons of your problem considerably. A person's deafness would be a telling factor only indirectly, to the extent that it might hinder him from knowing whether or not he had pronounced the Baptismal formula properly. The nub of the problem is a person's muteness.

Some claim that a person who cannot articulate at all cannot, therefore, pronounce the formula: "I baptize thee in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." Others claim that the formula of Baptism can be verified sufficiently by what is called "the vernacular of the dumb"—by means of sign language. At a marriage, mutes signify their mutual consent by a nod of the head. From the witness stand, testimony of a mute is given and accepted otherwise than via the *spoken* word. Needless to say, a person baptized by a mute should be rebaptized, if at all possible—conditionally and for safety's sake.

"The Sign Post" is an information service for our readers. Letters of inquiry should be addressed to "The Sign Post," c/o THE SIGN, Union City, N. J. Inquiries should pertain to the faith, practices, and history of the Catholic Church. Inquirers should identify themselves by giving name and address. Anonymous letters will be disregarded. Questions are not answered by private reply. Personal problems of conscience—especially marriage cases—should be referred to one's pastor or confessor.

Books

GIPSY IN THE PARLOUR

By Margery Sharp.
Little, Brown.

247 pages.
\$3.50

Gipsy in the Parlour is the story of a hardy farming family in Devonshire, who know what they want out of life and how to get it, strong, silent men who stride through the world like gods. The story opens in 1870



M. Sharp

when the three Sylvester wives are waiting for the fourth wife to join them, and then we see that the wives, not the farmers, rule over destiny here.

This novel is different from Miss Sharp's early work with its sparkling animation and delicious irony, slight stories but charming in their way. Here the comedy is broader, more substantial than in the early novels, the characterization vigorous and bold, the scenes sharply outlined. This does not add up to a better novel, but rather to a maturing technique. At times the story seems strained, as though the novelist was striving too hard for her effects. The thing that saves this novel from being unreal is the choice of a child as the center of the story—it is through her eyes that we see the action and the characters.

The story does not go forward, nor are the parts laid side by side, but spreads out in a wavelike motion, gathering interest as it goes. Although the novelist has little to say here, she does succeed in broadening her medium, no small matter, after all. She has served a long apprenticeship to fiction, having written for almost twenty years, and will move forward in her own particular way in the years to come.

N. ELIZABETH MONROE.

CATHERINE OF SIENA

By Sigrid Undset.
Sheed & Ward.

293 pages.
\$3.50

Sigrid Undset, ardent medievalist, ardent feminist, ardent Catholic as well as literary artist, was ideally equipped to be the biographer of Catherine of Siena. What this book, finished a few months before its



S. Undset

author's death, gives us is a detailed and

dramatic portrait of the fourteenth-century saint, its human realism constantly interpenetrated by flashes of superhuman lightning—and light. First she shows the humble Italian girl, only a Dominican tertiary, but so raptly in love with God that she retires into a cell in her somewhat bustling home to avoid separation from Him: next the young woman called by Christ to such public works of mercy as nursing and healing the sick, reconciling sinners, and going to the block with the condemned: finally the saint, become a leader in international affairs, writing eloquently to princes of Church and State, traveling about as legate between warring communities, as apostle to bring back Pope Gregory from Avignon to Rome, or later to win support from the schismatics for his successor, Pope Urban. And beneath this "awe-inspiring energy and whole-heartedness" in striving to save a violent world from itself and for God was an interior life of the greatest intensity—a life of fasts and ecstasies and revelations, which carried her spent body to an uncorrupting death shortly after its thirty-third birthday.

It is an almost dizzying story, mysterious and troubling as well as inspiring. Madame Undset tells it with devotion and scholarly fullness, quoting richly from Catherine's own writings and those of her contemporaries. And while her first and last chapter relate the saint's activities to the history which followed or preceded them, she has never yielded to the temptation of analyzing or psychoanalyzing her epic subject. One rather wishes she had!

KATHERINE BRÉGY.

SAINTS IN HELL

By Gilbert Cesbron.
Doubleday.

312 pages.
\$3.75

Doubleday and Company could not have chosen a more strategic moment to publish the English translation of this novel. It comes just after Rome had considered the fate of the French "worker priests" and when almost every newspaper has drained dry the story of their plights. But Gilbert Cesbron wrote his book several years ago "at the risk of displeasing nearly everyone who read it," as he says mysteriously. Obviously, then, there is no question here of taking up the cudgels in the present issue or of jumping to exploit the unexpected publicity of the press.

The author is simply telling the fascinating story of a priest worker, Pierre

by name, who was successful in the great experiment and came away without succumbing to the dangers that such a life brings with it. M. Cesbron is not, however, painting a one-color picture. There are purple moments of temptation. Living as one of his flock (and most of them the lowest of the low) and with no dress to distinguish him from other men, Pierre does meet temptation. But temptation does not vanquish him.

This is a wonderfully moving story by an able writer. He has written a number of novels, for several of which he has been awarded French literary prizes. And it was this writer who did the script for that remarkable documentary film on the life of Dr. Albert Schweitzer. Let not the fact that this is a translation turn you away, for it is a very good one indeed. John Russell is the translator.

JOHN L. MADDEN.

ST. ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY

By Nesta de Robeck.
Bruce.

211 pages.
\$3.00

Inspired by her visit to Assisi several years ago, Nesta de Robeck wrote her first book, *St. Clare of Assisi*, an admirable biography of the foundress of the Poor Clares. Similarly



N. de Robeck

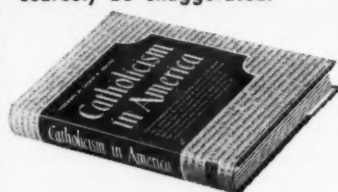
sparked by a visit to Marburg, Miss de Robeck decided to write the life of one of St. Clare's most famous followers, St. Elizabeth of Hungary.

Daughter of a thirteenth-century king, Elizabeth went from her regal childhood to the court of Thuringia as the betrothed of the landgrave, Ludwig. Their marriage, though brief, was a happy one. When Ludwig lost his life in the Crusades, Elizabeth was left with three children. As her children grew, she grew in sanctity. Under the firm hand of her spiritual director she willingly accepted as her scale of values the Sermon on the Mount.

The evangelical counsels became her law. She concentrated on following Our Lord, whom she saw as the Healer of the sick and the Friend of the poor. Although persecuted by those who could not understand the amazing virtues she openly cultivated, she nonetheless succeeded in lavishing her wealth on the poor.

Constant in her devotion to God and unstinting in her love for all His crea-

"The importance of this *Commonweal* symposium can scarcely be exaggerated."*



CATHOLICISM IN AMERICA

A Series of Essays From
THE COMMONWEAL

"A uniquely significant collection of essays, CATHOLICISM IN AMERICA is in the best tradition of *The Commonweal*, the magazine in which they appeared. The writers, with two exceptions, are Roman Catholic laymen. . . . The avowed purpose of the collection as a whole is to 'examine the climate of Catholic opinion and attitudes in American culture, its strengths and weaknesses.'"

—*ERNEST JOHNSON,
N. Y. Times Book Review

\$3.75 at all bookstores

HARCOURT, BRACE and COMPANY
383 Madison Avenue, New York 17



ONE secret of the culinary artistry of master chefs is Sexton seasoning. Rare Oriental Spices and Herbs are brought to Sexton Mills from every quarter of the globe, there milled and sealed in airtight containers to preserve all of their singular piquancy. You, too, can use Sexton spices in your kitchen.

John Sexton & Co., Sexton Square, Chicago, Ill.

tures, her strength was consumed by her charitable labors. At twenty-four, when life first begins for so many moderns, this great medieval saint went to her eternal reward. After her death, countless miracles took place at her grave and the chapel of the hospital at Marburg. Four years later, in 1235, she was canonized by Pope Gregory IX.

Such in outline was the life of the patroness of the Third Order of St. Francis. But do yourself a favor and fill in the details. Get *St. Elizabeth of Hungary*, the first complete and authentic life of this great saint written in English.

GEORGE A. CEVASCO.

GENERAL DEAN'S STORY

As told to Wm. L. Worden. 305 pages.
Viking. \$5.00

The immaculate and unctuous Colonel Kim arrived on September 10, 1950. He studied the tired, gray-haired American Major-General. He saw the skin yellow from dysentery. Col. Kim suggested a walk. The General couldn't keep up with him. The Colonel asked if the General had signed the petition to ask the Americans to stop fighting. No, the General said quietly. He had not. Well, then, had the General told the guards where Syngman Rhee was hiding? No, the General had not.

The Colonel presented two long sheets of paper. "These represent the things you have already stated," he said. "Sign them. They represent my minimum requests. If you sign these, you'll go to a prisoner-of-war camp immediately—and you won't be tortured."

The General read them. His brain was almost beyond reasoning. It kept thinking of cans of stewed fruit and thick syrup. He read the papers. One said that the United Nations was making a mistake fighting in Korea. The other said that Syngman Rhee was a senile old thief. The General signed neither.

General Dean tells the story of his capture, and his three years of imprisonment by the Reds, like a man who hates his own guts. He is, in this book, neither hero nor martyr. When the Armistice came and he was exchanged, the General expected to be court-martialed.

Mr. Worden sums up the feelings of this reader:

"William Frishe Dean is an almost painfully honest man. I'm quite sure that he has stood off from himself in judgment . . . and weighed his own conduct as a general, a fugitive, and a prisoner. The result is his considered and definite decision: he does not think General Dean is either a great commander or a true hero.

"I think he is."

JIM BISHOP.

RECENT BOOKS

The Lady and the Sun By Elizabeth Dockman

A new, first novel, based on the wondrous happenings at Fatima. The author shows a masterful grasp of her subject and her vigorous style is studded with vivid details and natural characterizations. By using the novel form she has been able not only to present the true story of Fatima, but also to enhance its significance by setting it against its proper historical background. An excellent book by a promising new novelist. Ready Soon. \$4.00

The Legacy of Luther By Ernst Walter Zeeden

In this important and scholarly work the author traces the many divergent trends in the development of Lutheranism right from their source. The Lutherans, both real and so-called, are allowed to speak for themselves, in all their astonishing variety of doctrine. Using many original Protestant sources he provides a realistic and authentic view on certain aspects of European thought and mood during three centuries of Lutheranism. \$3.50

The Path to the Heights By Raoul Plus, S.J.

A work of practical spirituality for young people and for those "young in spirit," whatever their age. In this, his eleventh book on the spiritual life, Father Plus vividly compares life on earth to the rigors of mountain climbing, and forcefully shows that Christ Himself is the one mountain that dominates all history and that should continually draw us on through life. The work is treated with the author's usual lightness of touch and brightened with anecdotes on almost every page. Ready Soon. \$2.75

Order and Law By Aegidius Doolan, O.P.

A welcome and capable interpretation of the social teachings of St. Thomas Aquinas, dealing with the order of the universe and the rule of law. Father Doolan gives a thorough and exhaustive consideration to law and its various ramifications and also treats in great detail the question of private property, showing that the concept of the eternal and natural law is essentially Christian in character. \$3.50

Forward With Christ By Paul Manna, P.I.M.E., and Nicholas Maestrini, P.I.M.E.

Here two missionaries of wide experience tell of the need for laborers in the vineyard, give facts and figures and motives and deal frankly with the difficulties which beset those who follow the call. Father Maestrini has not only revised and retranslated Father Manna's *The Workers Are Few*, but has also brought all the statistics up-to-date and replaced quotations from forgotten authors by others as recent and important as Pius XII and Bishop Sheen. Paper \$1.00 Cloth \$2.75

Wherever good books are sold
THE NEWMAN PRESS
Westminster Maryland



CRUISE TO ALASKA with Catholic Friends

Enjoy this excellent escorted trip of good fellowship and congeniality. Can you go August 12 to Sept. 4? Our cruise to magnificent Alaska is "tops" in cool, inspiring Summer Vacations.

Send for free folder "Alaska", with pictures and description of our 7th "Great Country" cruise for guests of Catholic Faith. Please address: James A. Portal, 914 Northern Pacific Building, St. Paul 1, Minn.

POCONO

VACATION or HONEYMOON
MT. AIRY LODGE has EVERYTHING
Main Lodge on 160 acre estate. 45 Deluxe Cabana Cottages with television & private bath. Dancing nightly. Newest most modern Ballroom in Poconos. Located 1/2 mi. from Villa of Our Lady of Poconos. Seasonal Sports, Open All Year. Vacationers Bklet. V—Honeymooners Bklet. B
Mount Airy Lodge
MOUNT POCONO 29, PA.
Mt. Pocono 3551
Cath. Owner-Mgmt.

TEGAWITHA CATHOLIC CAMP FOR GIRLS

On the sunny top of the Poconos. 800 acres on private lake. All land sports, swimming, riding, dancing, dramatics, crafts. Junior and Senior groups. Private chapel on grounds. 37th year.

Directors:

Mrs. James P. Lynch and Mrs. William M. Lynch
Catalog: Camp Tegawitha, Box 5, Tobyhanna, Pa.

FIDELIS ROSARIES



Rightfully acclaimed as America's finest. Designed and produced by skilled craftsmen, using only the highest quality materials available. Fidelis Rosaries can be obtained at better Jewelry, Department and Religious Goods stores everywhere.

ASK TO SEE A FIDELIS FIRST.
F. WHITAKER CO.
50 ALEPPO STREET, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

TOWER OF IVORY

By Rodolfo L. Fonseca. 279 pages.
Messner. \$3.75

Tower of Ivory opens as fifteen nuns are on their way home to Italy from the Chinese Missions. In a special way they are victims of the wars in China. For they have been attacked by Chinese soldiers, and two are with child.

The Vow of Obedience and its workings in the soul are the novel's theme. We are shown how the Sisters, within the framework of the religious life, in which they freely chose to stay, find consolation. How, their terrors and scruples quieted under the wise care of their Superior, thirteen of them persevere in their vocation. Two of the nuns, Hilaria and Juana, are destroyed, but in different ways, by the disaster. One young woman, Sister Praxedes, bears a daughter Addolorata. The relationship between mother and child is Rodolfo Fonseca's main preoccupation.

The early chapters, closing with the audience with the Holy Father, are gems of delicacy and poignance. Then the writing loses austerity, mounting to drama, almost-melodrama, and violence.

The style, as well as the translation by Walter Starkie, are excellent. Despite its ornateness and growing romanticism, the book never loses unity and forward drive. Its heroines, Praxedes and the Superior, Mother Gabriela, are admirably drawn. So too the minor characterizations, the ship's doctor, the convent gardener, the nuns' confessor, Addolorata's foster parents and husband.

Readers who are ignorant of or distrust religious life may find sections disturbing. The plot is, to say the least, unusual. But Fonseca deserves all the awards this book has or will receive. It is an exalted piece of writing, very positive in spirit, compassionate and moving.

CLORINDA CLARKE.

THE CLIFF'S EDGE

By Marie Hackett. 245 pages.
McGraw-Hill. \$3.50

Three things especially shine through this book: courage, intelligence, and faith in God. Mrs. Hackett had been a devoted Catholic all of her twenty-odd years. A graduate of Emmanuel college in Boston, she had entered the Boston University Law School on a three-year scholarship, when she met her husband Paul, who was also studying for his law degree. Marriage and three children followed. Then, suddenly, Paul's sickness began. The worst kind of sickness, perhaps, one can endure—insanity. Paranoid schizophrenia was the ultimate diagnosis of the doctors at the Veteran's Hospital where he was placed, and this is the extremely compelling account of

this young couple's battle against that disease.

There were a few helping hands along the way: a neighbor gave her time, a Franciscan priest offered prayers and counsel, a New York doctor lent advice. But the large majority of people were cruelly ignorant in their attitude toward Mrs. Hackett and her husband, and the long road, despite an occasional outstretched hand, was an extremely lonely one. Eventually, Paul recovered. One feels that, in large measure, the victory was due to Mrs. Hackett's constant vigil of faith, hard work, and prayer.

A twin theme emerges from the book in addition to the one dealing with the importance of faith and personal sacrifice in times of hardship. The problems which faced Paul, and which had much to do with his illness, are ones besetting a good many young men of superior intelligence and ideals today. How maintain your equilibrium in a world of distorted values and goals? How support your family decently while remaining faithful—faithful in every small, uncompromising detail—to your beliefs? It is a question not easily answered. Its solution depends upon faith, faith of a kind not in abundance today. As an example of two people who demonstrated such a faith, this book provides inspiring reading.

RICHARD C. CROWLEY.

SYNGMAN RHEE: THE MAN BEHIND THE MYTH

By Robert T. Oliver. 380 pages.
Dodd, Mead. \$5.00

President Syngman Rhee of Korea is personally admired not only by millions of his countrymen but also by such distinguished people as John Foster Dulles, Douglas MacArthur, and James Van Fleet. The reasons for this admiration are presented enthusiastically and readably in this biography by Robert T. Oliver.

Against odds which would have broken the spirit of a lesser man, Rhee has dedicated his life to Korean independence. He has shown immense courage as well as immense cleverness in the good cause. Communists, of course, hate him—as do those liberals who regarded the Mao gang in China as "agrarian reformers."

But fairness to the readers of this review obliges the reviewer to point out (as the published points out on the dust jacket) that Dr. Oliver is manager of the Washington Bureau of the Korean Pacific Press and editor of the *Korean Survey*. As such, he is as much an apologist as he is a biographer; he is virtually a paid lobbyist. Now a paid lobbyist can be sincere and honest, as Dr. Oliver is, but he cannot be dispassionate. Rhee is a crypto-socialist in principle and an autocrat in practice.

Perhaps an autocrat is what Korea needs; but, if that is so, then Korea is not quite the same kind of republic as the United States, and Americans ought to know this.

A balanced study of Rhee would not be a defamation of him. It would reveal him as a leader of considerable capacity, integrity, spirituality, and attractiveness. But it will take someone more dispassionate than Dr. Oliver to do the job.

HUGH CROSSON.

PADRE PRO

By Fanchón Royer.
Kenedy.

248 pages.
\$3.50

It is an electrifying experience to be confronted with the life of a contemporary who faced the same problems as ours, in a time and place within our range, and who managed to become a saint. Such a



F. Royer

one was Father Miguel Pro, who lived and died within the memory of most of those who will read this book. Though not officially a saint as yet, in 1952, twenty-five years after his execution, his cause came up for beatification and was duly ratified by the Church. He lived through a kind of persecution which, if we then thought remote, has since become altogether too familiar and too close to our own experience. He died a martyr for the Faith under the Calles-Oregon reign of terror in Mexico.

The lives of the saints, and the near-saints, follow a general pattern from which each one deviates in a particular way. Father Pro was a Jesuit. As a boy he worked with his father, a mining engineer, and learned firsthand of the needs of the people. His vocation was carried out in his mission to the laborer and the poor, and in a sense he was a "priest-worker" long before the movement was heard of in France. It was while he was ministering to his poor, disguised as a worker and hunted from place to place, that he was struck down.

Mrs. Royer has written a stirring biography, a little too cloying perhaps in the childhood scenes, but giving on the whole a fine insight into the Mexican character and life of those terrible days.

FORTUNATA CALIRI.

ST. THOMAS MORE

By E. E. Reynolds.
Kenedy.

390 pages.
\$6.00

On the eve of the twentieth anniversary of the canonization of St. Thomas More, E. E. Reynolds, an English school-teacher, turned biographer, has pro-

duced a lucid, thoroughly documented life of that well-beloved but often-maligned English martyr.

Reynolds acknowledges his debt to Father Thomas E. Bridgett, whose lives of St. John Fisher and St. Thomas More in the late 1880's did so much to clear up the prejudiced view advanced by so many of the Reformation writers. In writing his biography, Reynolds possessed what Father Bridgett did not: the collected letters of More's life-long companion, Erasmus, and the *Correspondence of Sir Thomas More*, published in 1947.

Whenever possible, the author quotes from documentary evidence and in so doing refutes many of the ill-founded charges against the great Chancellor. In particular, Reynolds demonstrates More's love of religious orders, thereby deflating the ancient falsehood about More's dispositions.

It is a tranquil picture of Thomas More that Reynolds paints. Twice married and many times a father, More loved hearth and home. He was London's first citizen and the keenest wit of his day. Even ascending the gallows, More could not pass up the opportunity for wit. "Help me up," he asked his executioners, "but on coming down, let me shift for myself."

Reynolds is at great pains to point out the true issue surrounding More's year-long imprisonment. With precision, he distinguishes between treason to the English Crown and adherence to the supremacy of Rome. The religious theme is the dominant one.

With the publication last year of Brady's fictionalized life of More, *Stage of Fools*, it appears there is a More revival. To coin a phrase which the saint himself might have minted, "Nothing could please us more."

FRANCIS X. GALLAGHER.

CLOWN

By Emmett Kelly.
Prentice-Hall.

271 pages.
\$3.95

One would think that a book about the circus by one of its most famous clowns would provoke a good deal of light-hearted laughter and little else. But, oddly enough, the strongest single impression which emerges from the book is a curious feeling of sadness—the feeling that, when the Big Top has been taken down, and the animals caged, and the train has begun its midnight crawl across the sleeping country side to its next stop, the laughter and applause that rang so loudly a few hours earlier now echoes rather hauntingly, and that the nomad life of the circus performer is a lonely existence indeed.

Clown is Emmett Kelly's autobiography, and Mr. Kelly, as every Barnum and Bailey fan knows, is the famed sad-

To Give Real Pleasure, GIVE . . .

THE FISHERMAN'S RING

By Teri Martini

Charmingly told, carefully authentic life of Pius X for boys and girls. One of those rare books which delight children—and adults can't put down. Abundantly illustrated by June Roberts . . . 128 pp., \$2.00

KULIK'S FIRST SEAL HUNT

By Alma Savage

Young readers are never consciously aware of the lessons of courage and self-dependence skillfully taught in these exciting pages. The story concerns a young Eskimo boy, Kulik, who, during his father's illness, hunts the indispensable seal. Hoonah, the lead dog, plays an important part. Illustrated . . . 124 pp., \$1.25

KING OF THE PYGMIES

By Thomas A. Labey, C.S.C.

Joe Holland, a Brooklyn boy travelling in Africa, is taken captive by the Pygmies. He is faced not only with the problem of making his own escape, but also with that of finding and rescuing his father, a captive of the cannibals. Illustrated.

302 pp., \$2.50

Order from your bookstore,
or directly from

ST. ANTHONY GUILD PRESS

Dept. 4-2015

Paterson 3, N. J.

An inspiring new novel by

OWEN FRANCIS DUDLEY

author of "The Masterful Monk"

LAST CRESCENDO

A brilliant young musician cries out to Father Thornton from the brink of suicide, where failures produced by his atheism have driven him. What happens when he finds true faith, and how that faith triumphs over the most trying test make a rich, rewarding and fascinating story of good and evil in our time. \$3.75

Don't miss the Canonization
Edition of

The Great Mantle

The Standard Life of Pius X

By KATHERINE BURTON

\$3.75 at all bookstores

LONGMANS, GREEN AND COMPANY

55 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. 3

SIGN SUBSCRIBERS IN CANADA

You may send your payments to

THE SIGN

Passionist Fathers

Box 53, Station K

Toronto, Ontario

NEW way to enjoy SPORTS movies, television

MADE IN
GERMANY



Get CLOSE-UP views
... ALL DAY ...
without fatigue!

Here for the first time—Germany's famed SPEKTOSCOPIES—a revolutionary concept in binoculars. Wear them like ordinary eyeglasses—hour after hour—without fatigue. Featherweight—only 1 oz. You'll hardly FEEL them! Yet here is a new, truly powerful optical design that gives you greater range than many expensive opera or field glasses and a far greater field of view than some selling for many times more! Has INDIVIDUAL eye focusing for clear, sharp viewing, whether you're looking at a play in the first row or a seashore scene miles away! SPEKTOSCOPIES are ideal for indoors, outdoors or distant scenes or close-up viewing. Special low price—\$1.98, a saving of \$8.00 or more.

TRY AT OUR RISK—
NO OBLIGATION!

Enjoy at our risk for 5 days. You must be delighted! Otherwise, your \$1.98 will be refunded with no questions asked! Limited supply forces us to place a limit of 2 per customer. Send check or m. o. for prompt, free delivery. COD's sent plus postage. Use convenient coupon below!

• NOTICE!

FAVORABLE EXCHANGE RATE MAKES THIS VALUE POSSIBLE! This is the first time this type of optical instrument has ever sold for less than \$10.00. The favorable rate of exchange and Germany's need for dollars make it possible. We're the exclusive distributors of SPEKTOSCOPIES in the U.S.A. Order today! INTERNATIONAL BINOCULAR CO., Dept. 39-F-90, 352 Fourth Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

International Binocular Co.
Dept. 39-F-90, 352 Fourth Ave.,
New York 10, N. Y.

RUSH.....SPEKTOSCOPIES at \$1.98 each (LIMIT-2) on 5-day home trial. You are to refund my \$1.98 if I am not fully satisfied.
☐ Payment enclosed, Send post free. ☐ Send C.O.D. plus fees.

Name
Address
TownZone.....State.....

faceted funnyman in the tramp's costume who, for so many seasons now, has delighted the hearts of young and old children with his costumed antics. He tells, with a winning modesty and simplicity, of his rise from Kansas farmboy to circus fame. His path was a rocky one, and the victory which Mr. Kelly won was entirely self-earned.

But if Mr. Kelly's outward success has been large and, in a sense, even dazzling, his personal life (two divorces, two sons reared by relatives) has been unfortunate and his professional stature hard won. There is a tone of wistful regret to much of his narrative. He has known the bright lights, all right, but along the way he has also discovered that the shiny, painted dolls that line the carnival booths along the gay "Midway" are only made of sawdust after all.

RICHARD CROWLEY.

MINUTES OF THE LAST MEETING

Gene Fowler.
Viking.

277 pages.
\$3.75

The author of this book of Martini-flavored chronicles keeps telling the reader that the men about whom he is writing were "extraordinary, vital, forthright." Extraordinary they certainly seem to have been, but he produces little evidence to demonstrate the other qualities he attributes to them.

Against a background of anecdotes concerning John Barrymore, W. C. Fields, and a painter named John Decker, with various "extras" recruited principally from the cinema world, all a boozy and rather lamentable lot, Gene Fowler sketches a kind of biography of a frankly nasty old man called Sadakichi Hartmann, half Japanese, half German, all quite distasteful. This evil wraith, who brings to mind the fictitious Enoch Soames of Max Beerbohm, we are asked to believe was a kind of genius. The samples given of his poetry and his art criticism, the two major fields in which his genius manifested itself, do not convince this reader that he has missed anything by never having heard of the man. Nothing which his biographer has elected to tell us about him seems, either, to bear out his contention that Hartmann was dedicated to the "cult of beauty" or that his attitudes demonstrated an unswerving "integrity" in life and in critical conviction.

The tone of the book, when it manages to draw a sober breath, is wordy, mock-sententious, superannuated like the self-centered sodden lives of which it gives us some flashy glimpses.



Gene Fowler

There are a few quite funny stories, mostly involving the outrageous speech and behavior of W. C. Fields. But one wonders why the author took the trouble of padding these out into a long, pretentious book of which, in fine, the best feature seems to be the title, containing at least the germ of a good idea.

FENTON MORAN.

OF WHALES AND MEN

By R. B. Robertson. 300 pages.
Knopf. \$4.50

This report is by a Scotch psychiatrist who in 1950 signed on for eight months as senior medical officer to the 700 members of an Antarctic whaling expedition.

It is three stories in one. It is the story of the largest floating Big Business. Whaling is no longer carried on by harpoon-hurling men aboard tiny vessels. There were fourteen ships in Dr. Robertson's expedition. Among them was the factory ship, a vessel only slightly smaller than the "Queen Mary," with 20,000 tons of modern machinery on its decks designed to extract from every kind of whale the basic ingredients of margarine, soap, vitamin pills, watch oil, and some seventy different pharmaceutical preparations.

It is the story of the whale itself, the innocent giant of the ocean.

And it is the story of the whalemens. "Refugees from civilization," Robertson calls them, men who in Thoreau's words "step to the music" of a "different drummer" and whose choice of an incredibly difficult career reflects in almost every case a profound refusal to accept "adjustment to society" as the highest human good. Dr. Robertson limns them with such compassion and lucidity as to leave the reader with a better understanding of the "refugee from civilization" in each of us. Among mankind, this absorbing tale suggests, "normality" (as psychologists use the term) is like diamonds: highly valued only because it's rare.

A thoughtful book, an exciting book, a worthy successor, to borrow a play on words from the whalemens, of "Maybe Dick."

MILTON LOMASK.

MORE MURDER IN A NUNNERY

Eric Shepherd. 191 pages.
Sheed & Ward. \$2.50

The more advanced students of the detective story can be excused from attendance at this session in which murder, violence, bombs, Communists, and poisonous snakes disrupt the tranquil routine of an English convent school.

While the *aficionados* are dabbling in more complex arenas of crime, those who elect to stay with Reverend Mother and her charges are assured of a disarm-

ing fable, which in less stringent days might have reappeared as a Hollywood vehicle. Using the characters which served so well in his first detective story, *Murder in a Nunnery*, the author serves up a novel and pleasant charade in which the chills and chuckles often collide.

Discovery of a body in the convent garden dump heap is the starting point of a plot which reaches out to include the political troubles of a mythical South American country, hurried glimpses of convent school life, and a cursory glance at two unusual, and interesting, romances. The principal criticism the average reader will probably make is that author Shepherd is so hasty in dismissing some worthwhile scenes and characters that his book is almost too casual and too short.

Though this second visit to the secluded corridors of Harrington Convent lacks the power of the more intricate detection stories, it is not without attractions. It should find a ready welcome in several thousand hammocks this summer.

JERRY COTTER.

SHORT NOTICES

MARGARET. By Marion Crawford. 190 pages. Prentice-Hall. \$2.95. The former governess of the two English Princesses now appears to have completed her story. In the previous volume, Elizabeth emerged as a young woman triumphantly dedicated to queenship. In this one, Margaret is portrayed as a more complex, vivacious person.

Miss Crawford plays down the slightly scandalous "nightclub" aspect and stresses the fundamental gravity which set in after the King's death. But the reader may close her book with a feeling that Margaret ought to have been left alone. The younger sister is still growing up, and since she has no official position comparable to the Queen's, she surely has a right to grow up in more privacy.

THE CORIOLI AFFAIR. By Mary Deasy. 302 pages. Little, Brown. \$3.75. When an author of Miss Deasy's proven ability creates a novel in this pattern, there is but one answer: Hollywood. A mediocre plot and stock characterizations are herein glossed with such standard ingredients as mob violence, illicit romance, and a tear-stained climax.

Lacey Dereen, a young Irish girl seeking a new life in our midwest country, meets handsome Captain Jed Dayton on the bridge of his riverboat. They are soon swept along on an emotional current that bypasses his wife and child and ignores Lacey's Catholicity. "If there's anything after (life) darling, we'll both be in hell. I'm a good enough Catholic to believe that. But it doesn't

make any difference. Don't you think God should have known it wouldn't make any difference when He made us the way we are?"

Jed is charged with his wife's murder, escapes after being found guilty (though he isn't), only to die in a squalid, dirty shanty-boat. Lacey goes on to a rousing success on the Broadway stage, but returns to Corioli in time to be buried next to him in a "lovely corner of the cemetery." In addition to wasting her creative talents, the author degrades them with some flippant, unworthy blasphemy.

LAST CRESCENDO. By Owen Francis Dudley. 311 pages. Longmans. \$3.75. The late Father Dudley's tales about the adventures of the "*Masterful Monk*" made his name well known. This is another novel in the same genre. The principal character is a brilliant pianist who has become a drug addict and potential suicide. His regeneration as the story, keyed to the general theme of love versus hate.

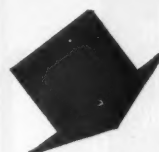
For those who don't mind reading novels that are essentially preachments (and the number of such readers must be considerable), *Last Crescendo* will no doubt fill a need. If however, you are interested in a well-constructed novel with believable characters and motivation, you won't find any satisfaction here.

AN ALCOHOLIC TO HIS SONS. As told to Henry Beetle Hough. 245 pages. Simon & Schuster. \$3.50. This admirable book is dedicated to the Martha's Vineyard Group of Alcoholics Anonymous. Written at the request of a friend of Henry Beetle Hough, it is an honest, straightforward and poignant record of what it means to be an alcoholic.

This is an intensely interesting and highly intelligent book that deserves a wide audience. You won't find any preaching here, but the calm, penetrating analysis of the subject proves that "The craving of the alcoholic . . . results from a sickness in the hidden recesses of the personality, a sickness that is genuine and definable." Everyone can profit from this absorbing book on a much misunderstood and tragic problem.

ROADS TO HOME. By John A. O'Brien. 255 pages. Macmillan. \$3.50. Father O'Brien, professor and indefatigable convert-maker of Notre Dame, gives us here a new anthology of actors in what Michael Williams used to call "the High Romance." These converts to Catholicism are nearly all our contemporaries, and of the greatest variety in background and temperament.

A book tracing the spiritual pilgrimage and journey's end of men as different as Alexis Carrel and Gene Fowler, or the Scottish Dr. Cronin, the Chinese Dr. Wu, and the young Amer-



the Final Secret of Pearl Harbor

THE WASHINGTON CONTRIBUTION TO THE JAPANESE ATTACK

BY REAR ADMIRAL

R. A. THEOBALD

U. S. N. (RET.)

With corroborative forewords by Rear Admiral Husband E. Kimmel, U. S. N. (Ret.), and Fleet Admiral William F. Halsey, U. S. N.

Read how the greatest military disaster in the history of America was planned—not in Tokyo but in Washington, D. C. A story that has to be read to be believed.

That Franklin D. Roosevelt alone was responsible for the helplessness of the Pacific fleet and the unpreparedness of Admiral Kimmel and General Short is the thesis of this book. That he had ample advance warning of the attack on Pearl Harbor, and failed to pass it on to Kimmel and Short, is powerfully argued by the author.

Admiral Theobald—commanding destroyers in the Pacific on December 7, 1941—tells the story that has been successfully kept from the public for a dozen years.

This is the story of a momentous day in American history, about which no American can afford to be in ignorance.

"Whether or not you agree with any or all of his conclusions, Admiral Theobald's book is a 'must' for every American who believes in fair play. Read it with an open mind and arrive at your own conclusions."
—Fleet Admiral William F. Halsey, U.S.N.

THIRD LARGE PRINTING, \$3.50
Order from

THE DEVIN-ADAIR CO.,
Dept. S, 23 E. 26th St., New York 10, N. Y.

Please send me *The Final Secret of Pearl Harbor*.
I enclose check (or money order) for \$3.50.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY..... STATE.....



Louis de Wohl's
new novel of Christianity
and another planet

THE SECOND CONQUEST

A taut, challenging tale of a distant world whose inhabitants are intrinsically good, and of a man who found new understanding of his own faith and of man's place in the universe.

"A good story of interplanetary travel along with much solid theological hypothesis. . . This we like, and recommend without hesitation."—*Books on Trial*

\$3.00 at all bookstores
LIPPINCOTT

BOOK MANUSCRIPTS INVITED

Are you looking for a publisher? Send for our free, illustrated booklet titled *To the Author in Search of a Publisher*. It tells how we can publish, promote and distribute your book, as we have done for hundreds of other writers. All subjects considered. New authors welcomed.

Write today for Booklet BN. It's free.

VANTAGE PRESS, Inc., 120 W. 31 St., N.Y. 1
In Calif.: 6253 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 98

QUICKLY FOLD
OR UNFOLD
FOR
CHANGING
ROOM USES

Mitchell
FOLD-O-LEG
tables



MAXIMUM
SEATING
MINIMUM
STORAGE

**TOPS OF
MASONITE**
**PRESWOOD • FIR
& BIRCH PLYWOOD •**
LINOLEUM • PLASTICS
**STRONG, RIGID
TUBULAR
STEEL LEGS**

Send for folder with complete specifications
MITCHELL MANUFACTURING CO.
2748 S. 34th St., Milwaukee 46, Wis., Dept. 5

SIGN SUBSCRIBERS IN CANADA

You may send your payments to
THE SIGN
Passionist Fathers
Box 53, Station K Toronto, Ontario



CHURCH BULLETINS

Every progressive church should use
Winters' De Luxe Bulletin Board.
Dignified, effective, and economical.
Over 7,000 IN USE, increase attend-
ance, interest and collections. Write
today for illus. Catalog St. H. E.
Winters Specialty Company, Davenport,
Iowa.

ican rector Dr. James Price—along with women as dissimilar as Bella Dodd, Anne Fremantle, and Mary O'Hara—is both a challenge and a beacon to our questing world today.

CHILD WITH A FLOWER—By Elda Bossi. 205 pages. Macmillan. \$3.50. This book may well be called a mother's paean of praise and joy at the mystery which is her child. Elda Bossi is an Italian poetess and woman of letters who tells the story of her daughter's growth from infancy to four years old. Although she tends to shield her child excessively from the ugly or sorrowful, she has some sound advice on what children need most—love, in punishment or in learning.

The writing is highly expressive, almost poetic, and is best taken in small doses. A carefully wrought tribute to the beauty and suffering that motherhood involves.

BISHOP HEALY: BELOVED OUTCASTE. By Albert S. Foley, S. J. 243 pages. Farrar, Straus & Young. \$3.50. In a slim volume, Father Foley has given a biographical sketch of the saintly Bishop James Healy, son of the Irish immigrant Michael Healy and his beautiful mulatto slave-girl wife, Eliza.

Born in ante-bellum Georgia, James Healy, one of ten children, had a care-free childhood on his father's extensive plantations and was not prepared for the often cruel racial bias that haunted his youth and manhood spent in the abolitionist north, except for several peaceful years at St. Sulpice seminary in Paris.

The story of the slave-boy raised to the bishopric of Portland, Maine, by Pope Leo X is a study in gentleness and humility versus prejudice. Father Foley's excellent research provides material for a full-scale biography.

GUIDEPOSTS TO THE FUTURE. By General William H. Wilbur. 176 pages. Regnery. \$2.50. Most thinking people impute failure to the over-all impact of United States foreign policy since World War II. They might not, however, be able readily to enumerate the key situations in which this policy has been applied, to analyze its special forms, and to add up its effects. They might be even less capable of suggesting a detailed new policy which would correct the flaws in the old one. General Wilbur has done just that. And, in the light of hard historical fact, it is difficult to see how any objective observer could quarrel with his conclusions.

Samples of his new policy are: withdrawal from dependence on U.N. security measures and the substitution of individual or regional security contracts; strict regard for the rights of other nations no matter how small, rather than a disposition to swap their rights for some current expedient of our own; aid,

short of war, to any nation which desires to win or regain its freedom; determination to win the cold war with Russia rather than settle for a stalemate.

General Wilbur is well equipped to suggest practical policy. Besides being an ace combat officer in World War II, he has traveled extensively as an expert in the field of social, economic, and political development.

THE LEGACY OF LUTHER. By Ernst Walter Zeeden. 221 pages. Newman. \$3.50. Catholics usually think of heresy in terms of deviation from traditional doctrine as represented in the Catholic Church. American Catholics are accustomed to think of Lutheranism as a highly conservative form of Protestantism, remarkably inert to the changes which have overtaken other forms. In this very sympathetic study of Lutheran variations, as instanced by Lutheran leaders up to the nineteenth century, Ernst Walter Zeeden corrects both impressions.

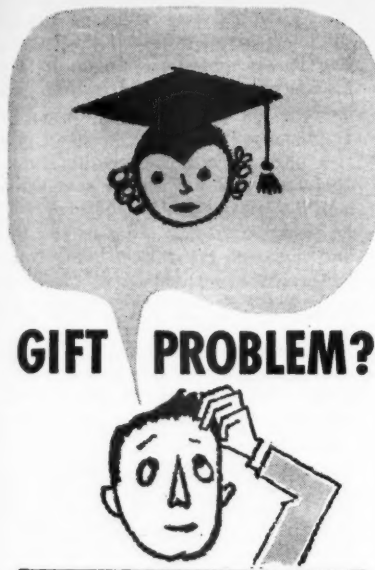
Lutheranism has been most fruitful of heresies from the doctrine of Luther. Some of these specifically Lutheran heresies have run to an extreme of rationalism and secularism. This is a book for the student of history. Particularly for one interested in seeing how doctrinally unstable Protestantism is even in its most tradition-bound exemplification.

THE LONG ROAD OF FATHER SERRA. By Theodore Maynard. 297 pages. Appleton-Century-Crofts. \$3.50. Father Junipero Serra, the founder of California and of the Californian Missions, accomplished a great deal during his lifetime. He left a comfortable teaching position at the University of Palma on the lovely island of Mallorca where he was born, to pursue a more active, arduous road as a missionary in the still unsettled and savage Western region of the North American continent.

With quiet efficiency, he proceeded to establish a small community in the California region, where the Indians might earn a living for themselves and draw closer to God under the direction of the priests.

Maynard tells this story with an unassuming grace that has made him one of our most respected modern Catholic writers. What emerges is an inspiring example of what one man with faith and courage can do.

THE FINAL SECRET OF PEARL HARBOR. By Rear Admiral Robert A. Theobald, USN, Ret. 202 pages. Devin-Adair. \$3.50. Admiral Theobald was at Pearl Harbor with Admiral Kimmel at the time of Japan's sneak attack, on December 7, 1941. He assisted Admiral Kimmel, when the Admiral testified before the Roberts' Commission which investigated that disaster within a month of its occurrence. For many years, he



The Sign

will solve it!

ORDER NOW!

THE SIGN Magazine
Room 103, Sign Bldg.,
Union City, N. J.

Rev. dear Father: Please enter subscription(s) for the following: (Check here ☐ if gift cards should be sent to you, so you may send them personally).

Name

Address

City Zone State

☐ One Year \$3 ☐ Two Years \$5
Subscription is ☐ NEW ☐ RENEWAL
☐ Send Gift Card Directly, Signed:

From

ALSO, PLEASE ENTER ☐ RENEW ☐
MY OWN SUBSCRIPTION FOR.....YEARS.

MY NAME

ADDRESS

CITY ZONE STATE

☐ I ENCLOSE \$..... ☐ PLEASE BILL ME

GIFT RATES:
One Year \$3.00

Two Years or Two 1-Year Subscriptions \$5.00
Each Additional 1-Year—\$2.50
Foreign: Add 50c Per Year

has gathered information pertaining to the attack, and, out of this and his expert knowledge of military practice, has pieced together a picture of what, in his opinion, happened both at Pearl Harbor and at Washington to provoke and guarantee success to the assault.

Probably, Admiral Theobald has given more time and attention to the Pearl Harbor mystery than any man alive. His opinion, consequently, has a unique authority. His opinion is this: President Roosevelt, in an effort to force the American public into World War II, baited Japan into attacking us. The provocation was administered through diplomatic insult and through leaving Pearl Harbor conspicuously undefended. Roosevelt knew the attack was to be made on December 7, 1941. He kept this information from the military authorities at Pearl Harbor, lest Japan be frightened off by defensive operations. Subsequent investigations of the event have been conducted in such a manner as to whitewash the Administration's deliberate contribution to the disaster while censuring the local military command for something it could not have helped.

That is Admiral Theobald's case. It has ugly political implications. But, as he develops it, it is very persuasive.

BEFORE THE DAWN. By Eugenio Zolli. 209 pages. Sheed & Ward. \$3.25. The former Chief Rabbi of Rome offers an unusual autobiography of the events which preceded his conversion to Catholicism, the time "before the dawn." It is no mere history of himself framed in the world he lived in, a world which tore him cruelly from his economic and social anchorage. It is no mere record of growing conviction under the impact of exposure to Christian doctrine. Those are the common styles of personal history, and to some extent Dr. Zolli must necessarily fill in part of his background with them. His main interest, however, is to write an account of the things which crowded his thoughts. His preoccupation with the revealed messages with which God favored His chosen people. His fascination with the character of Christ as depicted in the Old and New Testaments, and with the devotional life of those who lived for God. Dr. Zolli is a contemplative, a fact which appears in his book long before he, himself, somewhat dubiously reports that the observation had been made by acquaintances. *Before the Dawn* is in no sense a popular book. It bears the mark of profound scholarship on every page. But, as the story of a soul, it belongs unashamedly with such texts as Augustine's and Teresa's. It offers the uncommon spectacle of a modern contemplative made by the old Hebrew faith and grafted in our days to the mystical tree of Christ.

**Here's the proof of
Communist
infiltration in our
government
in a book
recommended by**

Rev. James M. Gillis
C.S.P.
of *The Catholic World*

The Web of Subversion

UNDERGROUND NETWORKS IN
THE U. S. GOVERNMENT

By James Burnham

"The 'Web' is of course Communism. It caught and held government employees in 59 departments and agencies . . . Mr. Burnham . . . must make good in his accusations. Perhaps it is the best commendation of his work to say simply that he has done just that . . . More thrilling than any whodunit . . . in a rather dreadful way — fascinating." — **FATHER GILLIS**

"Appalling but convincing."
—*Chicago Tribune*

**"Balanced, detailed,
compelling."**
—*Newsweek*

\$3.75 at all bookstores

THE JOHN DAY COMPANY

Sales Office: 210 Madison Ave., New York 16

**IF & WHEN You Move
Please Remember to Send
Your Old AND New Address
to THE SIGN**

**Enjoy a holiday of music-making,
singing and folk-dancing with the
famous TRAPP FAMILY SINGERS
in the beautiful Green Mts. of Vermont**

Three 10-day Sing Weeks
July 19-Aug. 26
Liturgical Week
Aug. 2-12
Msgr. Hellriegel
assisting

**Trapp
Family
Music
Camp**

Write for details
MISS S. S. TRAPP, STOWE, VERMONT

New Hearing Aid Without Tubes

Costly B-Battery eliminated! All battery costs slashed 80%! Powered by 3 genuine Raytheon Transistors! Vacuum tubes banished forever! For full information, use handy coupon below. No obligation whatsoever. A postcard will do.

Electronic Research Director
Belmont Hearing Aid Co., Dept. 3476
2900 W. 36th St., Chicago 32, Ill.

Please rush complete facts on new miracle all-transistor tubeless hearing aid.

Name

Address

City..... State.....



Established 1891

CHURCH PEWS

CHURCH FURNITURE ECCLESIASTICAL WOODWORK

Send for Catalogue

CARONDELET
MANUFACTURING CO.

5835 So. Broadway St. Louis 11, Mo.

330 DIFFERENT STAMPS

for only 25¢

(Catalog value, \$5.85)



SOUTH
POLE
SET



plus 12 GIANT
TRIANGLES

(Alone worth 50¢)
Valuable imported collection includes new CROATIA giant triangle set—6 postage, 6 airmails—picturing exotic flowers and birds in full color! You also get SOUTH POLE—unique set of 4 to carry mail from Antarctic Base; PORTUGUESE COLONIES—1951 Sacred Art Collection from scarce colonies like Cape Verde, Angola, etc.; RUSSIA—World War I enormous charities portray St. George slaying the Dragon; plus hundreds more! Grand total of 330 stamps—reg. \$6.85 value—all yours for just 25¢ to introduce our Bargain Approvals. Included FREE—Midget Encyclopedia of Stamps! Send 25¢ Today.

ASK FOR LOT FY11
ZENITH CO., 81 Willoughby St., Brooklyn 1, N.Y.



LEARN AT HOME TO HELP THE SICK

There's always a demand—at high pay—for those skilled in caring for the sick. You can learn in spare time to be a nurse's aide, practical nurse or infant nurse. Men and women, 18-60. High school not required! Physicians endorse course; graduates get jobs quickly. Easy payments; earn as you learn. Trial plan. 5th year.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 206, 25 East Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Ill.

Please send me free booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.
Name.....
City..... State..... Age.....

MAIN STREET, ENGLAND

(Continued from page 33)

The Bonfire Boys carry an effigy of the famous Catholic recusant. Says Mr. Allwork, "The head, I believe, is 200 years old. They store it in an attic, no one knows where. They collect for charity and everyone comes from miles around. Everyone, except the Catholics! And I don't blame 'em!" adds Mr. Allwork, his eyes twinkling. Battle became famous for gunpowder after the iron industry died. There's still a Powder Mill Lane off Main Street.

JUST above Allwork's is another factory—Newbery's Jam Factory. Nancy Dann, in her thirties, is filling the great jars of marmalade that splashes hot from a machine into a zinc trough. Nancy has worked here for twenty-four years. She is Secretary of her Trades Union, visits London for meetings, and generally looks after the women workers—the majority in this firm. One is not surprised to learn that Nancy's ambition was to become a hospital nurse, so obviously capable is she. But the claims of invalid parents kept her, the youngest daughter, in local industry.

I inquire about her Union work. "Mr. Newbery is very decent," she replies. "He lends us the mess room for our branch meetings and does not charge." She adds with typical British caution, "We've never had to be very nasty with the management. We're quite a happy family."

Women workers, thinks Nancy, are more outspoken than men in disputes. "Men complain among themselves, but they're frightened of the employer. Of course they retort that women's wages are only pin money, while men have their families to think of." This line annoys Miss Dann, who shares the rent of a Council House with another girl worker. And the women's wage is about five dollars a week lower than the men's. Nor is she too keen on family allowances, introduced by Labor in 1946. In her opinion, young mothers today get a squarer deal than spinsters. But she votes Labor.

By now the day is beginning to wane. Children are coming home from school. Rosy cheeks and good clothes seem to be the rule. Mr. Emeleus has already pointed out what a difference the Health Service has made to mothers and children. Before it, only the father was insured.

Our tour is nearly ended. We are back almost opposite the house at the top of Main Street where we began.

Here, at last, is the Catholic Church. Father Crommelin has not been in Battle quite a year, but he likes the change from a large London parish. He looks far younger than his fifty years, but he

takes a somber view of life. "I don't like the modern world. We talk about Godless Russia. Modern England is just as Godless. But Battle is not in the modern world, so I'll be quite happy if I end my days here." "How far would you have to go back, Father?" I ask, "before you found an age that was not Godless? To the Middle Ages?" "Oh," he answers smiling, "if I'd lived a thousand years ago I'd still be saying I didn't like the Godless modern world!" Everyone likes this sincere priest, who "sees life steadily and sees it whole." Incidentally, he's a nephew of Britain's Poet Laureate, John Masefield.

TO my question about the parish, he tells me there are a hundred very good Catholics who come to church and a hundred others who, for reasons good and bad, do not. The church was built and endowed in the 1880's by the Earl of Ashburnham, a local landowner and convert. Until a year ago two noble ladies were its pillars: Lady Catherine Ashburnham and Countess Brassey. Today they are both dead, and Catholicism in Battle enters on a new stage. More than ever its future depends on priest and people—the ordinary people of England, with their mixed descent from Saxon and Norman, Huguenot, and Irish. Other English small towns, especially up North, would show a higher proportion of Catholics to the population. And there also would be a stronger Labor vote.

But this busy Main Street of the South gives a true picture of smalltown England today. For it combines order and tradition with tough good humor and love of freedom.



Handled with Care

► While a young mother was bathing her young baby, a neighbor's little girl stood by and watched. The child was holding her doll, which was minus one arm and one leg.

After watching the bathing process for awhile, the little girl inquired:

"How long have you had your baby, Mrs. Gray?"

"Just three months," the young mother replied proudly.

"My," said the little girl, "but you have kept her nice."

—Ruth Stocks

Beautiful 12 carat gold plated pins designed for Catholics. Sister Superior says "They are nice for people of the Catholic faith." Brooch with cross & chain \$1.25. Scatter pins \$1.00. Agents write for details.
O'DELL'S - St. Joseph Home - Springfield, Ill.

CALLING ALL WOMEN

50 Golden Hours of Retreat
In Historic Old New England

THE PASSIONIST SISTERS RETREAT HOUSE

about midway between New York and Boston on the New Haven Railroad. Modern Accommodations for individuals or groups on any weekend. Renowned Retreat Preachers. Picturesque grounds. Excellent cuisine.

MOTHER M. CLOTILDE, C. P.

IMMACULATE HEART RETREAT HOUSE

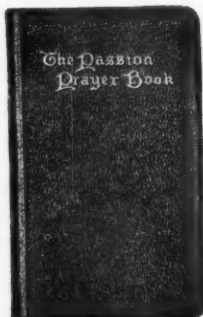
Peace Dale, Rhode Island (Tel. NAragansett 3-2761)

MAKE Rosaries

It's easy . . . Profitable.
Send 10c (refunded first order) today
for your complete catalog and
instructions.
Pittshire

Box 988 F
Pittsfield, Mass.

The Passionists Present . . .



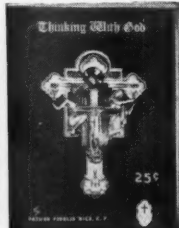
384
Pages

3 1/4"
x
5 1/2"

No. 55—(Shown here) Cover is of genuine black Morocco leather. \$2.50
No. 54—Black simulated leather, red under gold page edgings. . . . \$1.75



The booklet of
"words of encour-
agement", 96 pp.
3 1/2" x 5 1/2" . . . 25c



"Thought sketch-
es" to help you
pray. 64 pp, 5" x
7" 25c

ORDER FROM:

THE SIGN Room 106-A UNION CITY, N. J.

VOICE OF THE DRUMS

(Continued from page 43)

the sitting room where, listening to the sound of the drums, he had watched Jan while she slept.

He heard the drums now.

He went across the yard, through the hedge and down the path. It seemed a necessary thing to do. Through the trees he saw a flicker of firelight by the thatched-roofed houses. The sound of the drums pulled him on—a quick, nervous patter as before, but with the same fundamental beat beneath the bubbles. And, as before, the nervous rhythm faltered as the drummers tired of play-acting. The deeper flood flowed on.

They did it with their hands. With calloused, long-fingered hands which had known nothing but labor since the world began. But the cry of the drums came from the heart and called to any heart rubbed raw enough to listen.

JIM knew what he would do when he got home. That was fundamental. He would roll up his sleeves again and work at what he could believe in. There was no joy in the decision because he was too full of misery, but he felt a kind of low-key triumph.

He halted. The firelight reached out to touch him and the swaying shapes were still. Then he saw Jan. She had come in from the road and now stood unmoving at the edge of the glow, her suitcase at her feet. She was not looking at him. Her gaze was fixed on the drummers. The sound of the drums had drawn her, Jim realized, just as it had drawn him.

He crossed the hard-earth clearing and stood before her, indifferent to the stares of the peasants. "You too?" he said softly.

She looked at him at last. "I didn't mean to stop. I had to."

"Why?"

"Jim," she said, "you're such a fool. I didn't say you had to accept Pelley's proposition. I didn't say I wanted you to."

Jim reached for her hands and held them. "I was a fool. I'm not any more."

"Sure?"

He put his fist gently under her chin and tipped her head back. Before kissing her he said, "Farmer's wives don't get to cocktail parties very often. You want to think about that."

She took in a breath. "For your information, my pop runs a small-town garage and I could drive a tractor when I was eight."

Jim grinned. He turned to salute the drummers. "Go ahead, beat it out," he told them. "Beat it out good."

Tucking her arm in his, he led her up the path to the house while the drums boomed out a processional.

"With its maps and its many handsome photographs, this book should provide the pilgrimage-minded American a wonderful excuse and incentive for taking to the highways this spring."

—AVE MARIA



CATHOLIC SHRINES in the UNITED STATES and CANADA

By Father Francis Beauchesne Thornton

In this informative and rewarding new book, Fr. Thornton describes in words and pictures the 119 Catholic shrines of popular pilgrimage in this country and Canada. He tells of the miracles, devotions, history, art, and architecture of such shrines as St. Joseph's Oratory in Montreal, St. Anne-de-Beaupré in Quebec, the Sanctuaries of the North American Martyrs at Auriesville, N. Y., and the famous missions of California and the Southwest.

This handsome book about a rich part of our spiritual heritage is full of faith and hope and wonder—the perfect book to take with you on your vacation as a guide to the shrines along the way. 352 pages, more than 140 photographs and maps, \$4.75.

At Your Bookstore or Use the
Free-Examination Coupon Below

— FREE EXAMINATION COUPON —
WILFRED FUNK, Inc., Dept. TS-654
153 East 24th St., New York 10, N. Y.
Please send me an examination copy
of "Catholic Shrines in the United
States and Canada." After 5 days I
will either send you \$4.75, plus a
few cents postage, or return the
book and owe nothing.
Name
Address
City Zone State
(If you send \$4.75 with this coupon we
will pay postage. Return privilege and
refund guaranteed.)

ACCORDIONS

FAMOUS ITALIAN MAKES

The Vatican's Choice

Now! Offered to Students, Teachers, Professionals,
and Church Groups—DIRECT at

WHOLESALE PRICES

Illustrated folder FREE—Write TODAY!

Accordian Manufacturers & Wholesalers Outlet
Dept. TS, 2003 W. Chicago Ave., Chicago 22, Ill.

SPECIAL MARIAN YEAR RELEASE

Sign of the Cross

Sung by ENZO DE MOLA with Lloyd

Shaffer Orch. and RAY CHARLES CHOIR

Featured on Rosary Hour Program, Boston

Backed with "The Voice in the Old Village

Choir"



CASA GRANDE RECORDS

6 Carter Place, Woburn, Mass

NAME

ADDRESS STATE

75 RPM 45 RPM
\$1.00 Post Prepaid—No C.O.D.



German POWERHOUSE Binoculars give 9X AREA magnification!

Ground & Polished Precision Lenses
20 Mile Range • Handsome Carrying Case

\$11.98 Tax Pd.
With Case

THORESEN—world's greatest importer of German binoculars—brings you the famed POWERHOUSE Binoculars from West Germany! 9 X AREA MAGNIFICATION! Precision Ground, Polished lenses give you super viewing. Grained Nubian finish. Streamlined design; hinge model lets you adjust to EXACT space between your eyes. Centerpost focusing. High luminosity. Extra structural strength plus feather weight. (Only 9½ oz.). Made by highly trained artisans in Germany—world's outstanding producer of quality optics! Get superb views from 180 ft. to 20 miles! Accurate, long wearing, dependable. Handsome carrying case included. Send \$11.98 for prompt, tax and postpaid delivery. Check, cash or m. o. CODs sent plus fees. Full 7-Day Money-Back Guarantee. Order NOW from:

THORESEN'S, Dept. 39-F-6, 352 Fourth Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

MAKE YOUR WILL!



DON'T NEGLECT IT...
Take steps to protect your loved ones now. We supply Will forms with sheet of necessary instructions to write a valid will. All required legal wording. Valid in all states. Witnesses see your signature only.

L. A. RALL

P. O. Box 633, Santa Barbara, Calif.

Trinity College for Women

In beautiful Vermont
Conducted by the Sisters of Mercy
Tuition \$300 per year
B.A. and B.S. Degrees - Teacher and Secretary Training - Music and Science
Write to: Director of Admissions
Trinity College
Burlington, Vermont

MOUNT ST. CHARLES ACADEMY

Boarding School for BOYS Woonsocket, R. I.
Directed by the Brothers of the Sacred Heart.
Grade 8, through High School, State Accredited
Classical, Scientific, Commercial, and General Courses. Very moderate rates. Write for catalog.

Caldwell College for Women

Conducted by the Sisters of St. Dominic
CALDWELL, NEW JERSEY
Fully Accredited
Offering A.B. and B.S. Degrees
Teacher and Secretarial Training

ARCHMERE ACADEMY

Accredited boys' preparatory school under Norbertine Canons. High school only. Limited enrollment, resident or day. Public speaking, music, social activities. Moral and spiritual guidance. Complete sports program. For catalog and information write:

Very Reverend Headmaster
Box 8, Claymont, Delaware

Immaculata JUNIOR COLLEGE

Directed by the Sisters of Providence of Saint-Mary-of-the-Woods, Indiana. Fully accredited, 2-year transfer course in Liberal Arts. Terminal courses in Home Economics, Secretarial Science, Art, Voice, Instrumental Music (incl. Harp). Social, educational and cultural advantages of Nation's Capital. Resident and day. Catalog. Registrar, Department S Washington 16, D. C.

Georgetown Preparatory School

Successful preparation for leading colleges and universities since 1789. Under Jesuit Fathers. Fully accredited. 7th grade through High School. 93 acres of campus and playing fields. Nine-hole golf course. Boys enjoy advantages of Washington. For catalog and view book address: Rev. Wm. A. Ryan, S.J., Headmaster, Box 5, Garrett Park, Maryland. Suburban to Washington, D. C.

Located in Canada's beautiful capital, the Pontifical University of Ottawa offers

COURSES IN PHILOSOPHY

in either regular or summer sessions leading to the B.A., M.A., and Ph.D. Degrees.

For further information address:
The Dean of the Faculty of Philosophy,
University of Ottawa, Canada.

COLLEGE OF SAINT ELIZABETH

Resident and Day
A.B. and B.S. Degrees
Liberal arts, sciences, business administration, home economics, pre-medical, teacher training.
Spacious campus. Complete facilities for student activities program
Convent Station, New Jersey

GEORGIAN COURT COLLEGE

Lakewood, New Jersey
Four-year course leading to B.A. and B.S. degrees
Liberal Arts: Fine Arts: Science: Music:
Teacher Training: Home Economics: Business Administration.
Fully Accredited.

Academy of St. Elizabeth

Accredited Prep and general courses. Music, art, dramatics, sec'l. Spacious campus. Complete athletic program. 94th year. Catalog: Address

Directress, Convent, New Jersey

Barry College

Miami, Florida
Conducted by Adrian Dominicans

- SCHOOL OF NURSING
Four-Year Collegiate Program
- DEGREES IN ARTS AND SCIENCES
M.A., M.S., B.A., B.S.

Art, Dietetics, Home Economics, Medical Technology, Music, Pre-Medics, Social Service, Teacher Training

- SECRETARIAL WORK
Two-Year Terminal Course
- PHYSICAL EDUCATION
Major in Teacher Training

IF I HAD IT TO DO OVER AGAIN

(Continued from page 46)

that nothing short of a big fire is going to make a woman hurry.

Lots of times, at Mass, I find that, instead of concentrating on what's going on at the altar, I'm looking across three kids at Peg and I'm thinking. She must feel the glance because, as I watch the lips move swiftly and the beads move slowly, she turns to glance my way, smile briefly, and return to what she is doing.

WE still meet difficult situations. A year or two ago, I made a wrong move and we lost \$15,000—every nickel we had saved. But somehow, we found that we could live without it. In fact, after the initial shock, we decided that we still had our health and that, in the mid-forties, we may still have some fruitful years ahead. At the time, we owned a big new house. We sold it at a loss and bought a smaller one.

The older we get, the more happiness we realize. There is a deeper, more lasting thrill to holding hands now than back in 1929. We learned, a long time ago, that real happiness is a reflective process. I get much more of a boot out of buying a new hat for "Mom" than I do out of buying a new suit for myself. And Peg, on the other hand, never tells me when she is going to have hot biscuits for dinner because she'd rather watch my expression when she brings the little basket in with the napkin on top. For us now, happiness seems always to lie in someone else's face.

Our eldest girl now has a boy friend. He's her favorite, a very special boy. And we smile through our anguish when she talks blithely of marrying him in three years (he is going to college and has no job) and she is quite certain that she and Eddie are going to have exactly four children "two boys and two girls—the boy first, of course."

We smile. But we ache inside too. And in the aching we know that there is nothing we can do to help; no amount of preaching on our part is going to change that child a whit; no pleading or even tears is going to make her stop and think. Someday all too soon, the same will happen to Junior and to Alice. All we can do is to help them grow up before marriage. Right now, the kids refer to us as old fogies, and perhaps we are. And someday, by the very nature of things, they too will be called "old fogies."

It's the law of time.

But, you say, what about that title? Suppose you had it to do all over again. What would you do? That's easy. I'd marry the same girl under exactly the same circumstances.

LETTERS



Ads and TV

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Re: "Current Fact and Comment" in the April issue of THE SIGN.

You have missed the boat entirely concerning the psychology of American advertising. It is leveled not at the listener's mind, but at his attention. The ads have become "sillier and sillier," as you say, as Americans have become more and more inured to them.

In our home as in millions, the "commercial" time is the time to run to the ice box for refreshments (not in Lent, of course), to check the baby, or to comment among ourselves so that living room conversation will not be completely a forgotten culture.

If we do not employ ourselves in doing violence on the advertisers, perhaps it is not so much inertia as courtesy. After all, we're being handed million-dollar entertainment at their expense—they're entitled to whatever pleases them in their desperate but useless efforts at holding our attention. Besides, it amuses the kiddies—so why get excited?

MRS. GENE WILL

MOUNTAIN VIEW, N. J.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

In studying the article, "How Red the Herring?" and its intimation that officials of past administrations are as guilty of treason as those actually charged with the act, I was shocked to read the following statement: "For every tract which is read on the alleged crushing of civil liberties, one should read at least one documented report issued by the government." Your editorial faces should be red for sanctioning, by publication, such a statement. For on page 10 of the same issue, some still, brave voice suggests that there is only one way to smoke out Communists and that is by "the quiet, plodding approach of the F.B.I." Mr. Riesel's statement seems to imply that it is a job for the kind of inquisitor who thrived during the blackest hours of European history. . . .

On page 7 of this same April issue one of your writers gave me particular offense by attacking the advertising profession, the one in which I happen to earn my family's living. First he described all advertising as being of "weird character." Then he set forth to claim that the tactics of the profession are wholly questionable. I would like to interrupt him in the midst of his spleen to point out just two examples of the great good accomplished in this broad field. One, that advertising has helped further countless humanitarian causes by vol-



NEW WAY TO CORRECT HEARING LOSS

**no cord on the body
no cord on the neck**

Enjoy Maico's remarkable new kind of hearing, made possible by this new kind of wearing. You hear sound more naturally, you know where sound is coming from. You enjoy a completely new clarity of sound.

Maico

Write for further information on
Maico's completely new way of hearing.

Maico Dept. 114 J 21 North 3rd St., Minneapolis, Minnesota

Name _____

Address _____

State _____

You can believe in
MAICO
90% of America's
precision hearing
test instruments
are Maico made.

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME OF MARYLAND

Baltimore 10, Maryland

A fully accredited Catholic College for Women, conducted by the School Sisters of Notre Dame. Courses leading to B.A. degree, with concentration in Art, Languages, Literature, Sciences, Music, Social Studies, Speech, Mathematics, Philosophy and Theology. Workshops in Creative Writing. Education courses leading to teacher certification. Pre-medical and laboratory technician training. Full physical education program, including swimming.

For Catalogue and Further Information
Address the Registrar



LA SALLE Military Academy

Foremost Catholic military school under Christian Brothers. Accredited college prep. Grades 8-12. Small classes. Complete facilities for spiritual development, intellectual progress. Senior ROTC. 160-acre campus. 71st year. 50 miles N.Y.C. Catalog. Box 8, Oakdale, L. I., N. Y.

MOUNT SAINT MARY ON-THE-HUDSON

All grades complete from first to twelfth. State-chartered; accredited, Middle States. Preparation for college, business, life. Character development and health stressed. Homelike personal supervision. Fire-proof building; beautiful 42-acre campus. Illustrated Catalog.

SISTERS OF ST. DOMINIC
Newburgh, N. Y.

OUR LADY OF MERCY ACADEMY

Syosset, Long Island, New York

Boarding and Day School for Girls. Affiliated with the State University. Grades 7 through 12. School busses leave from Jamaica, Hempstead, Great Neck, and Manhasset. Bus also meets trains at Syosset. School Session 10 A.M.—3:45 P.M.

Conducted by:
THE SISTERS OF MERCY

MOUNT SAINT JOSEPH

Boarding High School for Boys

Conducted by the Xaverian Brothers since 1876. Scientific, Classical, Business, and Industrial Arts Courses. Accredited by Middle States Association and State of Maryland. All major sports—band—extensive extra-curricular program. Directed study and play.

Address: Headmaster, Mount St. Joseph High School, Box H, Baltimore 29, Maryland

Mount Saint Agnes College

Mount Washington, Baltimore 9, Maryland

Conducted by the Sisters of Mercy

Accredited by the Middle States Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools

Courses leading to Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Science Degrees. Liberal Arts, Teacher Training, Nursing, Medical Technology and Business.

Ladycliff College

Highland Falls, New York

Four-Year Course, leading to the Degree of Arts, Science, Education

LADYCLIFF ACADEMY for Girls—
A Chartered Regents High School—
Commercial Electives.

Resident and Day Students

ACADEMY OF MOUNT SAINT VINCENT

Tuxedo Park, New York

Founded 1847

Beautiful school for girls, grades 7 to 12. One hour from New York. Fully accredited. Strong college preparation & general course. Art, music, home economics, riding, dramatics. Write for catalogue.

GOOD COUNSEL COLLEGE

WHITE PLAINS NEW YORK
Westchester County

Conducted by the Sisters of the Divine Compassion FULLY ACCREDITED B.A. and B.S. Degrees Standard Courses in Arts and Science, pre-medical, journalism, teacher training, secretarial studies, fine arts.

Unusually beautiful location. Extensive campus. Forty minutes from New York City.

COLLEGE OF MOUNT SAINT VINCENT

Mount St. Vincent-on-Hudson, New York 71, N. Y.

CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF CHARITY

Offers A.B. and B.S. Degrees, Liberal Arts, Nursing, Commerce, Education, and Teacher Training Accredited by the Association of American Universities.

Campus bordering Hudson River • One half hour from Grand Central Station, New York City

Address Secretary



Clarin Offers Churches A Real Boon— This Exclusive Double-Purpose Folding Kneeler Chair

Many uses: As a pew extender for emergency crowds... in the Sanctuary... as regular seating for dinners—lectures—entertainments.

The Clarin Kneeler Chair provides both seating and kneeling in one unit. Yet, since the built-in kneeler can be folded up into the frame, it can be used as an ordinary chair for seating only. Folds flat to 2" depth for fast, safe, non-wobbly stacking in minimum space. Choice of luxurious mohair or long-lived leatherette upholstery. Many beautiful color combinations in famous, long-lasting baked enamel finish. Supremely comfortable for both sitting and kneeling.



Write for:
Beautiful, new
Free Catalogue
showing entire
Clarin line in-
cluding unique
new folding
tablet arm
chair.

Clarin
ENGINEERED QUALITY MAKES THE BIG DIFFERENCE IN FOLDING CHAIRS

Clarin Mfg. Company, Dept. 21,
4640 W. Harrison St., Chicago 44, Ill.

PIUS X SCHOOL OF LITURGICAL MUSIC
MANHATTANVILLE COLLEGE OF THE SACRED HEART—PURCHASE, NEW YORK
THIRTY-EIGHTH SUMMER SESSION—July 6th—August 13th—1954
ANNOUNCING
DOM L. BARON, O.S.B. **REV. BARNABAS AHEARN, C.P.**
Courses Offered:
Liturgical Singing—Gregorian Chant and Accompaniment—Conducting Polyphony—Theory—Harmony—Counterpoint—
Orchestration—Piano—Voice—Organ—Strings; Education—English—Philosophy—Social Studies—Foreign Languages.
CHORAL WORKSHOPS—FRIDAY EVENINGS
Margaret Hillis, Theodore Marier, Ralph Hunter, Peter Wilhousky, Harry Wilson.

ST. FRANCIS
A college preparatory school of tradition and academic accomplishment. Graduates in leading colleges and universities. Grades 9 through 12. Established 1847 by Franciscan Fathers. Convent location, 70 acres. Full athletic program, varsity and intramural. Catalog.
Rev. George J. Wuenschel, T.O.R.
Box D, Spring Grove, Pa.

MARYWOOD COLLEGE
Accredited Catholic college for women. B.A., B.S., B.M., M.A. degrees. Newly-completed multimillion dollar expansion program added to campus three beautifully modern halls of residence, fine arts and science; theater, and gymnasium with largest pool in the East. Liberal arts, vocational home economics, music (NASM. Acc.), art, secretarial, teaching (elementary, secondary), librarianship (ALA Acc.), drama, radio, psychology, social service, science, medical technology. Honor societies. Clubs, publications, sports. Catalog. Conducted by the Sisters, Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary.
Registrar, Marywood College, Box 5, Scranton, Pa.

Mount Aloysius
JUNIOR COLLEGE
Accredited. Middle States Assn. Liberal arts, music, drama, art, secretarial, foreign-language secretarial, medical record librarian, pre-laboratory technology, home economics, merchandising. Also college preparatory. Sports. Social Program. Sisters of Mercy. Catalog.
DEAN, BOX 5, CRESSON, PA.

ROSEMONT COLLEGE
Rosemont, Pennsylvania
Conducted by the
Sisters of the Holy Child Jesus
Liberal Arts A.B. Degree
Pre-Professional Training for Medicine,
Teacher Training
Accredited by the
Association of American Universities
Eleven Miles from Philadelphia on the P.R.R.

SETON HILL COLLEGE
Greensburg, Pennsylvania
Conducted by the Sisters of Charity
Degrees: • Bachelor of Arts
• Bachelor of Science in Home Economics
and in Elementary Education
• Bachelor of Music
Thirty miles east of Pittsburgh on the main line of the P.R.R. For catalogue and viewbook, address The Registrar, Box 25-8.

IMMACULATA COLLEGE
Accredited Liberal Arts college for women. B.A., B.S., B.Mus. degrees. Science, music, business, home economics, teacher training, pre-medicine, business, 20 miles from Phila. overlooking beautiful Chester Valley. Stimulating social and sports program. Dramatic and musical productions with nearby men's colleges. Cheerful, homelike living units, fireproof buildings. Pool. Farm and dairy. 325-acre campus with lake for swimming and canoeing. Conducted by the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. Early application advised. Catalog.
Registrar, Box G, Immaculata College, Immaculata, Pa.

unteering its services in all times of need. Two, that advertising has been of great benefit to man, helping to create more jobs by selling more goods to more people.

JULIAN V. PACE
NEW YORK, N. Y.

"How Red the Herring?"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

It seems to me that reason will only be incidentally achieved by appealing to it in the name of thirty-two thousand dead Americans or in the name of those who had died screaming for mercy in the MVD prisons. The product of Victor Riesel's last paragraph in "How Red the Herring" is, at its worst, that Americans should immediately throw themselves into a banzai charge on Moscow and, at its best, that in dealing with Fifth Amendment hiders we should provide for atrocious penalties à la Kremlin in lieu of the clear thinking of our courts.

VINCENT SIMPSON

KANSAS CITY, MO.

EDITOR'S NOTE. Mr. Simpson wrote later: I'm afraid I must back a short distance away from my guns and admit that the measures which I suggested in criticizing Mr. Riesel's last paragraph were quite extreme. . . . I should have counted ten before writing. . . .

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

You had some striking features in the April issue of THE SIGN starting right at the cover. Made one joyful just to look at it.

And Paula Ervin's "I Love Boys" had us laughing from one paragraph to the next and saying over and over "How true!"

But it was Victor Riesel's article, "How Red the Herring" which really topped the issue. Truly the black mountain of blindness (with some) and ignorance (with others) could be cracked if we would only take the time and trouble to read the testimony of the Committee's hearings.

A two-cent postcard to the Internal Security Committee of the Senate Committee on the Judiciary, Washington, D. C., will get us the shocking facts. Ask for the one on interlocking agencies of subversion, or the hearings on subversion in education, or on American Reds in the U. N., or even the tragic (for our nation and China) story of the Institute of Pacific Relations. And the facts reveal, with all else, the extraordinary patience of our Congressmen under circumstances that would try Job himself.

PORT ORANGE, FLA.

PEGGY WINK

Who's Who?

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Hats off to your April, 1954 picture feature story, "The Spanish Honor Mary." One of the prominent photos taken by Paul Pietzsch shows a Trinitarian monk touching garments to the statue of Our Lady of Mount Cabeza.

These scenes taken of the great Marian festival in Andalusia are notable for several reasons. The men all have formal jackets and the attire of the women is modest in every respect. Also the picture of the

Trinitarian monk is significant. These friars founded by St. John of Matha in 1198 have labored in Andalusia since the year 1212. Thus these photos depict not a transient whim or fancy but the outgrowth of seven centuries of Catholic culture and monasticism in one of the most Christian nations of the world.

REV. STEPHEN M. CONNELLY, O. SS. T. HYATTSVILLE, Md.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

It was a pleasant surprise to see one of our Trinitarian brethren pictured in your splendid article on the Festival of the Virgin of the Mountains.

There was a slight inaccuracy, however, in the caption, which stated that the priest was a "Trinitarian monk." The Trinitarians are not monks. They are an Order of Friars, the first Order of friars approved by the Church (in 1198).

FRA. AUGUSTINE T. WALSH, O. SS. T. HYATTSVILLE, Md.

Whom Do You Read?

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Two articles which follow each other in your list of features but which are separated by six pages in the text prompt me to suggest that you may have two nominees for admission to the Saints and Sinners Club.

Father McDonnell writes of the people in the world "for whom virtue is the daily bath." . . .

Anita Colby, in her "Look At the World," surely is no more than one of the aforementioned water bugs, but can you imagine the laugh the last paragraph in the center column of her beauty recipe will evoke across the nation. Not just the virtue of one daily bath, but two. Not just two ordinary baths, either, but a hot bath in the evening and a warm bath in the morning. (What, no cold bath in the day to relieve the heat of the noonday sun!). And if she gets the water free, just what is she selling—soap, bath towels, or thermometers? Please pass on to her my sympathy for having left herself wide open to such as this. And shame on you for not having protected her from herself by blue penciling that paragraph. . . .

THOMAS J. AUGUSTINE
GREYSTONE PARK, N. J.

"How to Stay Married"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I read with interest Mrs. Hume's article, "How To Stay Married" in your April issue. . . .

Within recent years, marriage counseling has loomed on the social work horizon as a new term for an old practice—family case-work. Why, in the subheading of Mrs. Hume's article, is reference made to "a whole new crew of professional men?" What is the "lunatic fringe" about which the reader is warned?

Some graduate social workers have hung out their shingles proclaiming private practice independent of agency framework and background. This independence is comparatively new. The consultation or education or service which these counselors offer is as old as the profession of social work which has drawn on all available, helpful disci-



◀ Silky Soft BRISTLES

▲ Dupont Cellulose SPONGE

2 Heads & Handle * 7.98

Wash your car in 9 MINUTES the new easy AEROMAT way!

HEAVY DUTY HOME & CAR WASHER

- 3-Foot Metal Handle
- Automatic Control Valve
- Aerated Water Flow System

Just attach the AEROMAT Washer to your hose — wash cars, windows, screens, walls & floors in a jiffy! The AEROMAT has 2 interchangeable heads: 1. Silky, Durostyrene Bristle head for hard-to-clean surfaces — so **SOFT, EFFICIENT!** 2. Dupont Cellulose Sponge head wipes away excess water. Long 3-ft. DUCTOR metal handle for hard-to-reach places! Rubber bumper prevents scratching. Special valve controls water flow. Wash a car in 9 minutes — no back or arm strain, no mess! Use **ANY** detergent. Try AEROMAT at our risk for 5 days — your money back if not delighted! See how quick & easy it works!

Send check, cash or m.o. for tax & postpaid delivery. CODs plus fees. Send TODAY to: **MOTO-MATIC CO., Dept. 39-F-859, 352 Fourth Ave., New York 10, N. Y.**

College of New Rochelle

New Rochelle, New York

Conducted by the Ursuline Nuns

Westchester County—Sixteen Miles From Grand Central Station, New York City

Saint Mary-of-the-Woods

Young women live graciously, grow spiritually, prepare for careers

Campus tradition of charm and friendliness since 1840. Fully accredited. B.A., B.S., B.F.A. degrees. Majors in 20 degrees, including music, art, journalism, home economics, speech and drama, secretarial, teaching. Extensive campus. Interesting cultural, athletic, social programs. Conducted by the Sisters of Providence. Catalog.

Box 44 SAINT MARY-OF-THE-WOODS, IND.

MARIAN COLLEGE

CATHOLIC COEDUCATIONAL COLLEGE
B.A., B.S. degrees. Liberal arts, sciences, teacher training, pre-professional courses, business administration, home-making, medical technology. Modern buildings; spacious campus; stimulating social and sports program. Catalog.

Marian College

Box 14, 3200 Cold Springs Rd., Indianapolis 22, Indiana

SIENA HEIGHTS

ADRIAN MICHIGAN

A CATHOLIC COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

Fully Accredited. Conducted by Sisters of St. Dominic. Bachelor Degrees in Arts, Science, Philosophy, Music, Commercial Education; Home Economics; Teacher Training; Dramatics; Pre-Legal and Pre-Medical Courses; Two Year Terminal Course in Secretarial Work. Exceptional Opportunities in Art.

Beautiful Buildings Interesting Campus Life

For Further Information Address the Dean

MORRIS SCHOOL

Post Office Box 137, Searcy, Arkansas
For Boys—Conducted by the Franciscan Brothers

Located near the foothills of the Ozarks; ideal climate. Modern buildings including a large gymnasium and indoor pool; private lake; all major sports. Accredited Junior High with Elementary grades fifth and sixth.

COLLEGE OF MOUNT ST. JOSEPH-ON-THE-OHIO

Beautifully located near Cincinnati, Ohio

Conducted by Sisters of Charity, devoted to Higher Education of Women. Recognized courses leading to B.A., B.S., B.Mus., and B.S. in Music Education. Prepares for teaching in Art, Business, Health and Physical Education, Home Economics, Library Science, Music, and Speech. In co-operation with the Good Samaritan Hospital, Cincinnati, a four-year course leads to degree of B.S. and Diploma of Graduate Nurse. Prepares dietitians and medical technologists.

For Prospectus address THE DEAN, MOUNT ST. JOSEPH, OHIO



Blessed Raphaela Mary of the S.H. Foundress

THE HANDMAIDS OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS,

This Order is dedicated to reparation by means of daily adoration before the Blessed Sacrament exposed, retreat work, schools and foreign missions. Applicants are invited to make a private retreat in order to consider a choice of life. Write to:

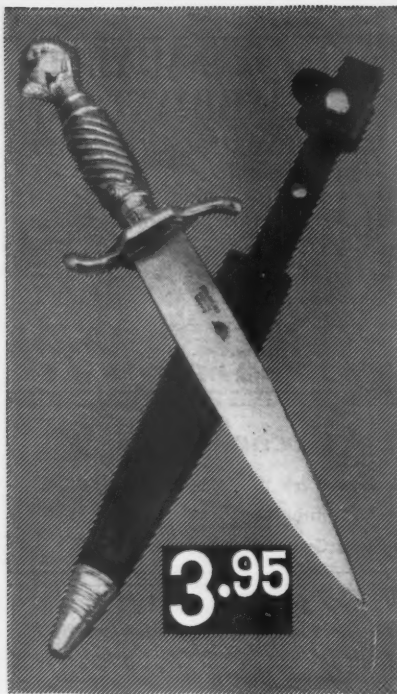
Reverend Mother Superior
700 East Church Lane
Philadelphia 44, Pa.

The Missionary Sisters

of the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus

devote their lives to teaching, nursing, and caring for the aged and orphans in the home and foreign missions. Does the Sacred Heart call you to serve Him in this Congregation? Write to

Mother Provincial, St. Michael's Convent
Bernharts Reading, Pa.



Solingen Steel "Black Forest" HUNTING KNIFE

DIRECT FROM GERMANY

The famed **BLACK FOREST HUNTING KNIFE** made in Solingen, Western Germany of superline Nicht Rostend (non-rusting) steel is **NOW** available here! The rugged beauty of this superb knife has already won recognition for design in industrial circles on the Continent—and its utility and value as an aid in hunting and fishing has made it a prime favorite with sportsmen all over Europe. Its blade is actually sharp enough to shave with; the genuine leather scabbard is metal-tipped; it will stand up against the most rugged treatment! Length, 10 inches. The tough, sturdy Solingen steel assures you years of dependable service.

MAKE THIS TEST!



Place a coin the size of a half dollar on some pieces of thick cardboard. Flunge the point of the Black Forest Hunting Knife downward. The knife will completely pierce the thick coin—without ANY damage to the blade! The sleek graceful lines of this new German import also provide an ideal tree room or den decoration; a dandy gift for men! Import supply is limited and the low 3.95 price (postpaid) for BOTH knife & scabbard means you'll have to act fast! Send 3.95 for prompt, free delivery. C.O.D.s plus postage. Your 3.95 back quickly if you're not delighted!

THORESEN'S, Dept. 39-F-90
352 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

DAUGHTERS OF CHARITY— OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL

offer a joyous way of religious life in the service of the poor, the lonely, the forsaken. Girls between eighteen and thirty who have the courage to respond to Christ's invitation to leave all and follow Him may find peace and happiness in a life dedicated to God. The Sisters engage in social work, teaching, nursing, the care of children, and serve in foreign missions.

Sponsored by a friend of the
Daughters of Charity who
love their love of God and
love of their fellow man.

Send for descriptive literature to
SISTER BERTRANDE, MARILLAC SEMINARY
Normandy 21, St. Louis, Missouri

ACTIVE CARMELITES

Perhaps the Queen of Carmel wants to clothe YOU with the special sign of her love—her scapular. If you are not inclined to teach, work with the Aged and Infirm offers untold possibilities for your talents. Girls from 15 to 35, of good Catholic families, who feel that they have a vocation and who desire to live a life hidden in Christ in a Community dedicated to Mary and Carmel, are welcome to send for descriptive literature or come for a personal interview. Apply to:

REV. MOTHER M. ANGELINE TERESA, O. CARM.
St. Teresa's Motherhouse, Avila on the Hudson, Germantown, N. Y.

CARMELITE SISTERS OF ST. THERESE

Missionary community of the Southwest dedicated to the love of God, by following St. Therese's way of spiritual childhood.

Service of God includes: Teaching, Retreats, Home for the Aged, Nurseries, Etc.

For Further Information: Rev. Mother Superior, 1300 Classen Drive, Oklahoma City, Okla.



Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate

A Religious Community of Missionary Sisters, Trained Catechists and Professional Social Workers. Central Mission House: 328 West 71st Street, New York City.

NOVIAT: MARYCREST CONVENT
Monroe, Orange County, New York
Write for Information and Free Literature

THE SERVANTS OF RELIEF FOR INCURABLE CANCER

**DOMINICAN SISTERS,
CONGREGATION OF ST. ROSE OF LIMA**
Young women desiring to devote their lives to the religious service of Christ's afflicted poor are earnestly invited to write to Reverend Mother Superior at ROSARY HILL HOME, HAWTHORNE, N. Y.

Sisters of the Third Order of St. Francis Williamsville, New York

Devote their lives to the care of orphans and the aged, to nursing the sick in hospitals and the teaching of youth. The Community enjoys the privilege of Perpetual Adoration, combining the active and contemplative life.

Address **MOTHER SUPERIOR**

The Handmaids of the Church

invite you in your field of modern missionary apostolate in our own Southland where millions of souls are hungry for the truth of Christ.

Please write to:

SISTER MARY,
1840 Pigeon Pt. Rd., Beaufort, South Carolina

plines in formulating its own discipline. Moreover, this service is most frequently available through the private family agency.

Unfortunately, not all family agencies are staffed with graduate social workers and this is particularly true of many Catholic agencies outside the largest urban centers. In localities where there is a paucity of professional competence in family agencies, one does not find the marriage counselor in private practice either. Where then is the troubled person to look for specialized help?

I join with Mrs. Hume in her plea for more Catholic professional education in the field of marriage counseling or family casework. I should like to go a step beyond that and suggest that Catholic agencies not only promote but require graduate education, that the salaries be scaled to attract able workers, and that Catholic professionals, educated perhaps in non-Catholic universities, consider seriously the personnel needs of the Catholic agencies.

MRS. VICTORIA T. THORNE

WILKES-BARRE, PA.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Many thanks for giving us Mrs. Hume's excellent article on marriage counseling. It calls attention to a crying need that has been crying loud and long without adequate response. Even if our Catholic colleges have been slow to put such courses in their curricula, there is no reason why our parishes should not, as some do, offer their young people opportunities to prepare themselves for married life. It is a glaring and ironical contradiction to expect a couple on the eve of their wedding to make a truthful answer to the prescribed question: "Do you understand the nature and obligations of marriage?" when we have done little or nothing to instruct them.

**MOST REVEREND LEO A. PURSLEY, D. D.,
LL.D. AUXILIARY BISHOP OF FORT WAYNE
FORT WAYNE, INDIANA**

For Men Only?

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I have recommended your magazine as my favorite on my radio program "Selections from Current Books" on the Catholic Radio Station, HOLY, in Panama City, Republic of Panama. . . . However, occasionally I think you should take the *Ladies' Home Journal's* advice and never underestimate the power of a woman. I'll bet a survey would show that the little woman of the house reads your magazine more than the busy, worldly husband, and that 75 per cent of them attend to the subscription renewing, yet your fiction (except for Maura Laverty's gems and some few other stories) and many of your articles, certainly the majority of them, have a "man only" interest. All best wishes to a most progressive and alert publication.

**PATRICIA MALONEY MARKUN
BALBOA HEIGHTS, CANAL ZONE.**

Expensive Living?

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I am reading my first issue of THE SIGN.

I have just finished reading the editorial entitled, "The High Cost of Being Human." The thoughts behind that edi-

MEDICAL MISSION SISTERS

PHILADELPHIA

To bring the charity of Christ the Medical Mission Sisters—doctors, nurses, pharmacists, technicians, secretaries, housekeepers—care for the sick and suffering in the mission lands of India, Pakistan, Africa, Indonesia, North and South America.

For information write:

MOTHER ANNA DENGEL, M.D.
8400 Pine Road Philadelphia 11, Pa.

Missionary Sisters of the Precious Blood

offer to generous young women interested in religious life many types of charitable and educational activities. We work as: kindergarten, primary, industrial, commercial, and high school teachers; catechists; social workers; nurses; dentists; musicians; artists; journalists; housekeepers; seamstresses; fine needle workers, etc.—in home and foreign missions. Please write to:

Mother Superior

Precious Blood Convent, P.O. Box 43,
Shillington, Pa.

BON SECOURS SISTERS

Invite young ladies who wish to consecrate their lives to God through the care of the sick, at home, in hospitals, convalescent homes, and home for crippled children. For information, write:

Rev. Mother Regional

2000 West Baltimore Street
Baltimore, 23, Maryland

A PASSIONIST VOCATION FOR GIRLS

Perhaps Our Lord is calling you to serve Him. The Passionist Sisters are a Congregation of trained Social Workers and Educators, affiliated with the Passionist Fathers. The Novitiate for the United States is at Mt. St. Joseph, Bristol, R. I.

For particulars apply to the
Rev. Mother Provincial, C.P.

NURSERY SCHOOL — PARISH WORK

CATECHISM

MISSION SISTERS of the Holy Ghost

Work With
Children • Youth • Adults • Families
To Restore all to Christ

Write: SUPERIOR

86 W. 4th St. MESA, ARIZONA

YOU CAN WIN SOULS

For Christ as a Missionary Sister doing catechetical and nursing work. In U. S. A. and Okinawa. Age 18-30. Write:

Daughters of Mary
HEALTH of the SICK
Vista Maria
Cragmoor, N. Y.



A DOMINICAN VOCATION?

The Sisters of Saint Dominic are devoted principally to teaching in Elementary School, High School, and College. They also have Sisters employed in social, secretarial, and domestic work.

For information address:

DIRECTRESS OF VOCATIONS

Mount Saint Dominic Caldwell, New Jersey



Franciscan Missionary Brothers of The Sacred Heart of Jesus

Congregation of Home Missionaries, nurse the sick, are employed in other trades and clerical work. Invite young men 16 to 45 to enter their ranks. Write to:

Rev. Brother Superior
St. Francis Monastery
Eureka, Missouri

torial are certainly very good and there is a tendency to think in the right direction. However, there are some questions and comments I think would be in order following the reading of this editorial. . . .

The following information may be of interest. The physician spends seven years in undergraduate training at an average expense to him of \$3,500, excluding expense for board, room, and clothing. He spends a year as intern with board and room supplied but no income and a possible four years additional in special training with board and room supplied for a nominal salary. During nine years following graduation from high school he might have earned an estimated \$26,500 in addition to the amount represented by board and room. Thus, he can be said to be out of pocket \$30,000 plus \$5,000 interest, at the age of twenty-eight in comparison with the man who went to work at eighteen. . . .

Doctors would be very glad if a workable and equitable solution could be found for the problem. It certainly cannot be expected to come from the Government. If they would have the control of the medical profession, it would not be long before attorneys, teachers, clergy, and all of us would be under the control of politicians.

I would certainly like to see more discussion of this problem. Surely the leading Catholic doctors of our country, together with the clergy closely associated with medical schools and the other high-grade leaders who have contact with this problem, may be able to offer us some solution.

R. J. STEIN, M.D.

PIERZ, MINN.

That Cover!

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

After reading the criticism of your Christmas cover in the "Letters" column may I say that it was through your cover of several years ago that I was educated to appreciate the small Cowper Madonna and urge you to continue showing the old masters. There is an abundance of calendar art to satisfy those who want only "pretty" Madonnas.

We need to have examples of the great artists used and to become acquainted with them.

HELEN C. ARMSTRONG

WESTERN SPRINGS, ILL.

Out of This World

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Thank you for the wonderful publicity given to the "Teen-Age Retreat" through the three-page picture story in the April issue of THE SIGN.

It is our hope that by means of your graphic pictorial presentation others will follow the example of these public-school teen-agers who annually make a three-day closed retreat. With the encouragement of the Passionist Sisters at the Immaculate Heart of Mary Retreat House in Peace Dale, Rhode Island, these girls have found rich and rewarding joys during the precious hours of the retreat. It has been a pleasure to share in the work and graces of this retreat as these girls help to spread


FRANCISCAN FATHERS, T.O.R.

Aspirants to the Priesthood or Brotherhood are welcome to ask for particulars by writing to:

Master of Novices
Sacred Heart Novitiate
4715 Sargent Road, N.E. Washington 17, D. C.
YOUNG MAN NEWS AD

FRANCISCAN BROTHERS

Young men wishing to follow their Divine Master and interested in boarding school work or the rehabilitation of problem boys can obtain more information by writing to: Rev. Brother Provincial, Mt. Alverno, Cincinnati 5, Ohio.



ENLIST IN THE

priesthood society of ST. EDMUND

(COLLEGE JUNIOR SEMINARY)

Affiliated with ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE

ATTENTION High School Students! "Come follow me." Join Christ in the battle for the minds and souls of men. Opportunities to become a missionary, teacher, preacher, parish priest, lay brother. Full information without obligation. WRITE today.

Rev. E. P. GALLIGAN, S.S.E., Vocational Dir.
ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE,
Winooski 16 VERMONT

CHRIST'S MEDICAL CORPSMEN

THE MISSION OF NURSING THE SICK IS ESPECIALLY CHRISTLIKE. Young Men, YOU may attain to personal holiness and help to save souls by embracing the life of a HOSPITALER BROTHER.

Write: Director of Vocations
Hospitaler Brothers of St. John of God,
Western Avenue, Gloucester, Mass.



As an ALEXIAN BROTHER can be a Follower of Christ in the oldest religious nursing order of men. Professionally and technically skilled Brothers staff every department of their own modern hospitals. Illustrated booklet, MODERN SAMARITANS, sent free. Write today:
ALEXIAN BROTHERS VOCATIONAL DIRECTOR
1240 W. Belden Avenue, Chicago 14, Ill.

Sacred Heart Missionaries

1854 — M.S.C. — 1954

Join the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart in their 100th Anniversary Year to work at home or in foreign missions. Lack of funds no obstacle. 8th Graders and High School students apply for Minor Seminary, College and University students for Clerical Novitiate. Young men, 18 to 35, may also join as Brothers.

Write today to:

Director of Vocations
SACRED HEART MISSION SEMINARY
Geneva 4, Illinois

BENEDICTINE MONASTERY

If you seek God and desire to serve Him, as a Brother or Priest, in a monastery which stresses and exemplifies the oneness of all men in Christ, write to:

Director of Vocations
St. Maur's Priory
South Union, Kentucky

Do You Want To Be A TEACHING BROTHER?

The Brothers of Christian Instruction (F.I.C.) devote themselves to teaching in Grammar School, High School and College. For information address:

Brother George La Mennais College, Alfred, Maine
Brother Director Mount Assumption Institute, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

Brothers of Holy Cross

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA

Are you interested in dedicating your life to God as a Brother? The Brothers of Holy Cross engage in many activities: teaching, foreign missions, working with underprivileged boys, office work, printing, cooking, trades, farming, etc. For information write: Brother Hyacinth, C.S.C. or Brother Eymard, C.S.C. St. Joseph Juniorate, Valatie 9, New York or 218 Dujaire Hall, Notre Dame, Ind.

Is God calling you to become a BROTHER

in the ORDER OF SAINT BENEDICT?

The Benedictine Brother consecrates his natural abilities to God in the warm spirit of monastic family life. Brothers are the craftsmen of the monastery: butcher, baker, machinist, blacksmith, printer, farmer, as well as men with no specific trade—all have their place in the life of a monastery. No better employer than God. His reward is a hundred-fold in this life, and life everlasting. Write for information. Address:

RT. REV. PAUL M. NAHLEN, O.S.B.,
New Subiaco Abbey, Subiaco, Arkansas



SONS OF THE SACRED HEART FOR FOREIGN AND HOME MISSIONS

Would you like to be a priest or a brother for foreign and home missions?—We offer this opportunity to the boys of high school and college age, to the more advanced students, to seminarians and to priests. No special studies required for lay brothers—lack of funds no obstacle—For information and literature write to:

For High School:
Vocational Director
Sacred Heart Seminary
8108 Beechmont Ave.
Cincinnati 30, Ohio

For Novitiate and Brotherhood:
Sacred Heart Novitiate
Vernon Fathers
Monroe, Michigan

PIARIST FATHERS

(Order of the Pious Schools)

Become a Priest and Teacher! Join the Piarist Fathers! The Order, founded by St. Joseph Calasanz in 1597, is the first Teaching Order in the Church. They started the first free schools for everybody. The members of the Order make a special fourth vow to educate youth.

Write for further information to the

PIARIST FATHERS

P. O. Box 2096, Buffalo 5, N. Y.

CONSOLATA FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY

By millions the Africans are anxious to get the Catholic Faith. It is really a tragedy not to be able to take care of all of them because we lack sisters and priests. As a PRIEST or a LAY BROTHER you can do a wonderful work in our Missions of Africa (Kenya, Tanganyika, Mozambique), as well as in S. America (Brazil, Argentina, Colombia).

Apply To

HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATES
Director of Vocations
Consolata House of Studies
5406 Colorado Ave., Washington, D. C.

8th GRADERS AND LAY BROTHERS
Director of Vocations
Consolata Mission Seminary
52 Ellicott Ave., Batavia, N. Y.



THE PASSIONIST FATHERS

live a monastic and an apostolic life. From the solitude of the cloister, they go forth to preach missions and retreats. Young men interested in a vocation to the Passionist Way of Life are invited to write for further information.

Those living east of Ohio
should write to:

Very Rev. Father Provincial, C.P. Passionist Monastery
1901 West Street
Union City, New Jersey

All others
should write to:

Very Rev. Father Provincial, C.P. Passionist Monastery
5700 North Harlem Avenue
Chicago 31, Ill.

IF & WHEN You Move, Please Remember to Send
Your Old AND New Address to THE SIGN

the work of the National Laywomen's Retreat Movement.

MARY E. BRISTOW

WEST KINGSTON, R. I.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Thank you for the excellent coverage given to our annual retreat. THE SIGN Picture Story, "Teen-Age Retreat," in the April issue of THE SIGN is a fine record of many phases of our project.

We enjoyed our retreat; the hospitality of the Passionist Sisters, and the inspirational talks by the Reverend Jude Mead, C.P., combined to make our Christmas vacation retreat one of the richest and most rewarding experiences in our young lives.

We hope through your picture story in your magazine that other teen-agers will be encouraged to make a retreat so that they may share in the spiritual and physical benefits from three happy days spent with God and His blessed Mother in a Retreat House.

LIBERA LUCIANO

PEACE DALE, R. I.

More Milk?

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

It is gratifying to learn that surplus stocks of dried milk have become available to starving people in countries outside the Iron Curtain through the "Operation Milky Way" described in the March issue of THE SIGN. The article conveys the idea that everything is being done that needs to be done. That, I think, is not true. Several months ago a Missionary in South India, in answer to my inquiry, informed me that no Point 4 or other American help had been seen in his area.

Possibly there are many other areas where children are starving. An estimate of the work that needs to be done is necessary if your readers are to form a correct idea. A balance sheet that showed only assets and omitted all liabilities would be useless. Catholics know that, for us, charity is obligatory, not optional. How can potential contributors be stimulated to exercise greater generosity, if only the pleasant aspects of the situation are supplied?

HENRY V. MORAN

NEW YORK, N. Y.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I would like to express my sincere appreciation for the generous notice that THE SIGN gave to our recent Laetare Sunday Collection.

The wholehearted co-operation of our Catholic press has, as in previous years, helped to make this vitally needed campaign a success. During the next twelve months your generosity will bear fruit in helping us continue our programs of help in twenty-six critical areas of world need.

(RT. REV. MSGR.) EDWARD E. SWANSTROM

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR.

WAR RELIEF SERVICES,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Ah, Men!

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Your article, "I Love Boys," by Paula Ervin, in the April issue of THE SIGN is excellent. It is rather difficult to convince some parents that boys are just tops—I too have three males—plus a big male—Daddy.

ELLEN M. THOMPSON

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Marian Year Gift Books

MARY, MY HOPE Prayer Book

- A Completely New Collection of Prayers and Devotions to the Blessed Virgin.
- Published in a slim, handy-size book of 352 pages, 4" x 6", fine paper, large, clear type.
- Full Page Illustrations in Full Color For All Fifteen Mysteries of the Rosary.
- Nine Additional Full Color Masterpieces.
- With Every Feast of the Blessed Virgin Mary—Its History, Novenas, Triduum.
- Complete Rosary Novena Prayers, Mass Devotions.
- Appreciated Alike by Priests, Nuns, Laity.



No. 365/00-BL—Binding of Blue Cloth, gold stamping, blue page edges. \$2.75

No. 365/02-BL—(Shown Above) Blue Simulated Leather, blue-gold edges \$3.50

No. 365/03-BL—Blue binding of Genuine Leather, blue-gold edges \$4.25

Daily and Sunday MISSALS

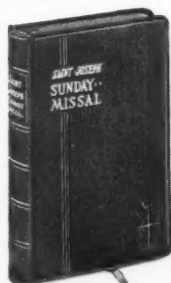
A special aid for devotion at Mass is this modern Missal. Named in honor of Saint Joseph, spouse of the Blessed Virgin and Protector of the Universal Church which in 1954 celebrates a Marian Year. Every Saint Joseph Missal has the new simplified arrangement which makes it easier to follow the priest at Mass. Also, the revised Confraternity Text of the New Testament. Printed in large, clear type, on fine paper, beautifully bound. Handy Size: 4" x 6".

SUNDAY MISSAL

- 480 Pages, For Sundays, Major Feasts
- Extra Large Type

DAILY MISSAL

- 1354 Pages, With Masses of Sundays and all Feast Days



FOR SUNDAYS

- No. 820/00—(Shown) Black Cloth, red edges, bookmark \$2.50
- No. 820/13—Black Genuine Leather, gold edges, bookmark \$4.00



FOR EVERY DAY

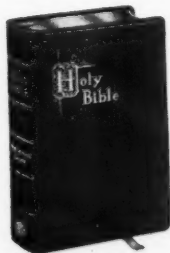
- No. 810/02—(Shown) Black Simulated Leather, bookmarks \$6.50
- No. 810/13—Black Genuine Leather, gold stamped bookmarks \$8.00

The HOLY BIBLE

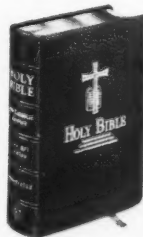
- New Catholic Edition
- Douay Version of Old Testament
- Confraternity New Testament
- New Psalms Trans.

1500 PAGES
SIZE 5 1/2" x 8"

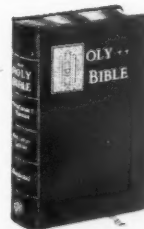
Every Catholic should own such a Bible. Large, easy-to-read type, durable paper, lifetime bindings.



No. 610/02-B—(Shown) Black Simulated Leather Binding. Red under gold page edgings. Round corners. Fifty-four full-color illustrations by the famous artist, Robert Leinweber. Cover gold stamped, bookmark\$8.00



No. 610/12—(Shown) Fine Art Edition. Black Genuine Leather Bound. Gold page edgings. Sixty-four illustrations by world-famous artists, in full color. Red & gold stamped cover. Silk bookmark...\$12.50



No. 710/13—(Shown) Deluxe Red Letter Edition. Words of Christ in Red. Black Genuine Leather Binding. Seal Grain. Our Lord's life in 15 full-color pages, plus 30 others in two colors. Gold edges, bookmark\$15.00

Order From:

THE SIGN

GIFT BOOK
DEPT.

UNION CITY, N. J.

HERE ARE THE FINEST INSPIRATIONAL BOOKS OF OUR TIME... You May Have

ANY 3 for only \$1.89

WITH
MEMBERSHIP
IN THE

Family Reading Club

FROM the great treasure of inspirational writings, the Family Reading Club has gathered that comfort and restore us in our times of need. As a special introductory offer, you may have ANY THREE of these fine inspirational books for only \$1.89 when you join. Read, below, how the Club brings you today's finest reading at bargain prices, then choose the three books you want and mail the coupon now!



**Pick the
Three Books
You Want
and Mail
Coupon**

WAY TO HAPPINESS by Bishop Fulton J. Sheen. Here is Bishop Sheen's latest book in which he brings solace, healing and hope to our hearts; truth and enlightenment to our minds; goodness, strength and resolution to our wills.

SET ALL AFIRE by Louis de Wohl. A biography of St. Francis Xavier from his student days in Paris and Rome to his life as a missionary in India, as a persecuted saint in Japan, and to his death off the coast of China.

THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD by Fulton Oursler. A reverent retelling of the sublime story of Jesus, bringing Him and all those around Him excitingly close to you. A book your whole family will cherish always.

THE SPRINGS OF SILENCE by Sister Mary Gilbert. A candid and sincere account of Sister Mary's 17 years as a nun—how obedience and discipline in her surrender to God have shown her the path to glorious victory.

THE ROBE by Lloyd C. Douglas. The immortal story of the young pagan Marcellus who gambled and won Christ's robe as He was dying on the Cross—and how he learned that only through Christ could he attain peace of heart.

THE SILVER CHALICE by Thomas B. Costain. A towering novel of adventure, love, faith and passion with literature's greatest theme—the birth of Christianity! By America's best-loved story-teller. Pub. edition, \$3.85.

THE PERFECT JOY OF ST. FRANCIS by Felix Timmermans. The dramatic life of the saint who in poverty found his way to God—how he preached love of nature, and how the Franciscans spread their faith.

THE GREATEST FAITH EVER KNOWN by Fulton Oursler and April Oursler Armstrong. The story of the founding of Christianity and how the Disciples brought the Gospel to a waiting world. Final book of Mr. Oursler's trilogy.

JUST FOR TODAY by James Keller. 365 superb page-long essays—each with its own confident, holy thought—illuminating the spiritual reaches of God. A book that will help you find happiness in this troubled world.

PEACE OF SOUL by Bishop Fulton J. Sheen. Bishop Sheen shows us the laws of nature and of Grace, the true answer to war, sin, guilt; the divine way to personal, mystical triumph of soul. Publisher's edition, \$3.00.

MAIL COUPON NOW!

CHECK THE 3 BOOKS YOU WANT WITH MEMBERSHIP
FAMILY READING CLUB, Dept. 6-SI, MINEOLA, NEW YORK

Please send me at once the three books I have checked at the right as my two Membership Gift Books and first Club selection, and bill me only \$1.89 (plus delivery) for all three. Also enroll me as a member of the Family Reading Club and send me, each month, a review of the Club's forthcoming selection. I have the privilege of notifying you in advance if I do not wish to accept any selection, or alternate book offered—at the special members' price of only \$1.89 each (plus postage and handling). There are no membership dues or fees, and I may accept as few as four selections or alternates during the coming twelve months. As a member, I will receive a free Bonus Book with each four Club selections or alternates I accept.

SPECIAL NO-RISK GUARANTEE:
If not delighted, I will return all books in 7 days and this membership will be canceled.

Mr. _____
Miss _____
Street and No. _____ (Please print)
City _____ Zone _____ State _____
Same offer in Canada. Address Family Reading Club (Canada), 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Ont.
Offer good only in U. S. A. and Canada.

- ☐ The Greatest Faith Ever Known
- ☐ The Greatest Story Ever Told
- ☐ Just for Today
- ☐ Peace of Soul
- ☐ The Perfect Joy of St. Francis
- ☐ The Robe
- ☐ Set All Afire
- ☐ The Silver Chalice
- ☐ The Springs of Silence
- ☐ Way to Happiness

WHY WE MAKE THIS SENSATIONAL OFFER!

The Family Reading Club makes this unusual offer to demonstrate how membership in the Club brings you the best and most enjoyable new books at much less than the publishers' regular editions! Each month publishers submit books they believe will meet the Family Reading Club standards. Our Editors then select the book they can recommend most enthusiastically. These are books which every member of your family can read—novels, biographies and inspirational books by such outstanding authors as Thomas Costain, Fulton Oursler, Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, Darwin Bell and Bellamy Partridge. They are books you can safely leave where older children can read them if they wish.

What Membership Means To You
There is no charge for membership in the Family Reading Club beyond the cost of the books themselves. You pay only \$1.89 each (plus postage and handling) for the books you purchase after reading the book review magazine which will come to your home each month. You pay postman nothing; your bill will be due later. It is not necessary to purchase a book every month—you may accept as

few as four each year to retain your membership. All selections are new, complete, well-printed and well-bound. And your books will be delivered to your door—ready to read!

Save Up to 60%
The purchase of books from the Club for only \$1.89 each—instead of \$3.00 to \$4.00 in the publishers' original editions—saves you from 35% to 50% on each book you accept. In addition, the Family Reading Club distributes an outstanding "Bonus" Book free for each four Club selections you take. When the value of the Bonus Books is figured in, you can save as much as 60% of your book dollars!

Join Now—Send No Money
If you believe in a book club which will appeal to the finest instincts of every member of your family, let us introduce you to the Family Reading Club NOW, while you can get your choice of ANY THREE of the wonderful books described here—two as your FREE Membership Gift, and one as your first Club selection—for only \$1.89! Send no money, just mail the coupon today. However, as this unusual offer may be withdrawn at any time, we urge you to mail the coupon NOW!

FAMILY READING CLUB • MINEOLA, NEW YORK

